

cents

October 1920

THE  
**RED BOOK**  
MAGAZINE



Haskell Coffin



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COB, CH

# Are men like me enrolling with the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

**W**HEN a man like Hiram F. Harris, former President and General Manager of the Bethlehem Motors Corporation, says this you are impressed:

"To my mind there is no other course of business training which puts into the hands of the ambitious man the tools which so thoroly fit him for greater and better business."

When Stephen B. Mambert, Vice-President of the Thomas A. Edison Industries, speaks of the "great benefit that I have personally derived from following the Course," that also appeals to you.

But there may be still a question in your mind. You may say: "My position is wholly different. Are men *like me* enrolling in the Alexander Hamilton Institute?"

## *A man like you has investigated*

**T**HE answer to that question can be given with absolute certainty. A man just like you—in your line of business, about your age, and receiving almost the same income—has at some time investigated the Modern Business Course and Service and decided that it represents for him the surest path of business progress.

Does that seem like an extreme statement? Run down the list at the top of this page. It represents just a few enrolments, just as they were received at the office of the Institute.

Note that all these men are of different ages, in different businesses and receiving different incomes. In the records of the Institute are thousands of such names, representing the men who have enrolled during the past ten years.

Every age from 23 to 60 is represented among those names; every degree of income, from \$1,200 a year to more than \$100,000 a year; every important industry, from the Standard Oil Company, which has 801, and the U. S. Steel Corporation, which has 545 of its men enrolled, to local concerns of small personnel with only 2 or 3 men enrolled.

Somewhere among these names you would find one that would cause

## Some Typical Enrolments Received In One Day

(Note the diversity of salary, age, position.)

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| F. W. K. | Manager, Sash, Blind and Door Works; age 40; salary, \$6000. |
| S. G. B. | Salesman, with a large drug company; age 28; salary, \$1500. |
| W. L. M. | Office Manager, Rubber Company; age 30; salary, \$2500.      |
| E. V. M. | Asst. Production Manager, Candy Co.; age 27; salary, \$1000. |
| L. M.    | Advertising Manager, Steel Company; age 24; salary, \$3000.  |
| E. D. C. | Engineer, age 37; salary, \$4200.                            |
| F. B. S. | Vice-President, Food Product Mfg.; age 32; salary, \$12,000. |

you to exclaim: "Here is a man whose business and age and income were precisely like mine."

And that discovery would impress you more than all the indorsements of leading business men, for you would know surely that what the Alexander Hamilton Institute's training had done for that other man, whose problem was precisely like yours, it could do also for you.

## *How can one training fit so many businesses?*

**Y**OU would ask one question as you ran thru those records: "How is it that one Course of training can help men in so many different businesses?"

How is it that 133 men in the National City Bank of New York have enrolled, and 412 in the Westinghouse Co.? If it is designed for the needs of 346 men in the Goodyear Tire Co., how can it serve equally well 173 ambitious men in the Pennsylvania Railroad?

And the answer is that every business in its fundamentals is like every other, and the Modern Business Course and Service deals with those fundamentals.

Every business must be financed; it must have a factory and an office organization; it must have sales and advertising; it must know its costs and have a proper system of accounting.

Business is full of men who know one of these fundamentals—who know all about finance and nothing about sales; who know costs or credits,

but nothing of production or of advertising.

The Modern Business Course and Service is designed to take such men and round them out; to add to the knowledge of the one department of business which they have, a knowledge of all the other departments.

To help them lift themselves, in other words, out of the class of routine men, of which there are too many, into the class of executives, of which there always have been, and always will be too few.

## *The Advisory Council*

**O**NLY a training vitally sound and practical could have the indorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. That Advisory Council consists of:

Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman du Pont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
Vol. XXXV, No. 6

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

OCTOBER  
1920

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

## The Best Serial Novels of the Year

- |                          |  |    |
|--------------------------|--|----|
| The Immediate Jewel      | By Ben Ames Williams                   | 27 |
|                          | Illustrated by E. F. Ward              |    |
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| A Daughter of Discontent | By Clarence Budington Kelland          | 73 |
|                          | Illustrated by Frank Street            |    |

## The Best Short Stories of the Month

- |                                |                                   |    |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----|
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—And—

- |                                       |    |
|---------------------------------------|----|
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|---------------------------------------|----|

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Educational Bureau

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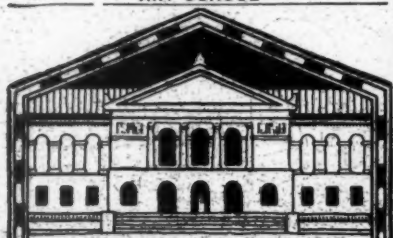
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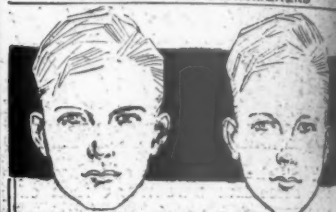
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## SCHOOLS FOR STAMMERERS



## One of these Boys Will Fail-IF

Both possess equal health and intelligence, both have qualities for success—but one stammer. Where the one will succeed the stammerer will fail. He will dread to meet people, he will lack the self-confidence so necessary in business. The humiliation of his disability will impair his nervous system—a condition often the beginning of ill health.

Benjamin Nathaniel Bogue, who stammered himself for twenty years so badly he could hardly talk, originator of The Bogue Unit Method for Restoring Perfect Speech and Founder of The Bogue Institute for Stammerers and Stutterers (founded 1901), an institution with national patronage, strongly endorsed by the medical profession, has written a 200-page book, telling how he cured himself. Contains definite and authoritative information. Sent anywhere to readers of the Red Book for 25 cents coin or stamps to cover postage and mailing. Address

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, President

## Bogue Institute for STAMMERERS

4071 Bogue Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

## STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my new FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, its Origin and its Advanced Natural Method of Cure." Ask for special catalogue and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest and best school for stammerers in the world. Write today. The North-Western Schools, 2349 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## The Importance of Education

HAS become so vital a matter that the United States Government is conducting a nation-wide movement to keep its youth in school. Not all youth, however, can enjoy the advantage of a private school where greater opportunity is allowed for studying the individual needs of each pupil than can be had in schools where classes are large and crowded and a child is under the supervision of a teacher only a few hours each day.

But not every private school is suitable for your boy or girl. The Educational Manager of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE knows the particular advantages offered by each of the better private schools. Perhaps she can help you to find just the right school for your son or daughter.

Let her try. Address

## Manager Educational Bureau THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street

New York City





# The Knack of Talking Convincingly

In nearly every group of men there is one good talker. He is always the leader. Convincing talkers are the dominating leaders of every business. Here's how you can learn the principle of convincing speech in one evening and rise quickly to leadership.

I WONDER if you would have felt as elated as I did. A man whose name you would know instantly—a power in the financial world—had granted me an interview. I wanted him to tell me the secret of his great success. Put yourself in my place if you can, and imagine yourself seated before this multi-millionaire, chatting with him about his boyhood, his start in business and his meteoric rise.

He was the biggest man I had yet interviewed in the hope of getting a real "half-Nelson" on the illusive "secret of success." I had half expected to hear the same old story about "honesty, hard work and stick-to-it-iveness." So you can imagine my surprise when he said that his success was due primarily to one thing. To use his own words:

"If you should ask me what advice I would give every young man in business, I would say, 'Learn to talk convincingly.' All success in business is built upon getting others to think and do as you wish—in getting the willing co-operation and loyal support of other men. And the only way this can be had is through becoming a convincing talker."

"There is no ability which will bring success to a man so quickly as the ability to talk convincingly."

And the more men I see who have made their marks in the world, the more I realize that he was right. They are all convincing talkers. With their mastery of words, their ability to talk convincingly, and with the dominating influence of their speech, they have swept away all barriers and have attained success.

## Talk Your Way to Success

It is no figure of speech, but fact, to say that the great men have talked themselves to success.

Many a man who deserves success is held back because he can not express

his thoughts and ideas in strong, convincing speech. Many of us deserve a greater salary than we are getting. You may have a wonderful ability—a genius for your work—which is not being rewarded because you can't put your ideas into speech that convinces. Do not let this handicap hold you back another day from the success that is rightfully yours. When the time comes—and opportunity is always at hand—you can be ready to get up and put your thoughts into speech, the sheer force and conviction which will mark you as a leader.

### Can You Do This?

Can you talk as well in public as at home?

Can you get financial backing when you want it?

Can you win confidence, friendship, love, through your speech?

Can you make people listen when you talk?

Can you hold your hearers spell bound?

Can you give humorous, extemporaneous talks?

Can you address any size audience from one to thousands?

Can you get up and talk, any time, any place, without nervousness?

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and obtaining in answer a casual nod, or a curt "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. When you talk, people listen to you.

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. You can get special attention from anyone from a hotel clerk up to a millionaire. You can make others see your point of view, think as you do, and carry out your slightest wish.

### Interesting Talk—The Basis of Social Success

And again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you will always find that a convincing talker is the center of attraction and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him. Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you will instantly "get under his skin."

There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly.

### Five Days' Free Trial

BUT here at last is a wonderful new method of teaching the principles of convincing speech. It is not instruction in oratory or the use of high-sounding words. But it shows you

in one evening the principles of talking your way to a better position, more salary and success. And the price—not twenty, thirty or forty dollars—but FIVE.

Not one cent in advance. You examine it free for five days. Then if you want to keep it, send five dollars. If you do not want it, send it back and you are not out a penny. We take all the risk. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon and the complete course goes to you at once.

This course was written by Dr. F. H. Law, for thirty years a lecturer and an authority on speech. When you receive Dr. Law's course, it will be just the same as if you were in personal contact with Dr. Law, getting the benefit of his advice and instruction.

### Learn To Talk Convincingly In One Evening

In one evening you will get the secret of talking convincingly. You will learn exactly how to secure complete attention to whatever you are saying; how to make your words forceful and convincing, and make other people do for you the things you want done.

Many men have risen to leadership through the use of Dr. Law's wonderful course, "Mastery of Speech." It may be your "open sesame" to a big success. If you do not want it you can not lose a cent. Don't send any money in advance. Just mail the coupon. The whole course goes to you at once. Remember what the multi-millionaire said:

"There is no ability which will bring success to a man so quickly as the ability to talk convincingly."

Strike out now with a strong determination for your success. Mail the coupon today.

**Independent Corporation**  
Dept. L-3610, 319 Sixth Ave., New York

### FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

**Independent Corporation**  
Dept. L-3610, 319 Sixth Ave., New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you \$5 for each in full payment, except as noted.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mastery of Speech (\$5).<br>By Frederick H. Law.                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Course in Personal Efficiency (\$5).<br>By Edward E. Furinton. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Both Memory Course (\$5).<br>By David M. Roth.                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Money-Making Account System (\$3.50).<br>By Wesley W. Ferrin.            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> How to Read Character at Sight (\$5).<br>By Dr. E. M. H. Blackford. | <input type="checkbox"/> Drawing, Art, Cartooning Course (\$5).<br>By Charles Lederer.            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Super-Salesmanship (\$5).<br>By Arthur Newcomb.                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Paragon Shorthand (\$5).<br>By Alexander Lichtentag.                     |

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## The Accountancy Trained Man Wins

Every ambitious man strives for three things: First, promotion; second, increased salary; third, larger business success.

In the race for these things the man thoroughly trained in Higher Accountancy by the LaSalle Problem Method has a tremendous advantage over the untrained man. It has enabled thousands of ambitious men to step from ordinary jobs into important positions with high salaries.

The Accountancy expert is capable of improving his employer's system of bookkeeping and cost accounting. He is able to warn his firm of approaching dangers from increased costs and decreased profit. He knows every minute just where each department stands in relation to production cost and profit.

Such training in Higher Accountancy as is offered by the LaSalle Problem Method of home-training can easily be completed in your spare time without interference with your present position. Why should it not produce the same results for you as it has for the men whose letters appear below?

"As a result of LaSalle's training in Higher Accountancy I increased my salary 330 per cent within eleven months from date of enrollment." W. R.

"I am now auditor of this company. While I have not yet fully completed the course my salary has been increased 600 per cent, all as a result of your training." G. W. A.

"Before I decided to take up this course I was receiving an ordinary bookkeeper's salary; I am now a director and secretary of the company." W. M.

"I am now a Certified Public Accountant and have been connected with an Atlanta firm of accountants for the past year. My earnings have increased over 200 per cent." W. W. D.

Today business does not pick men for advancement for any other reason than that

they have acquired specialized knowledge and training which fits them for important duties. Specialized accountancy knowledge and training are now available to every ambitious man through the home-training course of LaSalle Extension University.

If you are ambitious—if you want to progress—stop hoping that promotion and increased salary will be thrown your way. Open your ears to the crying need in all lines of business today for highly trained Expert Accountants! It is a fact that such men command salaries of from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year and more!

If this is the kind of position you hope to fill some day—now is the time for you to begin to train yourself for that job—make yourself the man who can best fill the position of an Expert Accountant—make such a high-salaried executive position yours!

You can train in Higher Accountancy by mail under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be thoroughly trained in the same methods which these men use in their work.

LaSalle does not train you in Higher Accountancy by requiring you to memorize a multitude of principles and then casting you adrift to apply them as best you can. On the contrary, you are trained by the famous LaSalle "Problem Method" by which you actually work for yourself every kind of problem entering into the duties of an Expert Accountant. In effect, you are taken behind the scenes of big business and into every department. Your training in this connection is under conditions which approach,

as nearly as possible those which would exist were you actually at the desk and the high-salaried Expert Accountant's position you are training to fill.

LaSalle training will give you a mastery of the underlying principles of Modern Business Analysis, Organization, Accounting, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Commercial Law, and Financial Management. LaSalle accountancy training will enable you to pass C. P. A. examinations, to hold a high-salaried executive position with a business organization, or to enter business for yourself as an Expert Consulting Accountant.

Investigate this attractive and well-paid field for specialized ability. Fill in and mail the coupon today. We will send you particulars explaining the LaSalle "Problem Method" of home-training in Higher Accountancy. We will also send a copy of the famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men without aid of LaSalle training have gained in ten years promotion which men without this training have not realized in ten.

Send for your copy now!

**LaSalle Extension University**  
The Largest Business Training  
Institution in the World  
Dept. 1066-B Chicago, Illinois

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me particulars regarding your Problem Method of home-training in Higher Accountancy and your valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

**The Largest Business Training**

**La Salle  
Extension  
University**  
Chicago, U.S.A.

**Institution in the World**



# The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening in Which I Acquired David M. Roth's  
Secret of An Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is amazing—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained mind to retain and recall all the figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memory and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—almost costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met someone I had met before. I couldn't remember what I

had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time, anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, my memory is my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began

to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by \$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war "bride."

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know how I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted; "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star shell. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would

have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course had done vastly more for me than teaching me to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own house before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure, which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon today—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

## Independent Corporation

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either return them or send you \$5 for each in full payment, except as noted.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mastery of Speech (\$5)<br>By Frederick Houk Law                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Drawing, Art, Cartooning Course (\$5)<br>By Charles Ladner                |
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The Famous Memory Facts  
of David M. Roth

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer said:

"Of the 159 members of the Seattle Rotary Club, not one left with the slightest doubt that David M. Roth could do all that he claimed for himself. At the meeting he placed himself to the test by asking a list of names of those present to produce themselves by name to him. Then he asked them to stand and then asked a member at the headboard to write the names of firms, persons and motions on a board of squares, meaning that the writer and the board were to be tested by oral report. When this was asked, the different Rotarians to whom the list was written in various specific words and gave the entire list without a mistake."

"After finishing with the list, Roth singled out a man by name and asked him to whom he had been introduced, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with the present."



## The Man Who Positively Knows Wins

It's the fellow who "knows" that gets ahead. The man who knows "how" and "why" gets the worth-while jobs—and the big salaries that go with them. Let the master minds of industry show you the short cut to real success. The very methods and ideas that made eighty men the *biggest men* in their fields will be sent to you for a week's free trial.

### Accountancy and Business Management

This great Business Library is a complete business training for the beginner and a handy reference work for the executive. It covers every line of business—shows new and better ways of doing things—explains methods by which

#### 10,000 Money- Making Business Facts at Your Finger Tips

Income Tax Procedure, Advertising, Selling, Collections, Credits, Charting, Traffic, Purchasing, Cost Analysis, Management, Commercial Law, Partnerships, Corporations, Contracts, Bookkeeping, Accounting, Auditing, Trial Balance, Inventories, Brokerage, Banking, C. P. A. Requirements, Business Forms, Retail Store Accounting, Insurance, Real Estate, Cost Keeping, Store Management, Mail Order, Labor Control, Production, Business Letter Writing, Office Equipment, etc. Over 25,000 sets of previous editions have been sold. This is the 1920 edition—just off the press.

7 Vols.—2700 Pages  
—1000 Illustrations



### American Technical Society

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U. S. A.

American Technical Society, Dept. P-497 Chicago, U. S. A.  
Please send me set of Accountancy and Business Management in seven volumes for FREE examination, shipping charges collect. I will examine the books thoroughly and if satisfied, will send \$2.80 within 7 days and \$3 each month until I have paid the special price of \$29.80. If I decide not to keep the books I will return them at your expense within one week.

Name.....

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City..... State.....

Reference.....

(Please fill out all lines)

# The Drama of Life

LIFE today is more filled with drama than ever before in the whole history of humanity. Man is faring forth, the world around, on great adventures, and it is with the fictional record of those adventures that THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE for October, now on sale everywhere, concerns itself. No better issue has thus far been published of the one magazine that more and more busy men and women are turning to each month in their hours of relaxation.

*Thus in the October Issue:*

## THE MAN WHO KNEW

By CHARLES K. VAN RIPER

A novelette of a new sort of the amazing power possessed by a man to read the minds of others.

## GUN-SIGHT PASS

By WILLIAM MAC LEOD RAINE

The first generous installment of a great new serial by a man who knows the old West.

## THE BRAZEN PEACOCK

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

The conclusion of this splendid story of two Americans in wildest Asia.

*Twelve Unusual Short Stories Including:*

### THE PUFF-ADDER

By MARSHALL SCULL

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### MAN TO MAN

By FREDERICK TIERNEY

### TALES OF AN HONEST GRAFTER

By WILLIAM O. GRENOUDS

### FREE LANCES IN DIPLOMACY

By CLARENCE HERBERT NEW

*All in the current October number of*

## THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Now on Sale

The Story-Press Corporation, Publishers  
36 So. State Street, Chicago



## "Must I Look Outside for a New Manager?"

John Brewster Carson—Vice President in charge of Production—was "up against it." He needed a General Manager to replace Ridley, who had resigned because of illness.

Ridley had been the main cog in the smooth running machinery of this great industrial corporation. His value lay in his ability to detect and eliminate waste. He could tell at a glance whether any particular department of the organization was functioning efficiently.

### Wanted the "All Department Man"

Ridley could do this because he was an "all-around man." He understood the basic principles of industrial management and could apply them to practical conditions.

Carson wanted to pick Ridley's successor from the men who were already inside the company. He thought of Mallory, but Mallory didn't know "costs" or anything about distributing "overhead" expenses. Simpson might do, if only he understood more about power-plant and equipment problems. Then there was Bartlett—he was an expert on accounting, but he didn't know the first thing about executive statistical control, including the methods of presenting facts graphically. Edwards knew about purchasing and storing of materials, but wouldn't recognize a "floor-layout" if he saw one.

Name after name came to mind, but always it was the same story—capable, promising men, yes, but each of them knew only

his own particular department. Not one possessed that broad grasp of all departments required of a General Manager.

Carson's dilemma is a common one. Industry is insistently calling for industrial managers—men who know the principles which govern factory organization and administration, the selection and layout of buildings and equipment, the planning and routing of work, wage systems and bonus plans, cost accounting, the generation and use of power, the valuation of property and statistical control.

### Let These Experts Teach You

A few years ago you couldn't have obtained this kind of knowledge except through years of grinding experience in some industrial plant.

But today there is a shorter, surer way. Sixty of the nation's leading industrial specialists have co-operated to produce the "Factory Management Course and Service" of the Industrial Extension Institute. Big business gladly pays these experts enormous fees for professional advice. But through the "Course and Service" the combined experience of men like Babson, Gantt, Knoeppel, Ficker, Steinmetz, Farnham, Bloomfield, Myers, etc., has been systematically arranged so that you can acquire at slight expense the training you need in order to qualify for the bigger jobs ahead.

The "Factory Management Course and Service" offers you the opportunity to prepare yourself for the new profession of

Industrial Engineering and Management. It does this through a Home Study Course based on the University plan, and consisting of text books, lectures, talks, reading assignments, problems and model solutions to these problems. The Consulting Service, which is part of the Course, is designed to help you solve the questions which arise in your daily work.

### A Course of Proven Worth

Right now, hundreds of men in great industrial organizations, such as the Du Pont Co., the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., the Edison Phonograph Co., the Ford Motor Car Co., the General Electric Co., etc., are enrolled in the "Factory Management Course and Service."

They have chosen the shortest, surest road to obtain the knowledge of fundamentals required of a managing executive. Follow their example. Start preparing today for the \$20,000 job ahead. Tear off the coupon below and send for:

### "Thinking Beyond Your Job"

—the interesting free booklet that tells you everything you want to know about the "Factory Management Course and Service."

Industrial Extension Institute  
Nine East 45th Street  
New York City



Send me "Thinking Beyond Your Job," without obligation.

Name .....

Home Address .....

City and State .....

Position .....

R. B. Oct., 1920



*The Sort of Man You Would Like Most to Know*

## HE IS MR. CRAY of AMERICA, SIR

The adventures that befell him in Europe after he was mustered out of Y. M. C. A. service were the sort that not only thrilled him, but will thrill you in the telling. They couldn't do otherwise indeed for they are told by that master story-teller

## E. Phillips Oppenheim

You have read his books and you know him to be the one writing man in Europe with an American "go" to him and an American sense of humor. In the whole gallery of his creations he has never wrought better than in his creation of MR. CRAY, who is as charming as he is adventuresome and as reckless of his life as he is of his money. With a splendid war record he "carries on" in these peace times to the end of solving numerous mysteries and saving numerous lives and reputations among his acquaintances in society and the underworld alike.

*The stories of his adventures will  
begin in the November issue of*

## THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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Miss Evelyn Gossnell  
in "Up in Mabel's Room"

# Are You a Blond?

## The Secret of Making People Like You

mental and emotional characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette as there is between night and day. You persuade a blonde in one way—a brunette in another. Blondes enjoy one phase of life—brunettes another. Blondes make good in one kind of a job—brunettes in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well-liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by every one as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well-liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**YOU** realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blonde and a brunette could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the



Wallace Reid  
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"  
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as your think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still on.

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THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you is in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blonde has an entirely different temperament than a brunette—that to get along with a blonde type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunette?

When you really know the difference between blondes and brunettes, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits, you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**PAUL GRAHAM** was a blonde, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Chief Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and **YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU**. Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blonde or brunette. There is as big a difference between the





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Fine ham and big red apples baked with cider fresh from the press—you know before you try it that this new dish will be a real experience.

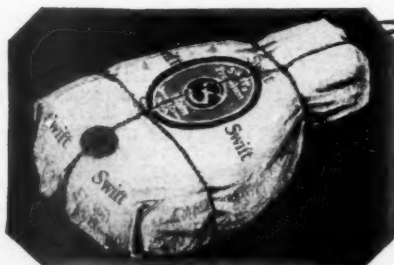
Ham baked with wine or cider was a favorite and choice dish in the epicurean days of old Virginia. The sparkle and zest of the

fruit juices and the rich flavor of well-cured ham make a combination that no chef can surpass.

Apples and apple cider are in season now and you can always get Swift's Premium Ham, with its beautifully even texture and mild, delicate flavor.

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Through the Ages with Father Time



## The First Watch

FROM Table-Clock to Pocket-Clock, or "Watch"—this was a short step mechanically, but a tremendous stride in practical utility.

Like many another child of genius, the First Watch was born of adversity. In 1504 Peter Henlein, a young locksmith of Nuremberg, in Franconia, was involved in a scuffle which cost the life of an elder locksmith. Seeking sanctuary with the Barefooted Friars, he buried himself in his chosen work—and the following year presented his benefactors with the world's First Watch.

Popular tradition confuses this timepiece with the "Nuremberg Egg" of half a century later, but Henlein's masterpieces were drum-shaped. Built of iron, they were clumsy, heavy, as large as saucers. As the crude spring unwound they lost momentum, varying an hour a day. Their cost was the equivalent of \$1,500 in our currency—the watchmaker's output was one a year! First carried by night-watchmen, these playthings of the rich soon became known as "watches"—the direct ancestors of those time-keeping marvels of our day—

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# Elgin Watches





JESSIE REED  
in the *Midnight Frolic*  
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*Beautiful Women*



AGATHA de BUSSY  
in "Lassie"  
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York



TOT QUALTERS  
in "9 o'clock Revue"  
Photograph by Campbell Studios, New York





EVELYN GREELEY

Film Play Star

Photograph by Campbell Studios, New York



HELEN WOLCOTT  
in "The Hottentot"  
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*Beautiful Women*



ETHEL DELMAR  
in "Scandals of 1920"  
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# The Magazine of a Remade World

## We Can't Step Inside Only Once in Four Years and Expect to Run the Show

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

I HAVE two dissipations. I always attend the Republican National Convention, and the World's Series of baseball games.

This year I went out to the convention on a special train with the delegates from an Eastern State. And it interested me intensely to hear them talk. They talked politics the way an old fan talks baseball. The old fan can tell you who played third base for Pittsburgh in 1896, and who made the most home runs in the Three Eye League in the season of 1904.

Those delegates chatted of So and So who was sheriff of Hudson County in 1900; and of Such and Such a man—why he voted as he did, and who could influence his vote. And I, who was going out to urge the delegates to nominate a certain man for President, felt like a rank amateur beside them.

Several hundred other men and women made the trip to Chicago, giving up time and money to do it. They went to urge the claims of their favorite candidates, not for any personal advantage, but because they felt that they were doing a real public service. And most of them were just about as futile and as useless as could be.

A seasoned politician took me into his confidence and gave me something to think about: "What can folks like you expect to accomplish?" he asked me in frank surprise. "A political party is an organization. It is made up of men who start at the bottom and work up, just the way men do in business. There are delegates here who have worked for years just for the reward of being delegates.

"And along come a lot of folks like you, who do no work for the party, who never attended a caucus in your life, and probably don't even vote; and you ask us to hand the first prize to

some outsider just because *you* think he's the man for the place.

"It's just as if I came to you and said: 'I have an excellent man for president of your business.' You would answer: 'That's all very well, but we have some plans of our own as to who is to have that job.'"

That sort of talk may not be first-class patriotism, but there is no question that it is human nature. It sent me away from Chicago thinking good and hard.

We good citizens, as we like to call ourselves, regard active membership in a political organization as rather beneath us—something not quite becoming in a gentleman.

When we want to get a thing accomplished politically, we organize ourselves into a Farmers' Union or an Association of This or That, and try to bring pressure from the outside upon the party. It seldom occurs to us that we might get better results if we were to go *inside* and exert our pressure there.

And therein lies one of our real troubles in America—that politics is left to the few, while the rest of us form organized minorities and seek by petitions and by threats to persuade the few to act.

I came back from Chicago with the resolve to look up the party organization in the section where I live, and join, just as a private in the ranks. And at the next convention I will at least know how to speak the language of the delegates.

If a lot of us will make the same decision, we will be in a position to exert some real influence at the next convention.

But we can't step inside the big tent just once in four years and expect to run the show.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.

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OCTOBER, 1920  
Vol. XXXV, Number 6

THE  
**RED BOOK**  
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN  
Editor

"GOOD name in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls." Thus Shakespeare in "Othello." Here, then, on that ever-human theme, is a remarkable story by the author of "Black Pawl."

# THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

By  
**BEN AMES WILLIAMS**

Illustrated by  
**E. F. WARD**



Beth's room was a sober place. It lacked the gay and dainty touches usually associated with a girl's bedroom.

THE Elder house stood on a corner; and there was an arc-light swung from a cable over the intersection of the streets. This light threw a white splash on the ceiling of Beth Elder's room; and whenever she closed her eyes and tried to sleep, the brilliant spot upon the plaster burned through her eyelids. She tried turning on her right side, and on her left; but in the end she always returned to her original posture and lay wide-eyed, staring up at the ceiling, trying not to think of anything at all. She heard the clock in the courthouse toll twelve; and after an interminable interval heard it strike one. The warm summer night dragged slowly on.

Her father had gone to bed early, as soon as he came home from the store. This was his custom. Jim Elder was a cheerful, somewhat garrulous man, who moved through the tribulations of life without even being aware of their existence. He had kept store for more than thirty years; he expected to keep store for a good many years to come. It was usual for him to stay up as long as there were customers to be served or friends to talk with him; and when the last of these drifted away, he pot-

tered about the store for a little while, draped mosquito-netting over the cheese, put the meat away in the icebox, shut the cat down cellar, turned the gas low, took the money from the till and hid it under the cracker-barrel, locked the front door and walked slowly home.

When he had reached home this night, Beth was busy with books and papers and pen at the table in the sitting-room; she had showed no disposition to listen to his amiable and endless conversation. He had sat down beside her and talked in her direction for a while. Ordinarily Beth was able to concentrate upon her own affairs and ignore him; but this night she was disturbed on other counts, and she found it impossible to close her ears to his amiable dribble of talk. In the end she had kissed him and sent him upstairs to bed; and he had gone submissively away, accepting her guidance, as he had always accepted any guidance that offered, his life through. Jim Elder never in his life took arms against a sea of troubles; he was content to drift with the tide.

Beth herself had stayed downstairs till after eleven, making some calculations in connection with her duties at the laboratory in the Furnace, where she worked during the day. She had been able to occupy her mind with this, to fasten her thoughts upon the papers before her as though she were pinning them there with the point of her pen. But when she was too tired to work longer, there was nothing to do but put books and papers away and go reluctantly up to her room. She knew from experience that she would not sleep; nevertheless she was desperately sleepy, and with the native optimism of human kind, she hoped this time would be the exception to the rule.



BETH'S room was a sober place. It lacked the gay and dainty touches usually associated with a girl's bedroom. Her bed was of black walnut, with a high, ugly head and a low, ugly foot. It was larger than it need have been; and since the room was not spacious, the bed seemed to fill it. Beth had no dressing-table. Her bureau, which was of black walnut like the bed, had a marble slab for a top. There were carved wooden handles on the drawers; and the drawers were all inclined to stick in a cranky and aggravating fashion. Against one wall stood a wardrobe, which took the place of a closet. It was an enormous thing, and it was also of walnut, carved and adorned in the ugly fashion of the bed and the bureau. Besides these pieces, there was a yellow oak combination desk and bookcase. Lacking adequate wall space, this stood in such a position that it blocked half of one of the windows. Its shelves were filled with books, and the desk was stowed with an orderly lot of letters, papers and stationery.

In this room Beth had wearily undressed, had removed her skirt and waist and put on a flannel dressing-sack, and then had taken from one of the drawers of the bureau a square of white cloth that had once been part of a sheet, and spread this on the floor in front of her mirror. Standing upon this cloth, she removed the pins from her hair and let it fall about her shoulders and began to brush it with slow, even strokes. Beth had beautiful hair, of a deep brown, inclined to curl, heavy and luxurious. Now and then, at the sound of an automobile passing the house or on some nearby street, she had paused in mid-stroke and stood motionless and listening, the brush poised.

When she was undressed and was ready for bed, she had drawn on a heavy bathrobe of blanket cloth, turned out the lights and opened the window on the side toward the street—that is, on the front of the house. There was an easy-chair by the window; and Beth had sat down in this chair, looking out, thinking, listening. The night was warm; but the sky was overcast, with some threat of rain, and once or twice a few misty drops fell. The sight of them gleaming on the tin roof increased her concern, had increased the sober trouble in her eyes.

After a while she had risen and laid aside the bathrobe, and got into bed. She told herself that she must sleep; that if she did not sleep, next day would find her dull and weary and unfit for her tasks in the laboratory. But bidding did not bring the sleep she craved. Her eyes were heavy; yet she had never been more agonizingly awake in her life. So she lay, trying not to think, and thinking desperately.

NOW and then, when Beth could lie still no longer, she rose, drew the bathrobe about her shoulders and crossed again to the chair by the window. This chair was deep, heavily upholstered; and the springs beneath the upholstery had given way under long use. Nevertheless the chair itself was familiar and comfortable, like an old friend. Sitting there, Beth stared out into the night, watched the sputtering arc-lamp at the corner, watched the circling moths, watched the soft drops of occasional rain dot the tin roof below her. The street before the house was lined on either side with trees; and the arc-lamp cast brilliant shafts of light through every opening among the leaves. Once in a while some one came past; and Beth could hear the approaching footsteps while they were still blocks away, could hear them draw near, could hear them dwindle into silence when the passer had gone by.

The air was filled with a dull, familiar roar which Beth, because she was accustomed to it, scarce noticed at all. It was the rumble of the blast-furnaces. There were three of them, about the town. Now and then, when the bell that closed the top of the stack at Crescent, a mile or more away, was lowered to permit the charge of ore and coke to rumble down into the fires, a great flame burst from the open mouth of the stack into the sky. By its light Beth could see the beds of flowers on the lawn beneath her window, could see the wooden swing in the Wardwell yard. Familiar objects all about the house sprang into sight under her eyes, then sank into darkness again as the glare subsided.

Once, when she turned from the window back to her bed, Beth shivered. Yet the night was warm. She told herself, impatiently, not to be a silly fool; but in spite of this admonition, tears sprang into her eyes. She cried for a little while, silently, in the darkness. Her nerves, starved for sleep, torn with anxiety, were jangling like the plucked strings of an ill-tuned mandolin. It was a physical effort to lie still; it required all the power of muscle and mind that she could summon. She began to feel at last, that she must leap from her bed and run into the street, clamor aloud, insanely scream.

Yet knew well enough that she neither could nor would do any of these things. Habit of self-control was strong upon her.

At last, toward two o'clock in the morning, she heard where an automobile. She had heard others, through the night, and each time had come erect, sitting bolt upright in bed, listening with all her ears till the sound was lost again. This time, however, when the machine turned from Portsmouth Street toward her home, Beth instinctively knew that it was the one which she had waited. She was right. It stopped before the house, the engine purring softly in a faint, warm whisper of sound.

Beth, sitting up in bed, made at first no move to go to the window. She told herself she must not go; she said the word "not." But because she could not help herself, she listened with all her ears—listened for footsteps coming toward the door of the house, heard no footsteps, but heard instead the low murmur of voices, heard a faint catch of laughter, heard a low cough. The car's engine idled quietly; the murmuring voices continued.

There came a little patter of rain upon the tin roof above the window. Beth might have endured even that, but she heard again that low, muffled cough, and she could no longer be still. She slipped out of bed, forgot her bathrobe, opened the window and looked out. She was shivering a little in her thin night-gown, but she was not conscious of this.

THE car stood at the curb in front of the house, its gleaming. It was a roadster, the seat protected from the rain by a little canvas top, curiously inadequate in appearance, of the sort affected by some of the more expensive cars. Beth knew the machine for Curt Shelling's. When she reached the window, a girl was standing on the running-board, was stepping to the ground. The girl was Lyn. Beth, ashamed to be watching, nevertheless stood there for a moment; and as she saw Curt lean out of the car and whip Lyn into his arms, as she heard Lyn's gay, muffled laughter and saw her free herself, Lyn's own laughter made her cough again; she waved her hand to the man in the car and turned toward the house, hurrying so that she almost ran. She disappeared from Beth's sight as she reached the steps of the porch below the window. At the same time the car slid away down the street and was gone.

Beth went on tiptoe to her door. It stood open, and she stepped out into the upper hall and listened, and heard the latch of the unlocked front door click as Lyn turned the knob and came to the door. Beth heard again as Lyn pushed the door to behind her and turned the key. Beth drove herself to slip quietly back to bed. In spite of her caution the springs creaked as they received her weight. She crept beneath the covers and lay still.

She heard Lyn come upstairs, heard her pass through the upper hall and enter her own room, opposite Beth's. Lyn closed the door behind her; and then Beth heard in the still house the scrape of an opened match-box, the fizz of a scratched match, the soft puff of gas as Lyn lighted the jet in her room. Beth forced herself to lie where she was. "I won't go in. I won't go in," she said, over and over, as though the words were a prayer.

Nevertheless she was acutely conscious of every sound from her sister's room. She heard Lyn humming under her breath. She heard Lyn throw off her stiff, rustly rain-coat upon a chair. She heard the click of metal on wood, and guessed that Lyn had lifted the hand-mirror to inspect her pretty self in profile before taking off her hat. The sounds, muffled by the closed door, were familiar to Beth. She had heard them so many times before. She told herself that as soon as she knew Lyn was abed, she would be able to sleep.

But after a while she heard Lyn cough. This was, for Beth, the most terrible sound in the world. It was not the effort of healthy lungs to clear a way to the outer air; it was a low, faint, muffled—and indescribably, pitifully ominous—sound, was like a lash across Beth's shoulders; she winced, and her face streamed down her cheeks. Her face was contorted, in the darkness, by an anguished longing beyond words. Yet she forced herself to be still, to lie quietly; she tried to bid herself to sleep.

Lyn coughed again; she surrendered to a racking paroxysm of coughing. When Beth could no longer bear it, she sat up in bed; her feet slid out, touched the floor. Reluctantly, as though against her own will, she dragged the bathrobe about her and went slowly toward her door and out into the hall. On the knob, opened and went in.

Lyn was at the mirror, brushing her hair. Her back was to the door, but she saw Beth in the glass; and at the sight of her sister, she laughed a malicious little laugh. Her cough had ceased.

"Couldn't resist your nightly sermon, could you, Beth darling?" she asked tauntingly.



the Jew

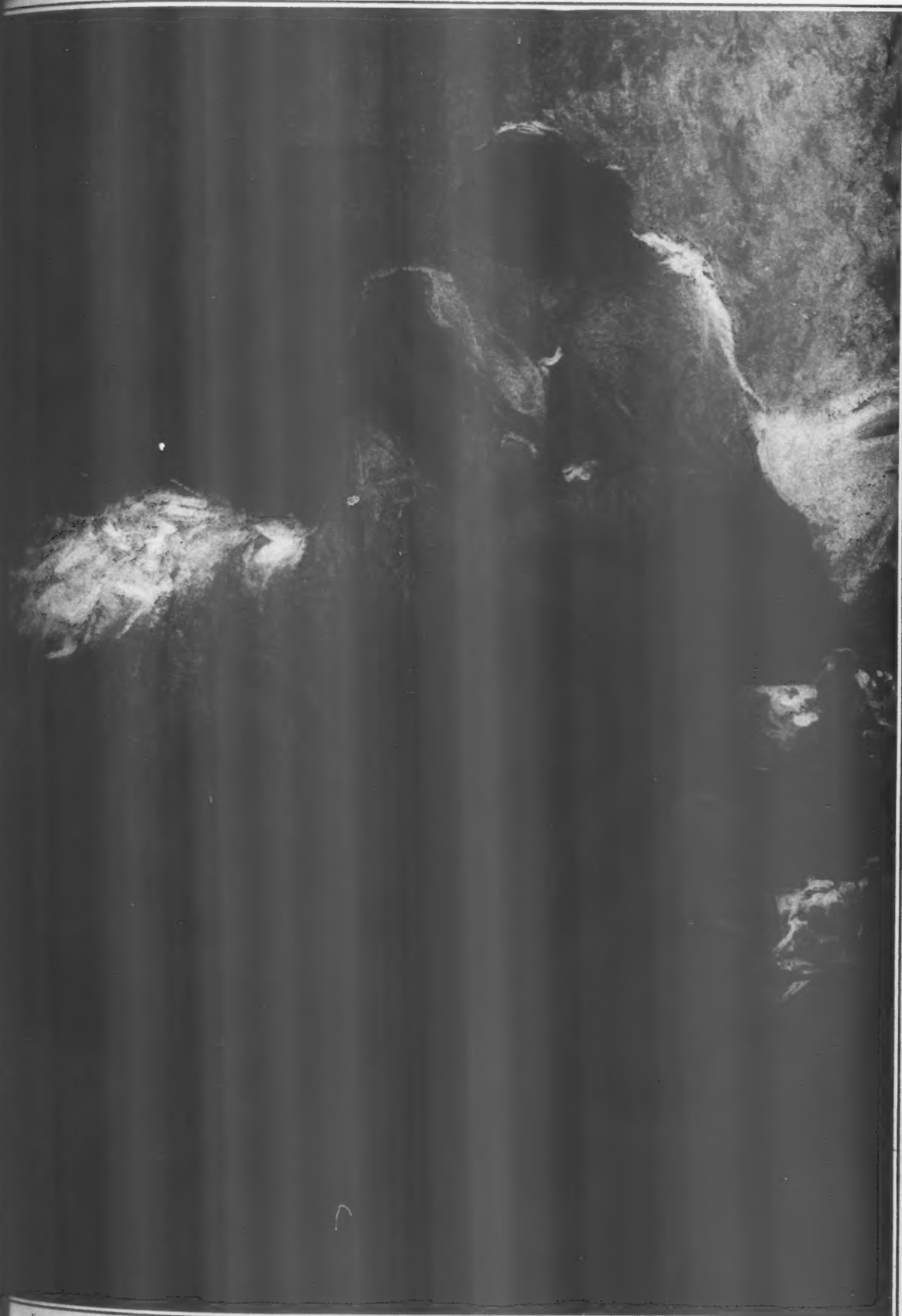
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"Beth, the whole town will be talking about me tomorrow. I can't stand it! I won't stand it, Beth!" "What was it, Lynnie?" Beth asked quietly. "You'd better tell me."

"I heard you coughing," Beth told her in a tone that was an apology. "You've taken another cold."

Lyn laughed again. "That was for your benefit. I knew it would fetch you. Wanted to see if you could keep your promise to let me alone. Might have known."

"I just wanted to be sure you were all right," Beth pleaded.

"Oh, go ahead and preach to me," Lyn said impatiently. "Only don't be tedious. I'm sleepy as a cat."

## CHAPTER II

LYN'S room was as different from Beth's as Lyn was different from Beth herself. The furniture was of bird's-eye maple instead of walnut. There were chintz curtains at the windows; there was a pier-glass in one corner of the room; and the wall-paper was gay and pretty. Instead of a marble-topped bureau Lyn had a graceful dressing-table, and it was littered with the odds and ends which a fastidious woman finds useful in her toilet. Lyn was sitting before this dressing-table as she brushed her hair—and she had spread no protective cloth upon the floor.

Though the two were unlike in every feature, no one could have doubted that Beth and Lyn were sisters. Beth's hair was brown, was heavy and warm; Lyn's was golden, was straight and almost scanty. Beth's eyes were hazel, Lyn's as blue as the sky. Beth's skin was warm with color; Lyn's was pale as ivory, save where a patch of scarlet glowed on either cheek. Their only physical likeness was one of stature. They were about the same height, and their bodies were similarly formed; but Beth on a casual glance seemed the larger because there was a satisfying substance about her, while Lyn was terribly thin. Lyn was nineteen, Beth half a dozen years older. Their mother had died when Lyn was seven; and Beth, who had always seemed older than her years, had drifted naturally into the attitude of motherhood toward the younger girl. This attitude, Lyn even as a child resented.

Beth, coming slowly into the room, stopped behind Lyn's chair and stroked her sister's temples.

"I'm not coming to preach to you, Lyn," she repeated. "I won't."

"Well, you needn't feel my head, either," Lyn exclaimed. "I haven't any fever. I'm not made of sugar, Beth. I'm not going to melt in a little rain."

"I'll make you some hot lemonade, dear. It will warm you up."

"I don't need warming up. I've been sweltering all evening in that awful rain-coat you made me wear."

Beth nodded a little. "It is ugly, dear. But it's waterproof. I was awfully glad you had taken it, when it began to rain."

"I hate it," said Lyn angrily. "I always hated the old thing."

"Your new one will be here soon. Then you might give me the old one. Mine is beginning to leak, and I hate carrying an umbrella."

Lyn, her eyes dancing, wagged her head wisely. "You'll till my new coat does come, Beth. If I don't knock Curt's ing's eye out—"

"When do you expect it, Lyn?"

"Mrs. Driscoll said Thursday."

Beth was still stroking the younger girl's head with her hand in a gesture indescribably protecting. There seemed to be magic in her fingers which won Lyn to a softer mood, for she rose now and put her arm around Beth and kissed her cheek. "There," she said. "You're an old fuss. Do run along to bed. Beth. I'm so sleepy."

"I'll make some lemonade."

"I'll never drink it."

Beth, in the doorway, smiled. "Oh, yes, you will, Lyn," she said. "You know you will."

She went downstairs, and set about making the hot drink. Minutes later, when she had returned upstairs and reached the upper hall, she saw that Lyn's room was dark. She had a moment of panic and called softly:

"Lyn!"

"Oh, Beth, you were so long," Lyn drawled from the bed. "Now you've waked me."

Beth lighted the gas. "Love to wake me, don't you, Lyn?" she said, smiling wistfully. "Now drink this—dear; it's hot."

"Oh, I hate the stuff, Beth," Lyn protested. "Besides, I haven't caught cold, I say. I just coughed to bother you."

"But you were coughing before you came into the house."

"How do you know? You were spying!" Lyn accused, half angry.

"From your window! You're an awful sneak."

"I wasn't spying on you," Beth said gently. "I never mean to spy on you, Lyn."

She had slipped her arm under the other's shoulder and was trying to lift her sister to sit up. "Now, drink this quickly as you can, dear."

"I'd as soon drink poison, Beth. Did you know I coughed, if I weren't spying?"

"My window was open. Everything was so still I could hear you."

"Could you hear what we said? There was a certain anxiety in our eyes."

"I didn't try to."

"Didn't you come to the window all?"

Beth hesitated, and a glow burned her cheeks. Lyn laughed at her. "Beth, you never could tell a lie," she declared. Then she said hotly: "If you don't quit peering out of windows and nosing corners and things at me, I'll give you something to be at."

Beth offered Lyn the glass. "Do drink this, dear!"

But the younger girl pushed it away. "Don't do that," she told her. "I hate the stuff."

not going to drink it, so don't bother me with it."

"Come," Beth insisted. "Don't be silly, Lyn."

"I want have you watching me all the time, as though I'm a kid."

"Drink the lemonade, Lyn, and let's both go to sleep."



"They saw me and Curt, coming out of the Ladies Entrance, Beth. Oh, it was ghastly."

"Always spying around!" Unwillingly she took the cup, yielding to the stronger will of the older girl. Unwillingly, with many wry faces and sputtering protests, she drained it. Beth took the empty cup.

"There! Now go to sleep, dear. It's two o'clock already." She started for the gas-jet to turn out the light before leaving the room. Lyn watched her, a malicious light in her eye; and as Beth lifted her hand to the jet, the younger sister said softly: "I had a perfectly scrumptious time tonight, Beth, old dear. Curt's a wonder."

Beth stood very still, tried to say, "Good night," did manage to say: "Pleasant dreams, Lyn."

"I'm going to dream of Curt, Beth," Lyn told her teasingly.

Beth cried softly, "Oh, Lyn!"

Lyn sat up in bed, throwing the covers aside; she cried viciously: "Oh, let me tell you. Such a joke on Curt! I had such fun with him."

Beth hurried toward her, drawing the covers about her sister, forcing her to lie down again. Lyn, submitting, nevertheless chattered on: "He just asked me to go for a ride, you know—this afternoon. So I said I would. Well, when we started out, he asked where I wanted to go. I told him the Springs. Beth, you should have seen him!"

"The Springs?" Beth echoed. "Why, Lyn, that's forty miles."

Lyn nodded vehemently. "Um-hm! That's what Curt said. So I told him if he didn't want to— And of course he said he did. So we did. He was an awful grouch for a while, but I teased him out of it. We got there about four, and he said we'd have to start right back, and I told him I didn't intend to come back without something to eat."

"I made him take me to the hotel, Beth. We had dinner in the big dining-room. The check was eleven dollars, Beth. Can you imagine it? It's an awfully expensive place, you know."

Beth said swiftly: "Lyn, you shouldn't let him spend so much."

"Let him?" Lyn laughed. "I didn't let him. I made him, Beth. It hurt, too—hurt him. Curt's an awful tightwad, in some ways. He was so mad that he drove like sixty, coming home. It was like riding on a shooting-star, or something. And we had a puncture; and he swore—under his breath, but I heard him."

"Lyn, dear . . . Good night!"

"Aren't you going to kiss me good night?" Lyn called mockingly. "Curt did."

"Yes," said Beth. "I saw him."

Lyn sat upright in bed again, a finger leveled at the other. "There! I knew you were spying, Beth Elder. I knew you were!"

"Do lie down," Beth pleaded. "Do lie down, Lyn. Please!"

Lyn's eyes were flaming. "I won't."

"You old sneak! If you had your way, you'd tag me around everywhere I go. You stop it, Beth. Do you hear?"

"Lyn, Lyn, I only want to help you—take care of you."

Lyn laughed unpleasantly. "Well, I'll say you work hard enough at it. I'd say that if I were dying, Beth."

Beth winced, cried: "Don't, Lyn—please!" And Lyn, laughing still, exclaimed:

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not dying. And I don't intend to, as long as living's such fun."

Beth turned unhappily away; this time she did extinguish the gas. "Good night, Lyn."

Lyn, from the bed, called jeeringly: "I believe you're mad because Curt doesn't take you out for a ride now and then."

The older sister was always curiously susceptible to hurt from Lyn's barbed tongue. She started for the door now, but in the end found she could not bear to leave the matter thus; and she came back and sat down on the foot of the other's bed in the darkness. The blinds were down; the room was almost wholly dark. Beth could dimly see Lyn's fair head on the pillow. "Please, Lyn!" she begged. "I don't want to be unpleasant. Try to remember that it's just that I—care for you. You're my

little sister, you know. It's natural for me to be anxious about you, after all. And I'm not asking you to do anything very hard. Just be sensible, and a little prudent."

Lyn's foot, beneath the bedclothes, kicked spitefully at the other. "I wasn't made to be sensible, or to be prudent," she



Jim Elder . . . . a cheerful, somewhat garrulous man who moved through the tribulations of life without even being aware of their existence.

ejaculated. "There's no fun in it, anyway; and I—like having fun. Besides, Curt's all right. You sha'n't say anything against him. You're always acting like this about

men I like."

"He kissed you good night."

"Well, for goodness sake, didn't anybody ever kiss you? He's not the first that has kissed me."

"Did he ever kiss you before?"

"I never let him. Why, when we had the puncture tonight, that made us so late, we sat on the bridge for a little while; and he'd have done it then if I'd let him. I slapped his face—not hard, you know, but he knew I meant it."

"Has he ever asked you to marry him?" Beth asked softly.

"Why, he's crazy about me," Lyn declared, as though this were an answer to the question.

"I know, dear," Beth agreed. "But—has he ever asked you to marry him?"

"I'm not ready to get married yet."

"Don't you see, Lyn?" the older girl pleaded.

"I don't see anything except that you're an old fuss. If you had your way, I'd never have any fun. You make me sick, Beth—just make me sick."

"He'll never ask you to marry him, Lyn. He's not that kind."

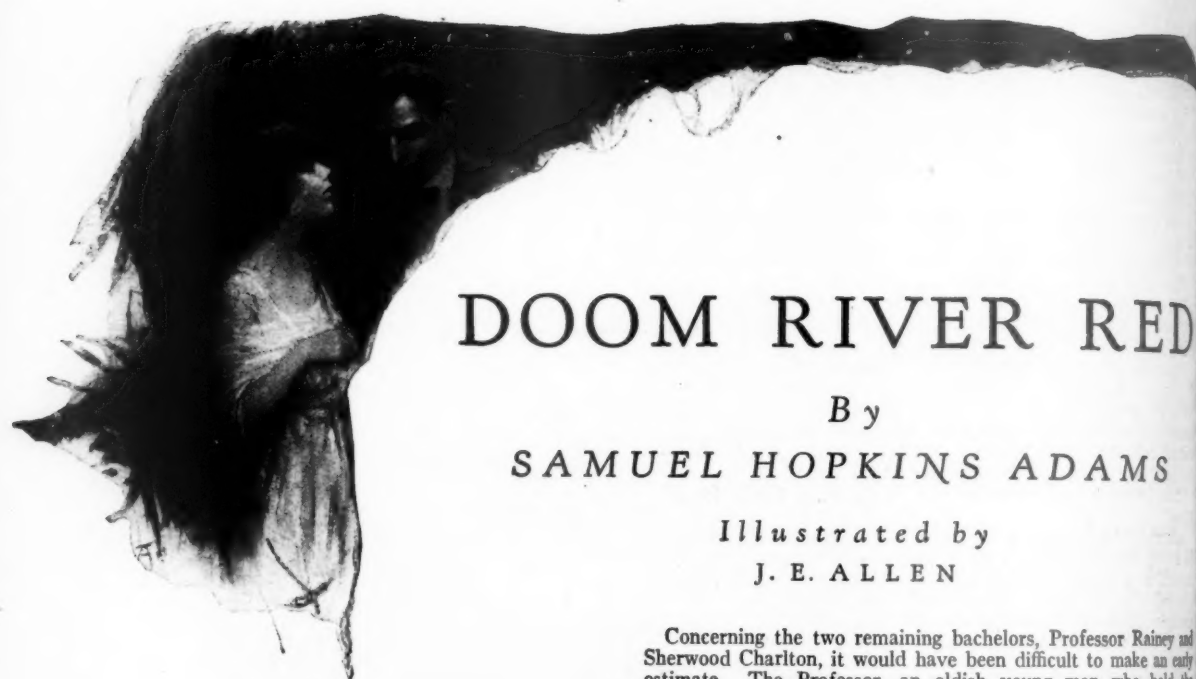
"Well, what if he doesn't? I wouldn't do it, if he did. I don't want to marry a bald-headed man, anyway. But he's got lots of money, and as long as he spends it on me, I—"

Beth laughed miserably. "Lyn, you love to tease me so. I never know whether you're teasing or in earnest. I never know when you're just—joking. Please don't joke that way, though, Lyn. It's ugly."

"It's no joke, Beth Elder. You can call it ugly if you like. I don't care."

"But to let him kiss you! When you know he doesn't really care for you—when you don't care for him!"

"Oh, it's part of the game, Beth." (Continued on page 107)



# DOOM RIVER RED

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by

J. E. ALLEN

GARDNERS' is one of the few remaining haunts of peace in a country overrun with feverish tourists. It stands remote and embowered in a live-oak grove fronting a bay of the Diadem Chain, half a mile from the nearest approach of the excursion steamers which ply up into the orange country. An hour's paddling takes the ambitious angler to the mouth of Doom River, deepest and widest of Florida's streams, a paradise of game, infested with venomous snakes and itself winding like a still serpent out of the heart of a whispering and treacherous swamp.

Out of the current of Florida's hurrying, spendthrift, overdressed, overpressed winter pilgrimage, a tiny trickle of tired folk finds its way to the plantation-house which old Miss Gardner, depleted of a once handsome fortune, conducts for such paying guests as come reliably introduced. Most of us who seek the quietude are, in the favorite euphemism of the place, "not quite well." It may be a suspicious cough, as in the case of elderly Miss French, or it may be indefinite "nerves," such as the middle-aged and commonplace Betterfields are supposed to suffer from (with complications in this instance of a childlike belief in spiritistic messages), or it may be, though young Peter Delano's is the sole entry under this head, drink.

It would have seemed to be no ailment or disability that brought Sylvia Glenn to us, in March, when we were all well settled into our routine. Across our semi-fossilized existence she swept like a vitalizing wind. She was a splendidly feminine creature, long-limbed, deep-bosomed, supple and strong as a young tree in spring, with the suggestion of passion in her wide-set gray eyes, and the assurance of strength to control it in her firmly modeled chin. She had come in, unheralded, from Jasonville, with a letter from cousins of the Gardners, needing, but certainly not looking as if she needed, "a month to rest up in," so she said. She took up her quarters alone in Honeysuckle Cottage, a few yards from the main plantation-house where the rest of us roomed. Immediately the atmosphere of the place changed.

To say that every unattached man among us at once fell in love with the newcomer would perhaps be excessive. Certainly young Peter Delano did. In his boyish, ill-controlled and somewhat blatant way he made that apparent. No less prompt and obvious was the subjection of Gorman Gardner, the easy-going, ineffectual but charming nephew of the proprietress; but his was the wistful and humble attitude. I suspected, also from the first, Hecker, the ferret-faced, prosperous lawyer from Washington, chiefly because, upon Miss Glenn's arrival, he ceased to talk and think about his dyspepsia, and began obviously to think, if not always to talk, in terms of Miss Glenn, which was doubtless good for his ailment, whatever the effect upon him otherwise.

Concerning the two remaining bachelors, Professor Rainey and Sherwood Charlton, it would have been difficult to make an early estimate. The Professor, an oldish young man who held the chair of psychology in Havilden College, had been sent to Gardners' with strict medical injunctions to put on twenty pounds or make his will. Him I judged to enjoy a natural immunity from undue feminine influences. Charlton was a more uncertain quality. He was a tall, silent young man, with a face which would have been almost beautiful were it not that in repose the expression was that of one haunted by vague but unescapable dread. A late arrival among us, he had shown, while scrupulously polite and considerate, no disposition toward any companionship, with the exception that twice he had joined me in my walks. Now he became all unobtrusive attention to Sylvia Glenn.

The girl accepted anything with simple and sunny naturalness. Homage of men was clearly the normal atmosphere of her life. Here she returned for it a frank and trustful but always self-respecting comradeship extended to all, to the wistfully slavish Gardner as to the mild and pedantic professor—even to Hecker, whom, I think, she really disliked. Against young Peter Delano's open siege—for it promptly developed into that—she defended herself with good-humored laughter and gentle ridicule. Yet I think she felt the charm of the boy—his effervescent cheeriness, which was, however, prone to cloud over upon provocation into the black humors of the spoiled child. From my viewpoint of disinterested observer it was the developing relation between her and Sherwood Charlton which became most interesting. Almost from the first it seemed to me that for him, her defenses were down. There was a look in her eyes when they strayed to his face—questioning, puzzled, almost anxious. Hecker and Delano observed it; and so hatred came into our peaceful circle, and eventual tragedy.

That I should have been the one in whom Charlton confided his troubles, was, I think, a matter of chance, and the confidential influence of night air. Restless, I had risen, dressed and walked down to the little pier one morning about two o'clock. When I saw a canoe, the only craft then in commission at Gardners', rise on the swell of the down-bound excursion-steamer just passed, it seemed to be unoccupied and adrift; but presently a figure straightened up from the bottom of it; and when I hailed, it answered me in Charlton's quiet voice.

"Trying for sleep," he said, paddling in and climbing to a place beside me.

"Any luck?"

"Not much. Sometimes I can get to sleep in the open air when the four walls of a room seem to choke me. Do you know the cold sulphur spring?"

"The one just off the main road, a couple of hundred yards from the house?"

"Yes. They don't use it now. There's a clump of tall palmettoes there, very thick. I've thatched the leaves together for a rough shelter and swung a hammock there to lie in."



my room is too much for me. You could walk along the ten feet away and never know anyone was there. But to even that was too shut in for me."

was unwonted expressiveness from our local hermit. But he was to come. "You're an older man," he said hesitantly. "I need advice. If my brain was clear, I'd think it out myself. But insomnia twists things so for one. It makes exaggerate where your own interests are concerned."

For example?"

"Well—Delano," he said after a pause.

"Hello! I didn't suspect that you were specially interested in young Peter."

"I've been learning some things about him."

"Are you collecting data on the species?" I asked, rather

and.

"No, I'm not," he denied, a slight flush illuminating his tired

"On the contrary, the information came to me unsought."

"Well, what's wrong with Peter?"

"Oh, wrong! That's a loose word. Of course, he isn't a criminal. But he's a good fellow, a follower of the white

He isn't—well, he isn't the sort of fellow you'd want your sister going about

Miss Sylvia Glenn," I pointed out rather

"is not your sister."

"No; I wish to heaven she were!" he

erred with such passionate sincerity that I was amazed. "I could protect her, then."

"There are other relationships," I suggested, "which would give you that right. If it is not an impertinent question, why not enter the list yourself against Delano?"

Thereupon I got another shock. "I love her too much," he said simply.

A curious reason, surely."

"It's a curious world, and not altogether a fair one," he said thoughtfully and quite without bitterness. "It's a curious thing, for instance, that I should be having my troubles on you. But I've been morbid so long, that now when I've begun to come back to life, I've come to have some one to talk to. And I thought you wouldn't mind."

"No, I don't mind. What brought you back to life, as you put it?"

"She did." He spoke as if there were only one woman in the whole world. I judged him to be of that rare type whom eventually and fatally there is only one woman in the whole world. Had Sylvia with her fine sensitiveness unconsciously felt and responded to this?

"Why not, then, play the man's part and—"

"Ah, but, you see, I'm not a man. I'm a derelict. I find something to take me out of myself, it seems to be a choice between drugs and insanity for

If you've ever been cursed with the damnation of insomnia—I suppose this must sound like childish

ing to you."

"Do you care to tell me about it?" I asked.

He told me. A terrific war-experience of desperate hardships and exposure had left him in such condition that, although his forceful body had reconstituted itself, the subtle injury to the spirit had left him not only anemic, but with certain infringements upon his power.

"I'm a coward," he said. "I'm afraid of life now. And anyway, I don't care for life, or didn't until—"

He broke off. There was no need for me to conclude.

"How much of this does Miss Glenn

know?"

"A good deal. She did nursing in a psychopathic ward during the war. She understands and sympathizes."

"Understanding and sympathy—are there more that's all?"

"She turned a ghastly face to me. 'It

isn't all. I give you my word of

fact. I've never for an instant tried to make love to her."

"It seems to me," said I gently, "that you've never done

anything else, with every look you turn on her and every tone

of voice when you speak to her."

"Is that true? Then I've got to go away. I'd be worse than a blackguard, things being as they are with me, to take even the ghost of a risk of her caring. But it isn't of myself that I wanted to talk, but of Delano. Do you think she's—she's interested?"

"Amused—nothing more," I answered positively.

"They're a great deal together."

"Natural enough. They're nearly of an age. He's always pressing her to go in his car or play games or one thing and another, and to be generous is part of her nature and charm."

"I hope you're right," he said. "But when I go, I'd like to leave some evidence in your hands to be used in case you think it wise."

"Behind young Peter's back!" I said, frowning. "I don't quite like that."

"Not behind his back. He knows I've got it. I've told him."

"What did he say?"

"Threatened to kill me. Made such a row that I had difficulty in quieting him."

"Were you a coward then?"

"Oh, no," he answered with his dim smile. "I'm not particularly afraid of death. It's life that scares me. But he didn't really mean it. He'd been drinking, I think."

"Once or twice I've suspected him. Where does he get it?"

"There's always moonshine in the turpentine camp up the road between here and Doom River, and he's quite chummy with some of those chaps; they go off on fishing-trips together. A tough lot—crackers and poor whites. Well, I'm going back to bed; maybe I'll get a couple of hours sleep now."

Four days of rain threw our little community in upon itself, intensifying the internal hostility which was now manifest to the point of making me uneasy. Both Delano and Hecker lost no opportunity of showing their hostility toward Sherwood Charlton—the former, like an unlicked cub, grossly and abusively, the latter through sly attacks and half-veiled slurs. Charlton bore it admirably—though perhaps *indifferently* would be the better term. All his thought was for Sylvia Glenn. He was going at the end of the week. So, as I figured it, he was giving himself his last taste of happiness.

Thursday broke brilliant and crisp. So many were the invitations and requests focused upon Sylvia that to avoid discrimination she organized a walking-party for all those able to go. Peter Delano

flung away in a huff, and we heard his car roar out through the gate as if it, as well as its master, had evil temper to work off. Our leader took in a seven-mile jaunt, the second stage of which skirted Doom River as far up as the Hanging Bridge, a picturesque rope-swing, single-path crossing, and swerved east to bring us out on the main road near the turpentine camp. At the roadside stood Delano's dark-green car.

The pettish youth, looking now as if his equanimity were quite restored, was seated on a log with two of the turpentine

hands, lunching, for it was the noon hour. One of his companions, a tallish, sallow man, who limped on a peculiarly twisted foot, hastily retired as we came in sight, and I thought concealed something in a palmetto clump. Noting young Peter's high color



"They had that on their souls which made them feel that the light-ray was a great finger, pointing them out. They shrank back into the shadow."

and roving eye, I had a shrewd guess that the meal had not been a totally dry one. Upon learning that we had been near Doom River, Delano asked:

"Didn't see any wild turkeys about, did you?"

Nobody had. "I've heard there was a flock seen near there last week, though," said Gorman Gardner.

Sylvia Glenn's eyes sparkled. "I'd love to have a wild-turkey fan," she said. "Would there be any chance of a shot?"

Charlton spoke up at once. "I have a shotgun here. I'll try to get you one."

Peter got up from his log and came forward, not quite steadily. He pointed a finger at Charlton. "You keep out of this," he said in a voice thick with anger. "This is my game; I heard about those turkeys. That's why I asked if anybody'd seen 'em. You keep out of those woods if you know what's good for you."

The threat was gross. Sylvia's swift color ran to her cheeks. Charlton straightened up.

"I go where I choose," he began hotly; but an imploring glance from the girl checked him.

The suave voice of Hecker cut in: "As Mr. Delano had first news of the flock, it is his right to get the first chance."

"I'll go with you, Mistah Petah," offered his second companion of the log, an old, hugely fat but still active man named Tapley, reputed to be a skillful woodman. "Me an' Saul Carshow" (pointing to the semi-cripple, who had returned). "we kin take you direck to whah them tuckeys roost."

"I go alone," said Peter. "This is my game. I'll bring you that fan on my own, Miss Sylvia."

"Yo'll git los', Mist' Petah," warned Carshow in his soft, cracker drawl. "Yo' won' git no tuckeys 'thout yo' know the groun'."

Young Peter laughed boastfully. "See that?" he cried, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket. "Any part of three hundred that I get a turkey tonight, and I get it alone. Any takers?"

Then Charlton did a silly and childish thing. "I'll take your bet," he said. The next instant, catching Sylvia's reproachful glance, he tried to recant. "No, I wont," he said. "I spoke too quickly."

"Well, you *will*," retorted the other, "unless you want to be called yellow before all these people. What about it?"

"It's a bet," said Hecker unpleasantly. "Legally, of course, it has no force, but as a question of honor—" He left the conclusion suggestively unsaid.

"Very good," said Charlton listlessly.

The remainder of the walk was spoiled, except for Peter Delano, who ran his car along beside us at a snail's pace, jubilantly elaborating his plans. He would go as far toward Hanging Bridge as he could in his car, leave it there, cross the bridge and strike off into the swamp. A full moon would help him find his way. He intended to start after midnight.

"For I might get a sight of 'em on the roost," he said. "If not, I'll wait till sun-up, when they rise out of the trees. Anybody want any more of my money? I've still got some left." He touched his pocket. Nobody did.

Three of us sat up to see him off. We were a queer trio, little Professor Rainey, with his bulging forehead, his meek, weak eyes and deprecating manner played cribbage with Sylvia. Young Peter, in high spirits, poked me because I warned him of the danger from water-moccasins and possibly the gigantic diamond-back rattler. I felt vaguely uneasy about the venture. Sylvia did too, I think. And even the dreamy psychologist seemed dubious and tried to dissuade the hunter.



In the moonlight he was a fair mark.

"And pass up my bet after Charlton tried to crawl," cried Peter. "I'll come back covered with mud and glass and make him eat the turkey. Where is he, anyway?"

Charlton, it appeared, had gone to his room at ten o'clock. Half-past twelve young Peter Delano left us on his last look.

Out of an uneasy sleep I was awakened by a flood of light on my face. My first thought was of a flash-lamp; what happened: I was being summoned. I jumped from bed, and the radiance swiftly withdrew. Then I recognized it as coming from the up-bound steamer, which in its twistings and turns follow the tortuous channel whirled its flaring ray about, lighting some hidden malefactor of the countryside. Looking out the window I beheld the broad, whitish-yellow beam of light moment upon the highroad that led past the sulphur mine, Charlton's nest, and I wondered whether that victim of the night might also have been roused from his hammock by the intruder. Two distant shots came to my ear.

"Peter has got his turkey," I reflected, and returned to bed. But first, recalling that the down-river boat also might be guilty of its illumination, I drew my shade.

Some spirit of restlessness must have infused the air that for the flash from the second boat, faint though its glow, my shade was, roused me again, this time beyond hope of sleep. After threshing about for a tormented half-hour, I got dressed and went out. It was then about two-thirty. On easy spirits, I perceived, felt the tingle in the atmosphere, low light was burning in Sylvia Glenn's cottage. In the floor room of the main house, occupied by Sherwood Charlton, acetylene gas was on, full-head. Directing my steps thither I felt an unwonted desire for companionship, I was brought short by a low whistle. My taut nerves leaped.

"Here," said a voice.

In the black shadow of a live-oak I made out the figure of Hecker, seated on a bench. This was the companionship I wanted. But I went to him.

"What are you doing, up and about?" he asked in a mirthless grin.

"Sleeplessness."

"Same here," he said. "Same there?" He pointed to Charlton's darkened room.

"Have you seen him?" I queried.

"No; he isn't there."

"Not in his room?" For the moment I startled, until I recalled the hammock in the mettoes. However, this was none of my business.

"Hasn't been for two hours, at least," he continued.

"How do you know?"

"I climbed the ledge and threw a flash-lamp into the window when I first got up."

"Really, Mr. Hecker—"

"Oh, that's all right," broke in the lawyer. "But I've a feeling that something is going on. I'm uneasy." His tone was earnest.

"What are you uneasy about?"

"Two shots in the night."

"I heard them."

"Then you could verify the time?"

"Certainly. It was about two minutes after the steamer turned in at the buoy. That was about one-fifteen."

"What did you make of them?"

"That Peter Delano has got a turkey fan for Miss Glenn—or perhaps he has."

"The ledge where the turkey roosts is nearly five miles away, and in that time pretty far for shots to be heard as he said slowly."

"They may have shifted to another spot."

Hecker seemed to reflect at that. "Besides," he said, "those were pistol-shots."

My nerves gave another and even more unpleasant jump. "That's mere guesswork," I protested.

"I'd swear to them." Again he paused. "Why don't you go back?" he said.

"Why should he be?"

"Why shouldn't he be? He's got his two turkey fans."

"Perhaps he missed them."

"You can't miss turkeys at roost with a shotgun, if that's a shotgun that we heard—which it wasn't."

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"I must have wandered. Then I dreamed of some one saying: 'Go to sleep. It's all right. Go to sleep.'"



"Very likely he took his revolver along," I suggested hopefully, "and seeing an easy shot, used it instead of his shotgun. Peter's just sport enough for that."

"And just shot enough to bore the ace of hearts six times running. I've seen him do it. He isn't missing turkeys—not that boy! Therefore, again, why isn't he back?"

"You're certain he isn't?"

"His car isn't in the garage. There's quite a bit of interesting absenteeism to be explained."

"Just what are you driving at, Hecker?" I queried sharply.

"Well—where's Charlton?"

I thought that I knew well enough where Charlton was, but that was none of this busybody's affair. So I made no reply.

"He's got to be accounted for from one o'clock or thereabouts, about the time the shots were fired."

"So are you," I retorted bluntly.

"Ah! But, you see," returned Hecker in his suavest voice, "I had no grudge against Delano."

"Are you daring to charge—"

"Oh, I charge nothing. I only say that if anything has happened to Delano, some explanations will be due."

Excitement must have put an edge on our voices, for I saw a figure appear at an upper window, and the moon glistened from the high and bulbous forehead of Professor Rainey. Presently he had joined us, clad in dressing-gown and slippers.

"Is anything wrong, gentlemen?" he queried in his precise and gentle voice.

"Nothing at all," I answered promptly, thinking to forestall Hecker. I saw no reason for spreading his ugly surmises further.

"Has Mr. Delano returned?"

"No," said I.

"Why do you ask?" said Hecker.

The Professor laughed apologetically. "What might be termed unscientifically a foreboding. There is something in the air, as we say when we mean something in our nervous status. I have not slept well. Two revolver-shots, heard as I was about falling asleep—"

"Not revolver, surely," I protested weakly. "I took them to be shotgun."

He shook his big head. "In the war I was instructor in pistol-practice. It is unlikely I should be in error."

"You see!" said Hecker triumphantly. "What do revolver-shots at two o'clock in the morning mean? Murder."

"Possibly," assented Professor Rainey. "Possibly not. Conceivably it might be self-defense—or a casual venture at a night-prowling animal—or even a drunken spree."

"Is Charlton likely to have gone on a drunken spree?" rasped Hecker.

"Charlton?" The psychologist turned to him a face of suppressed inquiry.

"He's missing from his room."

"Come, gentlemen!" said I with decision. "This has gone quite far enough."

"I concur in that view," said the Professor gravely.

"When we come to breakfast and find Delano there with or

without his prey, we will laugh at ourselves as victims of the night air. I propose that we go back to our rooms and try to get this foolishness in sleep."

The others agreed—Hecker sullenly, the Professor readily. For myself, I sat an hour waiting, then crept out and made the sulphur spring. Underfoot the pathway was still wet and soft. I had no difficulty in identifying Charlton's palmetto-chairs. The hammock was there, oscillating in the breeze. It was empty. Breakfast was at eight-thirty sharp. I went down to it, after a pallid and sleepless night, without appetite, my mind possessed of dread. In the hallway I encountered Hecker.

"Charlton came in at six-forty-five," he said in my ear. So he had been watching! I might have foreseen it.

"And Delano?" I asked, but with little hope.

He shook his head.

At the door of the dining-room Sylvia Glenn joined us. I thought that she looked pale and unrested, but her voice was gay as she asked:

"Where are my wild-turkey feathers? Isn't Mr. Delano here yet?"

Nobody answered. We took our seats at the table. Two remained vacant—Delano's and Charlton's. The conversation, fragmentary but excited, concerned itself with the young hunter's failure to return. Old Uncle Jarvey, a relic of slavery days, who waited on table, preferred the first direct contribution to the subject in his discreet and confidential voice.

"Dey done fin' Mist' Petah's car," he said in Sylvia's ear.

Hecker, whose faculties seemed abnormally stimulated, overheard. "Where?" he snapped.

"In a side-road close on de Doom Rivah trail to Hangin' Bridge."

The door opened, and in walked Sherwood Charlton. His eyes were pinched and hot, as if fever had burned them out. Without a word to anyone, he shambled to his seat. So foreign was this to his usual quiet courtesy that everyone stared at him. Sylvia Glenn gave him good morning, with a solicitous look. He replied mechanically, and seated himself with drooping head. He was most extraordinary, but all of us were too intent upon Uncle Jarvey's news to let anything else intervene just then.

"Who found his car?" I asked.

"Tom Fenser's boy Jones. He tol' the turpentiners. Dey's on searchin' the swamp."

"They wont find him there."

It was Sherwood Charlton who spoke. His voice was low but curiously positive. He had not raised his head.

Hecker leaned over to him. "Find whom?" he asked softly.

"The dead man."

Old Miss French gave a little hysterical cry. Some one repeated "Dead?" in a tone of annoyance and incredulity, as if something unseemly had been presented for our consideration. What it was that drew my attention to Professor Rainey at this tense moment I cannot say. The little man was sitting stiffly upright with a strangely alert look in his eyes, which were fixed upon Charlton's downcast face in a painful intensity of concentration.

"How do you know he's dead?" (Continued on page 14)





YOU will meet in this story an extraordinary character, Heywood Achison, a lawyer by profession and something else by inclination, the sort of man who seems able to play with the law and all rules of social conduct as a child plays with toys.

# GREEN GLASS

By  
R. WILSON WOODROW

Illustrated by  
ROBERT W. STEWART

"BUT where on earth is the danger?" protested Mrs. Fenwashe, her beautiful eyes full of surprise and a touch of indignation as she looked at Achison, the criminal lawyer. "Not to wear Bailey's gift on my birthday, if it does happen to be the Holmescroft emerald! In town, I might need a private detective at my elbow if I wore it innocuously; but here on our own tight little island, with just intimate friends and a few servants—Why, it's absurd!"

She put her big feather fan defensively over the pendant which dangled upon her breast. It was a splendid emerald set in gold; thin antique rim which held it was like fragile lace, and at the top the loop through which the chain ran broke into four petals which clutched the stone. The jewel itself was like deep-sea water set into form, and glowing with elemental fires.

And Irene Fenwashe was one of the few women who can wear jewels and not be eclipsed by them. She was considerably younger than her husband, and so fair and exquisitely lovely that she might have copied her from a Romney portrait.

Heywood Achison ran his thick white fingers through his heavy gray hair, and smiled with humorous deference.

"I retract the word," he said in his full, carrying, somewhat serious voice. "Dangerous, is perhaps too strong; I substitute it indiscreet. I think we will have to let that stand, though—"

His glance, which swept over the group gathered in the wide hall at Bailey Fenwashe's "Isle of Rest,"—a picturesque dot of the New England coast,—was bland and casual; and yet one of his hearers was conscious of a slight mental shock, a sense of excitement and apprehension.

Fenwashe, who had been poking back a log that had slipped forward on the hearth, straightened up and turned toward the poker still in his hand. He was a big, rugged man with a beard that fell plentifully through his reddish, light hair.

"Don't you go bringing your shop up here with you, Achison," he retorted impatiently. "You're so steeped with crime and mystery that you'd suspect your own grandmother. Why is it so dangerous for my wife to wear a new ornament?"

Achison twitched up his eyebrows.

"I said with mock humility. 'I've been stupid. But'—"

"—since you ask me, Fenwashe, why it is important for your wife to wear a new ornament in her own house among her own friends, I can only point to the ornament, a jewel of great value, not alone of great intrinsic but also of great social value. No matter with what secrecy you conducted its acquisition, the fact would certainly be known."

"Known?" piped up Tracy Ward, an elderly young man whose eyes to distinction were an inherited fortune and an extremely rare one. "Known to whom?"

Achison stroked the big gray Persian cat which lay contentedly on his knees; he was a maste. of the dramatic pause. Then he lifted his steel-colored, steel-glinted eyes.

"To every high-class jewel-thief in the world," he said curtly, "and to all the big illicit buyers. I may be guilty of intruding 'shop' into this charming circle, and of drawing on the rather wide knowledge of such matters that my practice has brought me; but I assure you my warning is not only well meant but worth heeding."

"He is actually in earnest!" cried Eileen Ayres, a plump, fair-haired woman with the face of a Madonna and the soul of a buccaneer. "Suppose they should come tonight? Well, forewarned is forearmed. What fun!" But the other women stirred uneasily, and involuntarily glanced toward the doors and windows.

"Lord help any crooks that try to make a landing here except at the dock and with the searchlight playing full upon them!" scoffed Rupert Ayres in response to his wife's suggestion. He was a thin, dark man with a keen, lined, cynical face. "I don't believe we need begin to prepare for a siege just yet."

"Yes; I hardly think they would make so crude an attempt as that," smiled Achison. "More likely they would either be represented among the servants or try to work through them, since in this instance it is of course impossible that they should be guests."

His glance ranged lightly over the group, and rested for a fraction of a second on Wallace Ramsey.

That young man had been leaning idly against the mantelpiece, his eyes turning toward Irene Fenwashe more often than he was probably aware. He was good-looking, although he had a rather melancholy expression, and there was a certain distinction in his appearance. He was not a talkative person, but in spite of his reserve of manner and his protracted silences, he was liked by both men and women. He encountered Achison's gaze blankly for a moment, and then returned it with a faintly quizzical look.

The almost imperceptible pause was broken by Tracy Ward, who meanwhile had been regarding the pendant and its great flash-stone with a thoughtful interest.



"The next step is—hands up!" Ramsey suddenly rose and drawing his revolver leveled it across the table.

"I don't know." He shook his head over the lawyer's assumption that no direct attack need be apprehended. "A thief, if he knew where that emerald was, would take a mighty long chance, I fancy, to get his hands on it. What did you mean, though, when you spoke of its historic value?" He turned to Fenwashe. "Is it something especially old, Bailey?"

"One of the oldest jewels known," their host affirmed. "It doesn't look any the worse for its past, does it? But it's got one, and a pretty black one, at that."

Fenwashe seized the opportunity of diverting the minds of his guests from the disturbing channels into which the conversation had strayed. "Would you like to hear the history of the emerald?" he asked; and gratified by their chorus of assent, he began:

"It has one of the oldest authentic records of any known jewel. I'd hate to try and enumerate all the men who have died trying to get hold of it, or else trying to keep it after they had it. It was mentioned by name in old chronicles long before the Christian era. According to one account, it was the original fourth jewel in the breastplate worn by Aaron as High Priest of Israel; and there's another which lists it as among the gifts made by Solomon to the Queen of Sheba."

"Ah!" sighed Alice Ward. "If I had only been a queen in Babylon! The whole kingdom should have gone to war for it."

"I guess more than one real queen in Babylon and elsewhere has followed your suggestion," returned Fenwashe, "—kings too, for that matter. This stone is said to have been held at Alexandria and later at Constantinople, and is occasionally mentioned as having been in the possession of Nero. He was especially fond of green gems, and always watched the gladiatorial combats through an eyeglass of emeralds shaved thin. They are supposed to be a cure for bad eyesight."

"You were complaining of your eyes this morning, Mrs. Ayres," put in Tracy Ward. "Why not try the efficacy?"

"I wonder?" Eileen laughed. "Suppose we test it, Irene?"

Mrs. Fenwashe good-humoredly unclasped the pendant and handed it to her friend.

"It's a dramatic stone," her husband meanwhile went on, "—always plays a star part. It continued to be the desire of kings and emperors, and passed through many hands, leaving battle, murder and sudden death in its wake. Sometimes it would vanish entirely for a century or so and then reappear under strange circumstances. Finally it was bought by Louis XIV at the same time that he acquired the Hope diamond."

"Bad company," commented Rupert Ayres. "I hope it didn't learn any new tricks of disaster from that evil association."

"No stigma of ill-fortune attached to it." Fenwashe stoutly defended his new purchase. "There are some rather interesting superstitions connected with it, though, and Madame de Montespan was much affected by one of them. Her downfall, you know, is attributed to the Hope diamond; but it is said that the night she insisted that Louis permit her to wear that, her first choice was the emerald. No sooner had she clasped it about her neck, though, than she saw it change and grow pale; all the fire seemed to die out of it. She had been told that this betokened betrayal and treachery; so in a panic she tore it from her throat and substituted the unlucky diamond instead."

Alice Ward, who had taken the pendant from Mrs. Ayres, looked up from her inspection of the stone.

"You certainly are in no danger from treachery, Irene," she said. "See, how it glows and sparkles! Anyway," she added with honest confession, "I wouldn't care how temperamental it might behave; I'd scrap every friend I have, just to call it mine. But I am interrupting, Bailey. Please go on. What happened to it after that?"

"Well, there isn't much more to tell." Fenwashe, having accomplished his object, brought his little disquisition to a close. "It remained among the royal jewels of France until the downfall of the Capets, passed through the vicissitudes of the Revolution, and was ultimately purchased early in the last century by Lord Holmescroft and has been in the possession of his family ever since. At the close of the war they decided to sell it, and I had it bought for me. There, ladies and gentlemen, you have the complete history."

The emerald, as he talked, had been passing from hand to hand everyone curious to see it at close range; and now it came to Achison. He took it, commented on it admiringly, and then lower over it, turning it this way and that in the light of the lamp on the table beside him. At last he looked up. There was a surprised, perplexed expression on his face, which changed to grudging admiration as he handed the jewel back to Mrs. Fenwashe.

"Pardon me for doubting your discretion, dear lady," he said. "Almost anyone would have been deceived, though. It is a beautiful replica."

Fenwashe stared at him.

"Wake up," he said brusquely. "I don't own replicas. This is the real thing."

Achison looked back at him doubtfully.

"You're joking, aren't you? My knowledge of jewels is limited. I know scarabs." He touched the very perfect one in a ring on his finger. "That's about all. But surely the emerald in the pendant is a reconstructed stone."

Fenwashe strode across the room and snatching the jewel from his wife's hand, held it under a strong light. His face had turned a deep, dusky red.

"By Jove, you're right!" he said hoarsely. "And yet it's possible."

There was a confused babel of exclamations and questions



the others. Fenwashe sat down heavily in a chair, staring dazedly at the jewel in his hand.

"Impossible!" he kept muttering.

"Impossible!"

"But what is it, Bailey?" cried his wife, frightened by his manner. "Isn't that the stone you bought?"

"No; it certainly is not," he said violently, "although the shape and everything is the same. And how," he pondered bewilderedly, "could it have been changed?"

"How did it come into your possession?" asked Achison, who was the only one of them to retain his poise, and who now calmly took command of the situation. "We must get to the bottom of this."

"Yes, and we're going to get to the bottom of it," said Fenwashe viciously. "Make no mistake about that."

"These are the exact circumstances," he went on, gaining control over himself, although still showing the effect of the shock. "I went by appointment this morning to Boudinot's. Western manager there, whom I know very well, met me and took me to his private office. There was no one else in the room. He took the pendant out of the safe and handed it to me, and we had a little about it. The light was very strong there, and I examined it carefully before I put it into the box. It was the Holmescroft emerald then. I will swear to that. I can't be fooled on

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pendant and was still admiring it when I left the room a few minutes later to let her finish dressing.

"This," he touched the ornament scornfully, "is a very good imitation, but it is not the one I placed in the box at Boudinot's this morning."

Then his nerves gave way for a moment.

"My God, Irene!" he turned upon her in a burst of uncontrollable irritation. "If you've let it be stolen—" He caught himself up. "It isn't the money I care about," he muttered. "But I've had my eye on that emerald for years."

Achison, who had listened intently to every word, nodded thoughtfully. "So much for so much!" he said. "Let us now follow its movements from the time it left your hands."

He turned to his hostess. Pale and trembling, she started slightly at his glance, and involuntarily clenched her fingers upon the arms of her chair.

"What happened then, Mrs. Fenwashe?" asked the lawyer. "Did you put the pendant on at once?"

"No," she said in a low, tremulous voice. "I held it up against my throat for Bailey to see, and then when he left the room, I laid it on the dressing-table. I was sitting there before the mirror; my maid had not quite finished with my hair."

"Did you leave the room at all after the maid returned?"

She moistened her dry lips. "Once," she admitted with a frightened glance at her husband. "My throat has bothered me for a day or two, and I stepped into my bathroom to gargle it. But I was not gone two minutes."

Achison gave a short exclamation and lifted his ponderous shoulders.

"Time enough," he commented to Fenwashe, "for the maid to have passed it to some one either outside the door or the window."

"Oh, no!" protested Irene defensively. "Hannah wouldn't. She has been with me for years. She has my confidence. I'm sure she's absolutely honest. Why, she guards my possessions a good deal more carefully than I do myself."

Fenwashe gave a harsh snort.

"I'll send for her at once," he said, rising and starting for the bell, his mouth set in a hard line.

Achison raised his hand warningly, assuming an air usually reserved for clients.

"No hurry about that," he advised. "Better wait a little. If she didn't slip the jewel to a confederate at once, she has had three or four hours in which to do so, or else to get it safely hidden. Anyhow, she's bound to be here when she's wanted. No chance of her securing a boat and getting off to the mainland, is there?"

"No," assented Fenwashe. "The servants are allowed to go only on certain nights. If one of them attempted it, Hiram would immediately telephone me from the dock to know if it was all right."

"Then, Mrs. Fenwashe," the lawyer resumed, "you put the pendant on, I suppose, and did not again remove it until a few minutes ago?"

She grew whiter than ever, her breath coming unevenly. Her glance wavered over the group as if seeking a response from some one in it. Apparently this was not given, for she met Achison's gaze almost defiantly.

"No," she asserted positively. "I put the pendant on, as you say, and did not take it off again until I gave it to Eileen."

There was the faintest flicker in Achison's eyes. He mused for a moment, his lids narrowed. When he spoke again, he had veered to another phase of the inquiry, and was evidently thinking aloud.

"The fact that so costly and exact a replica has in some way been substituted for the original proves that the theft was carefully arranged and had been in contemplation for some time. It

Western, you see, had mentioned some report of there being an obscure flaw in it, and asked me if I could find it, said he hadn't been able to. I looked at it through a powerful glass, and told him there was nothing of the kind. No one touched it but myself during that time; it was not out of my hands for a moment."

"And then?" prompted Achison, as he paused.

"Why, then, as I say, I put the emerald into the box. I wrapped that and sealed it myself, and placed it in an inner pocket of my waistcoat. Then I went alone through the store,—it was practically empty,—stepped into my car and was driven to the station. My chauffeur went right with me, carrying my bags, into the chair-car; and neither he nor anyone else jostled me. Reaching here, I walked from the train to the dock, no one

at any time within twenty feet of me. Hiram met me with the launch, but did not stir from his seat in the stern. I sat forward, and got aboard and got off entirely by myself. Arriving at the dock, I went directly to Irene's room. It was about half an hour before dinner, and she was dressing, but at a glance from me she sent the maid out of the room. I then took the sealed package out of my pocket and gave it to her. She opened it, took out the

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was certainly not a one-man undertaking. Rather, I should say, it was the work of some coterie of subtle Continental or international thieves.

"This"—he took the pendant from Fenwashe and pointed to the chain and setting—"is finely wrought in solid gold. It has unquestionably been fashioned by a craftsman of no mean ability."

"But how could that be possible?" interrupted Rupert Ayres. "They would have to have the real thing as a model, wouldn't they? That design looks to me pretty intricate."

Fenwashe shook his head moodily. "There are several books and one or two monographs that have very accurate photographs and even colored plates of it," he answered. "Also, while in the Holmescroft family, it has been on public exhibition a number of times."

"Still, what good will it do any thieves, even if they have it?" persisted Ayres. "They can't hope to dispose of a famous piece like that."

"A lot you know about it!" sneered Fenwashe. "There are collectors who wouldn't care how they came by it—unscrupulous dogs. And they'd back it up with a good story, too—claim that I had been duped by a fake, while they had shrewdly purchased the real thing. Or if that couldn't be worked, the thieves might easily break it up into smaller stones, and sell them here and there."

This last thought was too much for him. He got up hastily, impelled by the necessity for some kind of action.

"What's the use of talking!" he exclaimed roughly. "We've got to do something, and do it quick, too."

He showed a touch of added exasperation as his eye fell upon Achison sitting there calm and unperturbed, stroking the cat and gazing at the fire through his half-closed lids.

"I wish you'd take charge of this thing, Achison," he said. "You know just what ought to be done, and how to go about it. For heaven's sake, let's get busy."

The lawyer knitted his brows, and hesitated for a moment.

"Very well," he agreed slowly. "I'm up to my eyes in the Castleman murder case; it comes up next month. But for a friend—" He put the cat gently to the floor and stood up. "The first thing of course is to telephone to New York for detectives."

Fenwashe frowned. "I don't want any notoriety if I can help it, and those fellows always talk. You can beat the whole lot of them, if you only put your mind to it."

"I appreciate the compliment, and also your desire to avoid publicity; still, I think you ought to have a trained man or so on the case; we can't afford to take any risks. Let me see: if you telephone at once, they can easily catch the twelve-ten out of Grand Central Station, and be here before noon tomorrow. And after you've done that, I suggest that you and I have a private conference. I never can think in a crowd."

"Right," Fenwashe spoke with an air of relief, and left the hall. When he returned, he announced briefly that the detectives would arrive on the morning train, and with a jerk of his head in that direction invited Achison to accompany him to the billiard-room.

THE lawyer followed him a little slowly. At the door he paused, seeming to reach a decision on some point which he had been turning over in his mind; and allowing Fenwashe to move on, he stepped back to where Rupert Ayres was standing a little apart from the rest of the group.

"Ayres," he enjoined, "I'm making no insinuations, you understand. I have nothing to go on; it's just an idea of mine. But I want you to see that Mrs. Fenwashe and Ramsey have no opportunity for private conversation—not a minute, mind. And not a word of this," he added, "—not even to your wife."

Ayres' lips formed in a soundless whistle; then as Achison glanced warningly toward the others, his face settled back to its customary expression.

"Sure," he nodded carelessly; and the lawyer hurried away to join Fenwashe, overtaking him just as he entered the billiard-room.

Safe in that seclusion, Fenwashe dropped into a chair with an air of obvious relief.

"Any more of those fool questions and surmises, and I'd have been gibbering in delirium," he muttered. "Now let's get down to business. How does it look to you?"

"Well, there are a number of things to be considered," Achison reached over for a match and lighted a cigarette with deliberation. "This, as I have said, is the work of more than one person. The maid, if she had anything to do with it, was merely a tool, and can possibly be made to talk. In fact, all the servants must

'be properly grilled, and'—he looked up at Fenwashe from under his brows—"also the guests."

"The guests!" Fenwashe expostulated sharply. "Absurd! Why, they're all my intimate friends."

"To be sure they are," agreed Achison. "But my dear Bailey, you and I have lived too long in the world to entertain quixotic ideas about friendship."

He took a blank card from a memorandum-book, and cataloguing on it in his fine pencil the various members of the party, handed it to his companion. It read:

*Rupert Ayres, heavy speculator, on wrong side of present market; understood to have had serious losses.*

*Mrs. Ayres, recklessly extravagant, sued last month for dress-maker's bill.*

*Tracy Ward, fool enough for anything, especially if wheedled by wife.*

*Mrs. Ward, in desperate flirtation with charming but impetuous young man.*

*Heywood Achison, by reason of profession, in touch with criminals.*

The last name upon the card was, "Wallace Ramsey," and after this Achison had written as comment only a big question-mark.

Fenwashe, handling the card distastefully as though it were something unclean, had still read down to this last line when he paused.

"Ramsey?" He glanced up cogitatively. "To tell the truth, I know darned little about him, either. My wife met him in France when she was over there doing Red Cross work. He was in one of the early American ambulance units, I believe, and later, when we went into it, got transferred and saw some active service. He speaks as if he'd always lived abroad, but his mother was an American, I understand, a cousin or some relation to Mrs. Hartwell, who died last year. He's a writer now, he says, connected with some French paper or magazine, and over here to do interviews with prominent Americans. I fell for it. He seems to be a nice fellow."

"Yes," Achison nodded. "He tackled me too, this morning. I'm not a bad hand at that sort of thing as a rule; the interviewer is usually the one who gets interviewed, and that without any idea of what's happening to him. But I found this Ramsey pretty well on his guard. He's a nice, quiet, ingratiating fellow, who doesn't give himself away. About all that I got out of him was practically what you have just told me. The women say, though, that he's a remarkable linguist, speaks the colloquial language of several countries like a native, and has evidently traveled pretty widely."

"H'm!" Fenwashe looked glumly at the floor. "I don't like it." Achison shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, there's no reason so far to suspect him any more than the rest of us. But it's plainly the work of a Continental gang, and he—"

He broke off, and sat studying his hands spread out before him, a mannerism of his when in deep thought. He came back to the present with a little start.

"That can wait," he decided, dismissing whatever had been the subject of his reflections. "Our next step must be the examination of the servants; if you don't mind, Bailey, I think I'll get better results if I conduct that alone. Send Mrs. Fenwashe's maid to me first, and while I am questioning her, you can find out from the men on the place if any strange boat beached here during the day."

"And wait!"—with an afterthought. "If I were you, I'd post a few of them around the island to watch for anything that might try to come in during the night."

"Good idea," concurred Fenwashe approvingly. "I'll attend to it at once."

A FEW moments after he had left the room, the maid knocked at the door and entered. She was a tall, thin woman, with none of the coquetry of dress and manner supposed to be a predominating characteristic of ladies' maids. On the contrary, it was noticeable that she did not come forward, but stood in the shadow near the door.

"You wished to speak to me, sir?" Her voice was almost inaudible, and Achison realized that the woman was badly frightened.

"Yes." His tone was reassuringly mild. "You are Mrs. Fenwashe's maid, and your name is Hannah, is it not? Hannah what?"

"Hannah Walters."

"Sit down here, please." He waved his hand toward the chair opposite him, which was placed in the full light.

Draggingly she came forward and seated herself on the edge of the chair.

(Continued on page 122)

The story so far:

MRS. ROANTREE'S house-party had overstayed the Indian summer—a sudden snowstorm hurried their departing motors over the Adirondack roads. And one fear-smitten group lagged behind; for that morning Mrs. Roantree's willful and beautiful niece Clelia Blakeney had disappeared, inexplicably and in most disturbing fashion—clad, it would seem, only in night-clothes.

They searched everywhere through the blinding snowstorm: Burnley the painter, Randel the sculptor, and Larrick—the young Texan who had once saved the life of that gilded young aristocrat Norry Frewin, and through Frewin had been introduced to Clelia Blakeney and her wealthy circle. (Frewin and another suitor of Clelia's named Coykendall had already gone.)

Days passed—days of bitter cold and snow; mystery deepened; fear increased. One day Larrick and Nancy Fleet, a very New York girl who had stayed with Mrs. Roantree, went out on snowshoes again to search the lake shore. They found the ice thick and windswept of snow, and Nancy went back for her skates. And then it was that Larrick found Clelia Blakeney—lying face upward, frozen fast in the ice, a gash on her forehead.



"Who was she prayin' to? If you knew that, you'd know who it was done it."

# BEAUTY

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by

W. T. BENDA

## CHAPTER X.

NANCY FLEET had followed Larrick because she liked to be with him and had rejoiced in the prospect of scaling snowy peaks at his side. She was so certain that Clelia would not be found that she had dismissed her from her thoughts.

She had laughed at Larrick's timidity before so silly a peril as ice, because Norry Frewin had told her that Larrick was the bravest man on earth. But like every other bravest man, Larrick had his specialties in heroism, and there were realms where he was more timid than a little girl. A frozen lake was one of the dangers that he knew not of.

Nancy Fleet had rejoiced to see the hero from farthest Texas shudder at a risk that children took with shrieks of laughter. Reveling in his innocence of ice, she welcomed the chance of revealing to him the godlike privilege of skates. She wanted to fledge his feet with wings of steel and make another Mercury of him. Besides, she wanted to cow him still further; she wanted both to teach him new delights and to break him as he broke broncos—

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so that he would accept harness and direction from her, and regard her with respect as a dear teacher.

Commanding him not to budge till she returned, she had dashed off for the house, for she remembered a brief outing of a previous winter and managed to turn up two pairs of rusty skates. When she came back, the blades glistened and clanked at her hip like weapons—as indeed they were.

Larrick was not where she had left him; but his footprints were large and deep in the crust, and she ran to overtake him. She ran right gracefully, bending beneath the pine branches and calling to him once more, her comrade-cry of, "Wait for me!"

She made him out where he crouched on the ice, and hailed him with all cheer; but as she came up to him, she saw that his eyes he turned to her were aghast, his face leaden and sick, his lips a blur of red.

She thought that he must have fallen again—broken bones, perhaps. She stumbled forward with anxious question, the old eternal phrase, "What's the matter?" Dumbly he pointed with a quaking hand.

She approached to look across his shoulder and saw in the



not her own expected reflection, nor his, nor yet the returned aspect of the sky, but Clelia—Clelia dreadfully in repose, fallen terribly asleep in her prayers.

So lifelike she was that Nancy watched for her bosom to breathe. Her own breath waited till she smothered; then she began to pant, to gasp. She dropped slowly to her knees at the side of Larrick and stared at the water whist to ice, and the girl bewitched in its crystal magic.

So beautiful Clelia was, so long and slender and stately, so more than humanly pure, that Nancy's first tears were for the very perfection of her grace, the unimaginable peace of her slumber.

There was such absence of the dross of life about her that she was mere beauty; she seemed not anything that had been born and had grown, had laughed and cried and run about the world, but rather something created anew, complete in the rapture of a vision. She was a work of art, and mystic tears were summoned by the sheer felicity of her design—such tears as steal out upon the eyelids when music flings up like a rush of sudden doves, or when a line of divine poetry is encountered—when a mighty architecture looms in enormous emotion, or a landscape is found mystically dispread before the wanderer and speaks to him with a gigantic tenderness.

So Nancy's first reply to Clelia's mute appeal was a few tears of reverence. Then came the gush of pity for the girl who had ceased to partake of the life she had graced, and had come so intimately to be fastened in the translucent granite of this fairy tomb.

Nancy fell forward, her brow on her arm. The first of her words that Larrick understood were these:

"Forgive me, Clelia, forgive me. You poor sweet, sweet child!" Larrick's heart seemed to break again, to split open in a new place, and spill its blood into his body. That such a girl as Clelia should be dead and done for was maddening. That such a girl as Nancy should be wrecked with such mourning and such remorse was all but unbearable. The successive realizations of the cruelties of the world and of this deed beat upon him ruthlessly. But he was the sort of man that never yields till he is crushed.

Instinct braced him as it braces strong souls to endure and endure and endure, till sometimes it seems that strength is given for a new and new torments tried out. By such persons in their agony a racing physician seems to stand, as one stood by in the ancient requisitions that Christians practiced on one another, to revive the victim of torture when he fainted, lest he cheat the torturer of a moment's luxury.

Larrick knelt on the ice and accepted grief after grief that shook him as if a monster stood over him and smote him with the head of an ax, again and again—not with the blade, for that would have ended his pain, but with the thudding head of it.

He would not break, because he could not break, or grovel, or cry "Enough!" But there was no love left in him for the world or the management of the world. A man who was a soldier at the battle of Omdurman told me (years later, when he had become a preacher), that after the fallen Mahdists had killed several men who bent to help them, where they lay intermingled with the British wounded, the order was given to destroy the fanatics; and he was so revolted by the hideous business that he stood up and shook his fist at God, calling Him dirty names and daring Him to come down and fight fair.

So Larrick felt now a mad impulse to leap on a good top-horse and charge the heavens. As *High-*

*Chin Bob*, in Charles Badger Clark's poem, belly-roped a red-eyed lion and dragged him over the mountains in a never-ending race, so Larrick would have been glad to dare the sky and drag the Bad Man along the stars. But this was only one of those wild frenzies of a soul in a throes of grief, and its futility was but another humiliation.

In his helplessness he turned for company to the fellow-victim at his side. He put his hands down about Nancy Fleet and lifted her, gathered her in his arms and huddled her close. There was the possibility of a little further bitterness in the remembrance that she had been in his arms before, and in such a different spirit that they seemed to be hardly the same people.

Now he felt that in that earlier audacity of his, when she had seemed to be merely a knowing accessory in a flirtation whose charm was its peril, he had laid impious hands upon a saint. Seeing how capable she was of tenderness for Clelia, and how quick she was with shame for a few little jealousies, he recognized in her a goodness he had never suspected.

Now they were as brother and sister united in the bereavement of a little sister. He had been the lover of both Clelia and Nancy, and now fate had driven romance from their hearts and made them blood-kindred.

Larrick's eyes went back to Clelia, and he saw her transformed, too, by the anointment of death. Everything she had been and done was viewed in retrospect, forgiven because it was past, understood because it was finished, sanctified because it was already antiquity.

He winced to remember how flippantly she had been dismissed, her dare-deviltry, her frivolity, her impish recklessness, her flirtations, her volatilities. These were all now the records of an angel, and what blame inhered in them fell upon those who remarked them, not upon the one who committed them. There was a benediction upon her, and a malediction upon her critics, a dreadful accusation against those who had even lovingly found fault with her.

She was now the alabaster effigy of Sancta Clelia, and her withdrawal from the world robbed it of a precious visitor, leaving the earth more ugly and empty than ever.

He lifted his eyes from her to the hills and to the sky and found in them no help, no solace, no reliance. The hills smoked with blown snow like sullen craters; the sky was closed with clouds of murky turbulence. The flowers were buried, and the trees were stark, and the planet was a bleak moon.

To his desert-trained eyes, white suggested alkali, and the world seemed caked and damned to an alkaline wilderness. The only warmth in it and the only life in it was the throbbing body of the partner of his grief. He could, and he must, find use for his strength in upholding her.

The only help he could give Clelia was to release her from the ice and render her the poor tribute of burial. The word nauseated him in connection with Clelia and what she had been.



He looked at her again with pity and straightened sharply, for he noted anew that gash in her placid brow, and those gems of her blood. Now he was kindled with the feeling that he must also avenge her.

He ceased to hate God for permitting this infamy, and began to hate the unknown human whom he accused of the crime. He could not punish the deity, but it was a man's privilege and his duty to exact atonement for human ferocity. He promised the guilty one all the hell he could inflict in recompense for this deed.

## CHAPTER XI

GRIEF wears out; weeping runs down automatically. So by and by Nancy ceased to sob, and rested motionless save for a few last twitches of anguish. But once she had come out of the temple of woe, she lost the right to be in Larrick's arms. They were no longer brother and sister, but man and woman. She put away his arms almost blushing. He accepted his dismissal.

He rose and hoisted her by the elbows till she stood by his side. They were mutually embarrassed again, and Clelia was their common embarrassment.

"What shall we do now?" Nancy faltered. "What can we do?"

"We've got to get her out of the ice first."

"But how?"

Ice was as hard and cold and stubborn and brittle as the rest of the hateful world, and it must either be broken or melted.

The two witnesses were so exhausted by the storm of emotions they had lived through that their wits were benumbed. They felt the need of council.

They turned to go back to the house for aid and advice.

They paused. It seemed not right to leave Clelia alone there in her scant covering in that chill bed. Yet she was all too safe. They could have gone away for many months in the assurance that until spring came the tardy spring that must work upon these mountain lakes, Clelia would suffer no change soever.

So they moved off and went slowly to the house, hobbling and shuffling and plunging over and through the snow. Nancy fell again and again, and he picked her up. At length he set his arm about her and kept it there. She began to weep again, and to grope forward blindly. They approached the house like two lovers, and were seen from the windows and wondered at, waited for.

Mrs. Roantree, staring at them, was startled, then indignant, then amiable as usual. She could not see that Nancy was weeping. She fretted:

"What on earth possesses those two idiots? Haven't they any sense of decency at all?"

Burnley suggested: "Perhaps they are engaged and don't care who knows it. I thought Larrick was crazy about Clelia—but her absence must have cured him."

Mrs. Roantree had not taken Larrick seriously as a suitor for Clelia; she said: "Well, Nancy is a nice girl, and if she can stand his rough ways and he can stand her temper, they ought to make a happy pair."

Burnley and Randel opened the door for them with laughter, and Mrs. Roantree waited smiling with the light taunts one saves for those who announce their engagement, publish their infatuation.

Nancy put out her hands at Burnley's first joke and pleaded:

"Oh, don't! For God's sake! Clelia! We've found Clelia!"

"Where? Why doesn't she come in? What's happened?"

Mrs. Roantree demanded. Nancy flung herself on a great couch and hid her face in her arms. They turned to Larrick; and he mumbled:

"She's out there—down there—in the ice!"

Frantic questions dragged the truth from him piece-meal. Mrs. Roantree went quite mad. The ancient autocrat became a terrified child, humbled and incoherent.

She was for darting out to find Clelia and take her up in her arms. She had to be restrained. Her days for moving through snowdrifts were long done, but she fought and wrestled, thinking of every desperate sorrow this sorrow meant to so many.

"Her poor mother! Her father! He idolized her! They trusted her to me. What will they think of me now? And to think what I said of the blessed child! There was nothing I didn't accuse her of! Oh, I ought to be struck dead—I ought to have my vile tongue torn out. And all the while the poor baby was dead! Dead, and I was blaming her for the bother!"

On and on she ran through all the paths grief takes for its increase. Her anger came to her rescue at last, and she turned to the men she had kept busy, and cried:

"But why do you stand there gaping? Why aren't you there bringing the baby in? Must she lie out there in the ice forever? The darling is cold! Wont you hurry? Hurry!"

WHILE she stormed like a deposed queen who had only her wrath left of all her pride, the maid Bertha had heard the news and ran away to a distance where she could pour out her cries without insubordination.

The guide Jeffers, having heard her wailing, came upon her where she lay in the snow, freezing as she screamed. He picked her up and carried her in, and then dashed to the lake-side and pondered the situation. He shook his head stupidly and dropped off the tears that surprised his hard eyes, and shamed him in the presence of the chauffeur who followed him.

"A pirty thing as ever was," Jeffers muttered, "and so nice a little lady as could be."

"And knew more about a car than what I did," the chauffeur contributed. "Afraid of nothin', too. What could have brought her down here like that? And who gave her that gash?"

"Who was she prayin' to? If you knew that, you'd know what it was done it."

They came soon to practical conclusions concerning the necessary tasks, the odious realities and harsh circumstances that brought little the awe of death—the making of coffins, the setting of them upon trestles, the carrying of them on shoulders to hearse, and all the rest of the tasks of carpenters and joiners, undertakers and embalmers, hack-drivers and grave-diggers—the mob that must trample on the solemnities of grief.

Larrick found the guide and the chauffeur when he left the house to escape the sight of Mrs. Roantree's suffering; Nancy would have been glad to follow him, but she had to stand by the older woman.

It shocked Larrick to find the two men staring at Clelia in her nightgown. He felt an impulse to fling something over his head but the fatuity of that checked him. Jeffers answered the question in Larrick's mind:

"We can't leave her there, o' course, though she wouldn't change till come next April. One of my jobs is gettin' in the ice and I guess we got to cut her out and take her ashore; and then—I guess we got to get over to town somehow and bring in a nice box. And there's a preacher there. He'd come across the mountain, I guess; and—well, that's about what's got to be done as I see it."

AND that was what was done. Jeffers brought out his saws and axes and timbers. Standing over Clelia, he pulled the saw up and down through the ice in a great rectangle. It was inconceivable that Clelia should not move or breathe or blush or sigh during all that time.

Then Jeffers chopped away a free space and lifted masses of ice out with tongs, and laid down a path of scantlings from the bank.

Then he led down a team of oxen with a drag-chain, fastened to it ice-hooks whose jaws he set in the edges of the floe inclosing Clelia. Then with cries of "Gee!" and "Haw!" and blows he sent the oxen forward, and the block came bracing and splashing forth, shining like a diamond of fabulous size, like a great gem in whose heart a girl had been enshrined.

Larrick and the chauffeur kept lifting the timbers after the block had slid along them, and running ahead of the oxen to lay them down again as a runway.

And so Clelia reached the big house at last. And then there was a new problem.

Mrs. Roantree ran to her, fell down to her knees and tried to embrace her, but was frustrated by the jagged frame. She commanded that the block be taken at once into the room where the fire could melt it. But Jeffers said what the others had not the courage to put into words.

"Better leave her there, ma'am, till we can get over to town and bring across a proper casket for the pore little lady. It would be more advisable."

And so in her gruesome loveliness Clelia was kept in exile a while.

With huge effort the block was lifted and stood upright, against an outer wall of the porch, to wait till the chauffeur and Jeffers could hitch a team of horses to a wagon and try to break through the wilderness of snow.

When they had set out, Mrs. Roantree and Nancy and



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She wanted to cow him still farther; she wanted to teach him new delights and to break him as he broke broncos—so that he would accept harness and directions from her.

and the three men stood gazing at Clelia, like beggars before a window of deep glass.

She seemed now an angel afloat in the air, a virgin lifted upon unseen wings, bent on some divine mission, meek in her glory, her hands praying.

Mrs. Roantree and the others were silent a long while, wondering. Then Mrs. Roantree's eyes caught the wound in the brow, and she began to call for vengeance. She began to name names—Coykendall, Frewin; she mentioned a woman or two, and in her insanity of suspicion turned her eyes even upon Nancy Fleet.

## CHAPTER XII

EVERY suspicion seemed to annul itself by its own implausibility. The whole thought of murder seemed ridiculous. Murder itself is hardly believable, in spite of its innumerable frequencies in history and in the daily histories.

Only recently in New York a girl had been found guilty of killing her own sister; a clergyman had been tried in the mid-West for butchering a whole family. Boys and girls younger than Clelia had committed frightful crimes. A few years before, a woman and her craven lover had persuaded her powerful husband to let himself be bound as a joke. Then the paramours had added assassination to their guilt. In American cities, villages and countryside murder was more commonplace than anywhere else in the world.

Four years of war had developed slaughter into a matter of emulation among professors of chemistry, and a realization of the dreams of shy inventors. Yet in spite of its unequalled familiarity, it seemed impossible that it should have happened here.

No other explanation was so clear, however; and a blank indictment against some culprit must stand until some other explanation could be found of Clelia's fate.

Mrs. Roantree's theory was dreadfully simple.

"Somebody struck the poor child down with a weapon—in her own room, perhaps, or after he called her out somehow. Then he flung her into the lake and ran away. It might have been some stranger. It might have been one of the men—or women—who left the house yesterday morning."

There was a frightening directness about the charge. It was almost convincing, but not quite. Yet it challenged a better theory; and nobody had one.

With such a case before the court, there seemed to be accusation in the very air. Everyone searched his mind for an alibi and wondered what explanations the others had. Merely to say, "I was in bed asleep," seemed not to be enough.

Nancy Fleet having been seared already by one of the glances from Mrs. Roantree's fierce eyes, said:

"Oughtn't we to look in Clelia's room for signs of a struggle, or some clue or something?"

Mrs. Roantree nodded and led the way. She opened the door upon a deathly chill. The little Empress bounded into the room whimpering and searching in vain for her goddess. Berthe had dismantled the bed while she waited for her young mistress, but the pretty clothes were still waiting in their bright colors, their dulcet textures. The Empress leaped to ensconce herself in them and purred loudly. The little comforts of life, ribbons and laces and the devotion of a dog, made death more pitiful than all the somber grandeurs.

MRS. ROANTREE turned and ran from the room. The others tiptoed about half-heartedly seeking some clue. But there was proof enough that there had been no struggle here. They felt their unskillfulness as detectives, and gave up the pretense.

Nancy Fleet gathered the Empress up to her breast and carried her away in spite of her struggles. Larrick closed the door and hurried back to see if Clelia were still where he had left her.

Burnley and Randel peered through the window that gave on the porch and commanded a view of the block of ice. Miss Fleet tapped on the glass and beckoned Larrick within.

"You mustn't stay out there and kill yourself," she pleaded.

"She's out there," Larrick groaned, and turned aside to conceal the rush of tears to his eyelids. Nancy Fleet reached for his hand and squeezed it hard. And she walked away to spare him and to hide the tears that welled to her lashes—for his sake.

Larrick regained his self-control, and went to the window where Randel and Burnley stood. They were both artists, and their sorrow was turned to wonder by their response to the strange ex-

quisite of the sculptural masterpiece of death and winter.

Randel was reminded of an epigram of Martial's he had translated in his college days. It concerned a tiny ant caught in a drop of amber and made precious by its very death. Randel had recently admired the grace of the girl, and the eloquent rhythms of the many-wrinkled silk, sculptured with the minute complexities and delicacy of the bas-reliefs of the little Victories on the wings of the Wingless Victory.

He could reproduce these graces and his mind was made of Clelia as a monument, but he knew no way to copy the enveloping ice that gave the statue an aureole of splintered lights in shifting shafts and prismatic radiances.

The color entranced him too, for the silk was of an old rose tint, and the flesh pale, but not white. He remembered that the Greek masters tinted their statuary, and that often a great sculptor called in a great painter to complete the illusion of life.

He murmured this thought to Burnley.

"If you and I could work together to perpetuate that vision, it would be something worth while, wouldn't it?"

"If we could!" sighed Burnley.

## CHAPTER XIII

THEY did not know that Larrick had overheard. He had none of the expressive arts, but only the dim longing of the layman. He had been agonizing in his still heart at the thought of the passing away of this Clelia before his eyes. The ice would melt; her body would be closed up in a case or given to the furnace to turn to ashes, and the world would never know her as she was. This annihilation was too cruel for him to bear, and hearing the artists musing aloud, he was moved to put them to the task of defeating death in their own way.

"You two men are going to save something from all this, hope? You weren't thinking of standing here idle and letting beauty like that perish from the face of the earth, were you?"

They smiled at him indulgently and with gestures implied the incompetence to the opportunity.

But Larrick's face turned grim as he said:

"Seems to me you owe it to her, not to say the world. You both said some mighty unkind things about Miss Clelia, while she was out there, and I should think you'd feel it a sort of duty to do her what justice you could. I'd give all I got on canvas for a picture or a statue of her, just like that. I'll pay you any amount you ask, if that's any inducement."

They put up their hands in protest.

"I might make a sketch," Burnley said, and Randel mumbled "And I might—" He did not finish, but he fell into deep thought and walked away to debate with himself an idea of strange audacity whose rewards might atone for its impiety.

Randel was afraid that his own years were not many before him, and his terrifying project teased him as a way to render Clelia and himself immortal. But he dared not broach it to a soul, hardly to debate it with himself.

Burnley, however, sought his painting material, and placing a blank canvas by the window, began to ply his brushes. He was a realist, and he did not dramatize or allegorize what he saw. It was much and enough, if he could translate with his brushes what his eyes beheld. He beheld a beautiful, beautiful girl in a color of ice. As his brushes ran from palette to canvas, the lights in the sky shifted swiftly, and sunset scarlets incarnadined the snow background and glinted in the ice. Early twilight ended his sketch before it was more than a memorandum for later development.

Randel had disappeared, and when he came back, he would tell no one where he had been. But his great resolve was made.

It became evident that Jeffers would not return from the city by night. He had said that he would probably have to wait for the morning light to get through.

A hush and a fatigue of grief weighed the mourners down, and they went to sleep. Larrick had volunteered to keep the vigil over Clelia that custom required.

He placed himself a chair by the window and became her sentinel. The twilight swathed her away from his sight for a while, save for a dim and haunting glamour in the ice. But by and by the moon overtopped the mountains and flooded the world with blue fire, turning the ice to a lens of tremulous shimmer as if the ice were water again twinkling and coruscant. It had an hypnotic effect and he had to fight off a drowsiness that seemed hardly less but would not be resisted.

Whether it was that he only remem- (Continued on page 47)

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on page 17



It was inconceivable that Clelia should not move or breathe, or blush or sigh.





"Up! Everybody! And shut up!" The customers obeyed, very much to the letter.

# SHEARED EARS

By MAXWELL SMITH

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

KIELY nailed Joe's ears to the front of the bar as a warning exhibit. He used three-inch nails because these were the only kind handy. He was glad that they were big—the nails. They fastened Joe's ears so securely! He was proud of his workmanship too—found joy in each blow of the hammer, a grin on his lean face.

Joe's ears had been too long!

Kiely would have liked to add Joe's tongue. He might have done so had it not been difficult to catch. If Joe's tongue hadn't been as long as his ears, his ears wouldn't have been nailed up. The clamor of his tongue, in wailing yaps of pain, however, saved his tongue—that and its slipperiness.

Grasping Joe's ears in his hand,—while Joe rolled on the floor pawing at the places where his ears had been, and yelping,—Kiely went straight to the bar and borrowed the hammer and the nails.

The bartender expostulated mildly when he saw what was coming off—rather, going on! Kiely looked at him in that expressive way. The objection ceased.

Kiely wanted others to see Joe's ears there and take heed. Particularly he desired Nick Burton to observe.

Standing back to admire his work, Kiely ignored the loungers. They kept at respectful distance, those who were not looking after Joe; they made no comment aloud. Some of them were for Kiely; some were not. Neither made any difference to him. He was Kiely! He nodded approval of his job but asked for none. . . .

Joe had his snooping for Nick Burton to thank for the trimming. The quarrel really was between Burton and Kiely. Joe was one of the pawns called upon to bear the external brunt of the conflict.

For months it had been blazing under cover—in the gambling stratum of the underworld where Kiely and Burton were fighting in a test of strength. Generally the police were willing to let them fight it out. Gamblers' wars were in a way beneficial. Through them were eliminated certain citizens and others who had been citizens prior to doing time—still others who never had been citizens and should not be. A gunman was bound to drop here and there when the gamblers fell out.

Up to the shearing of Joe's ears, the Kiely-Burton feud had been satisfactory in its service to the community. There were five dead—one on Kiely's side, four on Burton's. But they were only hirelings. Their passing could not affect the outcome except in so far as it inflamed their principals to a speedier decision.

Had there not been such a racket by the anti-administrative newspapers, and those but lukewarm toward it, over these killings, Kiely would have had Joe put out for keeps. The war had been given, however, that on the next killing some one would be pinched.

Any way you look at it, from the viewpoint of the collective dissension among the gamblers was bad—bad. It attracted public notice, and that, as it gained volume, notified the police of the state of affairs. Then there had to be a clean-up; too many



...ings compelled the squads to go out again with fire-axes and  
...into the right places, there to smash things. Thus must the  
...be assured that the town never would be allowed to become  
...Necessarily the lid had to go on for a while. With the  
...down, protection was worth about as much as German  
...The graft-ring was robbed of its revenue—an intolerable  
...dition!

So from both the inside and the outside it was ground into the  
...s and the Burtons that somebody positively would go away  
...there was any more rough-stuff.

It was a truce to remain in effect until the tumult died, when  
...battle for supremacy could be resumed, with its inevitable  
...ings.

This battle started as purely a matter of business. Kiely's  
...was being infringed upon by Burton. For years this terri-  
...had been Kiely's. He had obtained his mandate by self-de-  
...mination—his own. On occasion ere this he had fought to up-  
...it. Likewise had he paid in solid cash.

Everybody knew that Conny Kiely controlled the gambling in  
...district. Where did Nick Burton get license to bulge in?

When first Kiely learned of the advent of Burton, he did not  
...it too seriously. He sent word indirectly that Burton should  
...up the crap-game he had opened in an apartment on one of  
...good streets.

Nick Burton had just been frozen out across the river. He had  
...locate somewhere. He picked on Kiely's territory because once  
...ly had put him out of business. They had been small fry then,  
...and Kiely, not yet getting any of the silk-stocking money. The  
...ars had seen each of them grow, but Kiely always had moved  
...step or two in the lead. Witness his strangle-hold on a neighbor-  
...hood which reached over all the levels from tenements and push-  
...ern to duplex apartments and limousines! From top to bottom,  
...on pennies to no-limit tables, he was organized to take all  
...matters.

Burton had been operating about twenty minutes, figuratively,  
...when Kiely heard of his ar-  
...al. He promptly dis-  
...atched the hint to Burton to  
...out.

But it happened that Nick  
...Burton felt tough. He was  
...over having been forced  
...migrate. He had been  
...operating when the town  
...the river had decided  
...could get along without  
...and his soreness over  
...made him tougher than  
...al. When a henchman  
...d where he was going, he  
...d, out of his grouch, that  
...new location would be  
...ly's back yard. The old  
...age prompted the boast. To save his  
...e, he made good by biting into the silk-  
...cking end of Kiely's country.

The message from Kiely to vacate did  
...not improve Burton's feelings. He had  
...and the challenge; Kiely had replied by telling him,  
...he would tell a bum, to beat it. Burton's answer  
...me in the opening of a pool-room. He had to do  
...something to show that he was there to stay.

Kiely could have exerted pressure upon folks who  
...ould have seen to it that Burton's establishments  
...were raided with monotonous and discouraging regular-  
...ity. That was not his way. He could handle his own  
...airs. Police action was not desirable, though directed  
...against an antagonist.

"Tell Burton I'm usually 'round Mike's in the after-  
...noon," said Kiely to a lieutenant.

Burton swore when that was communicated. He  
...ould not refuse to drop into Mike's. They'd say he  
...didn't the nerve.

Kiely was at the end of the bar, his gaze negligently  
...both doors, when Burton entered. He nodded casu-  
...ly and went on listening to Fritz the bartender. Fritz  
...was expounding blasphemously on the favorite topic in today's  
...saloons: the awakening of the people to the horrors of  
...abstention; an' the guy 'at wants a drink's gonna get a drink, an'  
...erson an' his gang can go be damned! Kiely harked to Fritz's  
...necy while he studied Burton.

Burton returned the nod of greeting but did not join Kiely. He  
...stopped along the bar and had what there was to be had. He did  
...not look frankly at Kiely. He watched the other man's image  
...in the mirror covertly. And while he acknowledged none, he  
...noted the strategic presence of three of his henchmen. He hadn't  
...known but what Kiely might try to pull something. Nick Burton  
...had the habit of traveling with a bodyguard. He was that sort.

After a few minutes he gave Kiely a defiant glance. He had  
...come to give evidence that Kiely couldn't faze him; but he was  
...going no farther. It was up to Kiely to open the conversation.  
...He looked at his watch, then at the clock, to suggest that he hadn't  
...any time to waste. He squared his shoulders, pulled down the  
...points of his vest, straightened his tie. Kiely couldn't lead him  
...by the nose. Going to the phone, he called a number and re-  
...marked that he'd be over shortly, that he would leave Mike's  
...within ten minutes.

Returning to the bar, he got a fresh drink and turned his  
...shoulder on Kiely. Another mirror allowed him to continue his  
...surveillance.

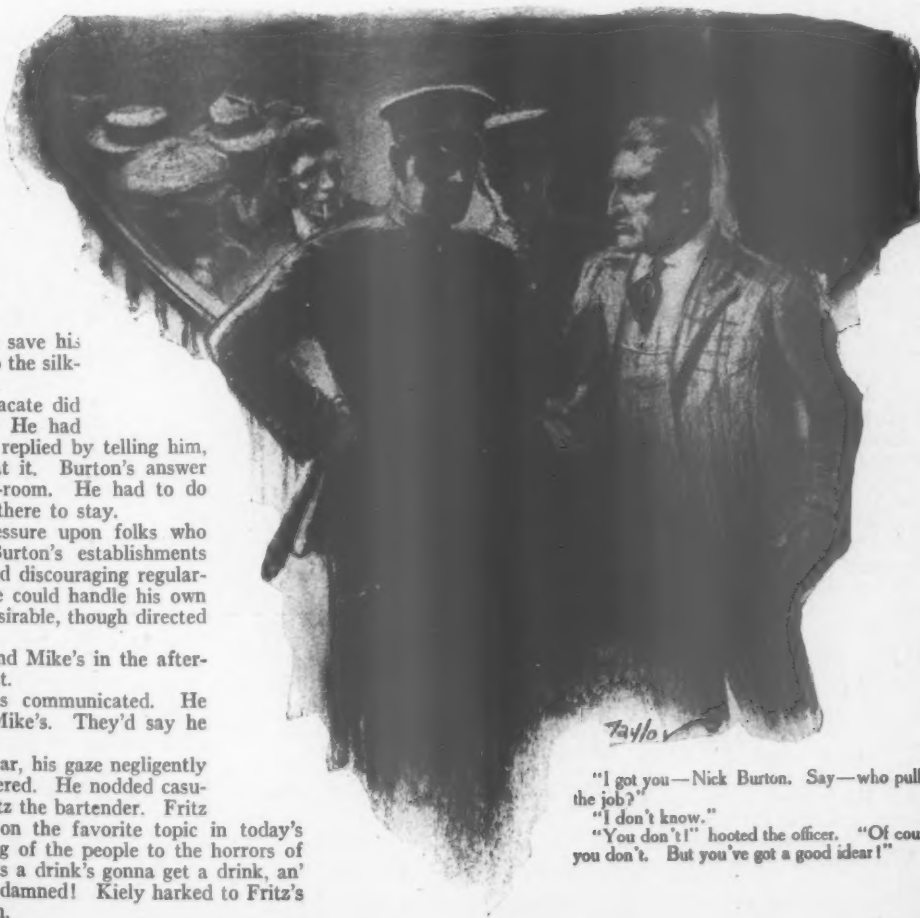
Conny Kiely smiled—as much as he ever smiled, away from  
...his wife and baby, which was almost imperceptibly. He left Fritz  
...in the midst of the monologue and moved on light feet along the  
...bar.

Burton stiffened. His hand slid into his coat pocket. He ob-  
...served the distribution of his gunmen. As Kiely spoke at his  
...side, he affected surprise.

"Hello, Nick!"

Burton turned his head leisurely to prove that he was at ease.  
...First of all he noticed that Kiely's hands were at his sides. His  
...swarthy face broke into recognition:

"Why, hello, Conny!" He drew back a step to look Kiely  
...over as a long-lost friend. He preferred to have a little space  
...between them. That gave him freer vision of Kiely's movements.  
..."Thought it looked like you up there, but I wasn't sure. It's a  
...long time—"



"I got you—Nick Burton. Say—who pulled  
...the job?"

"I don't know."

"You don't!" hooted the officer. "Of course  
...you don't. But you've got a good idea!"

"I'd an idea that you didn't remember me, Nick." Kiely's colorless eyes were a shade narrower. "You—living up this way now?"

Burton caught his meaning. Here was another broad intimation to travel. He scowled. His quick roving eye told him that others had heard—and comprehended. He had to declare himself.

"In business here," he said pointedly. Then he gave back in kind: "You belong hereabouts?"

Kiely's cold gaze, tempered by his shadow of a smile, shifted from Burton's face down over the shoulder and arm to the pocket in which Burton's hand rested. Unlike Burton, he did not raise his voice:

"Been here quite a while, Nick." His eyes jumped back to Burton's. His tone became silkier: "You're on the wrong lot, Nick!"

Burton's lower lip slined over the upper. His dark countenance grew mean.

"Yeh?" he said arrogantly.

"You didn't know, of course, Nick," said Kiely softly. "Been out of town, haven't you?" He tapped a cigarette on the bar and lighted it.

Nick Burton knew that everyone in the place was watching him. He had begun as the aggressor. It was his move.

"Not so far," he said, "—not so far out of town."

Kiely flicked the cigarette ash. "Of course, you didn't know, Nick," he repeated. His head inclined quizzically; his tone was patient—but there was a glint in his eye that warned. He paused while he let the smoke trickle lazily from the corners of his mouth. "Trouble's a bad thing to go hunting, Nick. Don't you find it thataway?"

Burton clucked, and smacked his lips. He drew his hand down over his nose in an insolent gesture.

"I never run away from trouble," he averred. His eyes wavered, glimpsed his three gunmen, and steadied. He smiled offensively. "You?" he queried.

Kiely's face was wintry. He had followed Burton's glance and knew that the invader was not unaccompanied. Nick wanted him to start something.

"No; I don't run.

But—" he leaned his elbows on the bar, put his chin on his hands and squinted at Burton—"I always have sense enough to see it coming. I meet it before it gets a chance to come too far. And"—he straightened, dropped his cigarette and crushed it under his heel—"usually, Nick, I step on it—quick!"

Burton sucked his upper lip again. "Yeh?" he sneered. The bravo in him cropped out: "I got a little place up street, Conny," he grinned confidentially. "Breeze in sometime, and I'll give you a run for your money."

The skin shone white over Kiely's cheek-bones. His pupils contracted to pricks of diamond-fire. He yawned. There was no use prolonging the meeting.

"You're on the wrong lot, Nick," he said dispassionately. "Think it over. Take two days to think it over—just two days. So long."

He moved away while Burton's mouth opened on a retort.

Burton swore audibly as Kiely's slim figure passed through the door. A minute later he too stumped out, but in comparison his exit was uncouth. He lacked the lithe freedom of limb characterized Kiely. He had not the dignity of coolness Kiely had. Nick Burton was sizzling. In the hearing of Kiely he had granted him two days to quit. But for the advice he might have taken the advice. If he did, he was a dead Quit! Like hell he would!

Ten hours after the expiration of Kiely's ultimatum began to happen.

At two o'clock in the morning a stranger rang the bell of Nick Burton's flat. It was on the first floor of an apartment house.

The door was opened on a chain. The stranger handed a card on which Nick Burton had scribbled his initials. He not given it to the man who presented it.

The chain was released. The stranger stepped inside, showed a gun close to the doorman's face. Three others followed him in and shut the door.

Behind folding doors across the narrow hall, in what was intended for the dining-room, the game was running. There were a dozen players, but this was a gentleman's game, and the dining-table was being used, with a covering of green baize, and taking in most of its area, a box arranged three or four inches high to hold the dice. At the middle of the side was the cutter, who dealt, and facing him was the bank, thick rug deadened the shuffling of feet. The windows were heavily draped. But there were none of the ornate embellishment of the old-time gambling-house. Whip the box side of the table, and the green covering, and there was nothing to that gambling had been going on.

Nick Burton was standing back smiling on the scene. He were moneyed players, and the bank was faring well. He off to a fast start, all right, in Kiely's back yard. Soon he would be in Kiely's front yard! And if Kiely insisted upon making a fuss, he'd be digging his own grave too. For Burton was sure that should war take place, it would raise riot enough to shake the whole town. Meanwhile he smiled on his game, told himself that Kiely was probably bluffing. Kiely would see that he himself would be put out of business if—"Up! Everybody! And shut up!"

The customers obeyed very much to the letter. Not more than a few gurgles and gasps broke from them. Burton cursed forcefully but quietly. All eyed the eight bandits in the hands of the four men who had pushed the doorman into the room and stood on the threshold. The bandits were well dressed. Only their faces showed between their hat-brims and the hands of the chiefs knotted at the back of their heads.

The one who had spoken ranged forward and tapped Burton for his gun.

"Come here!" He motioned the man over and disarmed him.

"Next!" The cutter approached and received similar attention.

"Now we'll all line up agin' the bank over there," commanded the bank. "—'cept you, Nick." He chuckled. "Loop off in that corner where we can see you if any of you boobies makes a mistake. Tell 'em, Nick, to be good for your own sake."

"And say, gents," he amplified as the scared company fluttered to do his bidding, "pass round the table as you go and drop your rolls and jewelry on it! And don't leave out a thing,—his guns juggled menaces—" 'cause we might have a friskin'—and God help the guy that don't clean! Step lively, gents, one at a time, don't crowd!"

They stepped lively! Throughout the performance, which didn't take five minutes all told, Nick Burton cursed in flowing, inelegant, ungentlemanly style, but always with discreet modulation. He had suspicions about the stick-up. He figured Conny Kiely's hand was in it, and he was right. The spokesmen of the bandits virtually admitted that, as he gathered

some twenty-eight thousand dollars and sorted out the rips and pins with stones from the heap of jewelry.

"Taint so much of a game you've got, Nick," he jeered. "Have to come again to make it pay. And we aim to come



Kiely shook him: "You'll tell me all about this guy, or you'll go out of here in a box."

Maxwell Smith

through, so long as you've got  
 spars! It's a tough life,  
 he said to the gaping  
 though his eyes  
 and Burton. "for them as  
 says at Nick Burton's.  
 it over and pass the  
 st."

He motioned to his three  
 rows, and they backed to  
 door. They faded out,  
 he remained to make an-  
 other speech:

"It's the same old bunk  
 handing you," he added  
 mndly, "about mebbe we're  
 and mebbe we aint. We  
 be right back of the  
 waitin' for some fish to  
 his head out and holler!  
 'em how it is, Nick. We  
 in a hurry—so don't be  
 brash about trailin'!"

There was a concentrated  
 nith of relief as he slipped  
 ward through the doors.  
 "Who's got a gun?" rasped  
 Burton.

No one answered. They  
 nted no gun-play.

"You have, Rothmann,"  
 ured Burton. He jumped  
 to the man, a diamond-  
 er, who was sweating and  
 king gleefully over having  
 out the chamois pack-  
 of loose stones in his vest  
 ket.

"They aint gone!" chat-  
 el Rothmann.

"Gimme!" shouted Burton,  
 d Rothmann gave.

Revolver in hand, Burton  
 to a window. The cutter  
 uried from another room  
 a gun. Together he and  
 nton threw up windows.  
 automobile stood at the  
 rance to the house, thirty  
 away. A man was sprint-  
 for it. They fired.

From the machine came  
 nt-at of an automatic.  
 e cutter dropped his gun,  
 pped on the sill with head  
 d arms hanging, then  
 ched out altogether.

The sprinter was in the  
 t. Its engine accelerated  
 h no more than a purr.  
 e window beside Burton  
 attered, and he drew back.  
 en he looked again the ma-  
 ne had turned the corner.

Nick Burton returned to his patrons, who were excitedly re-  
 vering the watches and other articles which the bandits had  
 ected as not worth taking. He damned himself for his futile  
 ck at Fred, out there on the walk!

Police-sticks were rapping and whistles blowing. Windows  
 ere going up—the whole street was stirring.

"Come on," he snarled. "Let's see how bad Fred is. Let's get  
 inside."

The doorman and the banker went with him. The others were  
 a rush to get away before the police came. They were respect-  
 e citizens, they were, and wanted nothing to do with murder.  
 A policeman was bending over the heap on the sidewalk as  
 Burton and his men appeared.

"What you know?" he queried, rising.

"How is he?" asked Burton. Why hadn't he had brain enough  
 things be? He had played clear into Kiely's hand. The



The shots were still ringing when Joe took vengeance on Burton for having sent him to the shearing.

stick-up had been engineered by Kiely to make it appear that a  
 player wasn't safe in Burton's place. The bandit leader had  
 said as much. That would have worked sufficient injury; but  
 Burton himself had made the situation infinitely worse. Had he  
 not commenced shooting, he might have persuaded his customers  
 to pocket their losses to escape notoriety. Now—he had drawn  
 police attention not only to the hold-up, but—there was Fred.

"He's dead," said the cop. "Neck broken, I guess. How'd—  
 Hey, you!" The gamblers were stampeding in a body from the  
 building. "Grab 'em, Bill!"—to a teammate who was coming up.  
 "They in on this?"—to Burton.

The gambler controlled himself. Fred's death made a bad  
 complication. There couldn't be too many witnesses.

"Yes; they were there. We had a little game on upstairs.  
 We were held up—four with guns. Shot at them from the win-  
 dows. He"—Burton poked a finger at the dead man—"got hit  
 when they shot back, and fell out."



"Why'n't you say it quicker?" snapped the cop. He instructed an onlooker: "Keep an eye on him," he said, meaning the body. "Come on, you," he ordered Burton and his aides, "till I phone. You get the car-number? Aw! How much'd they get?"

Burton's dark face was vengeful. His nether lip overlapped. He'd show Kiely!

"It was just a friendly session," he answered. There was no sense in telling too much.

"With that mob?" grunted the cop incredulously. They were passing through the gamblers his partner had corralled in the entrance to the building. "The hell it was! How much'd you say?"

"Oh," Burton deprecated, "ten thousand—perhaps a little more."

The policeman stopped to scrutinize him in the illumination of the foyer, now crowded with half-dressed people. In his suppressed rage Burton was less prepossessing than usual.

"What's your name?"

"Burton."

"I got you—Nick Burton." The cop laughed. "Friendly session in Nick Burton's! You're lucky you can't convict yourself! Say—who pulled the job?"

Burton shrugged, but his beady eyes glittered. "I don't know."

"You don't!" hooted the officer. "Of course, you don't. But I'll lay a bet you've got a good idea! Think it over before the inquest. That car's a thousand miles away by now."

And it was—if not a thousand miles, at least far enough away to insure the escape of its occupants. . . .

The other killings came in a bunch a month or so later. They were incidental. The collectors rallied to Kiely. There had been few complaints while he was in sole control of the territory. The horning in of Burton promised to ruin business. They put pressure on him, but though unable to operate, he persisted in prosecuting the feud.

In an attempt to even the score by holding up Kiely's pet game, Burton lost two men. A pair of Kiely's gorillas argued extemporaneously with one of the Burton crew; one Kiely alone survived. There were minor clashes in which several were wounded, or in which ineffectual shots were fired to the danger of passers-by.

Then the growing recklessness of the conflict brought such public denunciation of the police that the word went out which led to the shearing of Joe's ears. . . .

Joe was not a fighting man. He was a snooper. That was what brought about the wrath of Kiely directly upon him.

If there was a dark page in the life of Mary Kiely, that was her concern and her husband's. In these circles it isn't good form to worry about the past of some one else. To dig it up for use is a form of suicide. Eternally moseying around with his long ears cocked, Joe somewhere picked up an earful about Mary. Nobody knew much about the girl Kiely had married a few years before—till Joe came through with the dope. Grinning, Joe took it to Nick. "What yuh know about Kiely's dame?"

Burton was browsing over the meager consolation that he was carrying Kiely down with himself. He didn't see what Mary Kiely had to do with the affair. At the moment he was absorbed in trying to find a man to go bump off Kiely; but the gunmen were gun-shy because of the standing promise that some one, anyone, surely would be railroaded for the next shooting. The gangster knows when to take a straight tip and lie low.

"What about her?" growled Burton. He was close to being whipped. The bank-roll was getting low; there had been drains on it for professional services in the art of murder, all for nothing, now that his rats were afraid to go on with battle. Burton glossed the fact that he himself was cold as a proposition of provoking a personal and final encounter with Kiely.

Joe looked carefully about the corner of the hotel lobby where he had come upon Burton glooming. He didn't want anyone to hear—not yet.

"She's wanted in Denver," he whispered hoarsely.

Nick Burton's head came up. He got Joe's thought. That was a weapon against Kiely.

"For what?"

"Assault," related Joe. "Cut a guy bad. It'd be a page indicted."

Nick Burton curled up in the corner of the lounge. He became more swarthy cruel. If only he could strike at Kiely he didn't care what means he used. A woman always gave a good leverage.

"You sure, Joe?" He puffed through his nose and clapped hands as though Kiely already were between them.

"Yeh!" Joe was positive of his information, as usual.

Joe's guy 'at knows her. He made her sure. She skipped . . . Got a hundred, Nick?" His hand opened palm upward, on his knee. It was worth a hundred to a man. Burton gave it to him while he calculated the possibilities. He did not explain that Mary Kiely had an even chance of getting on the charge of felonious assault—that her victim had been her. Joe was accomplished in peddling his stuff effectively.

"Row in a roadhouse it was, Nick," he explained. "Show him up wit' a steak-carver. Yuh could swing it on Conny there's a guy round what's onto her—pal of the gook she But yuh can hold him down. Y'know."

Burton's lip sucked inward. He knew, but—but he craved to be the person who conducted negotiations with Kiely on this basis. Conny Kiely seemed to have some foolish sentiment toward his wife. He might act before he thought the next time. Aside from the involvement of his wife, the fact that he was dealing with a potential squealer was sufficient to irritate Kiely. He would be under no misapprehension about who was going to squeal. Nick Burton preferred to have some gun that Kiely would listen to reason. He elected Joe to obtain it.

"Go see Kiely—Wait a minute!" He stilled Joe's protest. "Offered two hundred dollars. 'Just tell him that I've met a guy from Denver. That's all you know—see? I've got something on this bird and can keep him shut—tell Kiely that. And I want to talk it over with Kiely if he's ready to do it. See?"

"Yeh—but—" Joe's fingers itched for the mission.

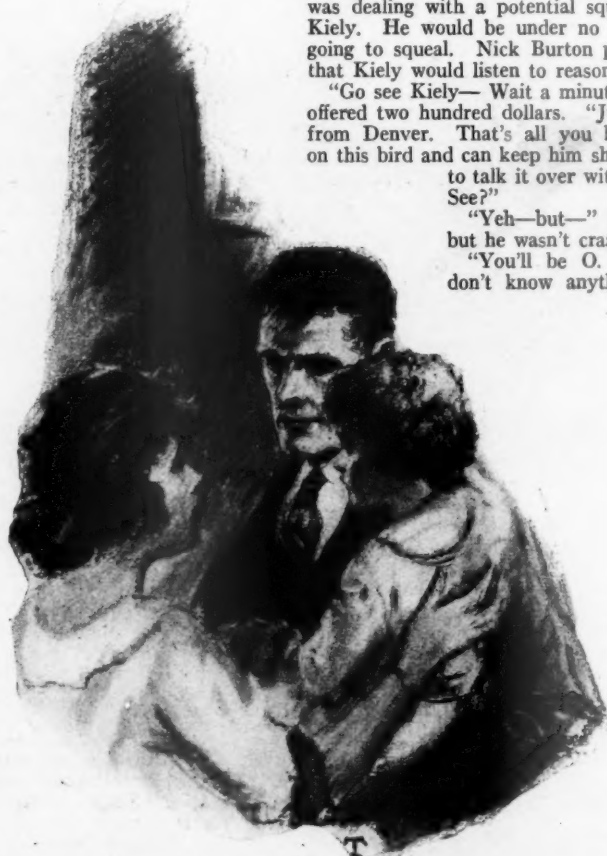
"You'll be O. K., Joe," said Burton. "I don't know anything. You don't even have to look wise. All you got to do is get Kiely's word that he'll be reasonable when he hears what I've got to say. If he don't want to do it, tell him I said I'd let the bird run loose."

In the end he pressed upon Joe by adding the two hundred dollars and reminding him that the district attorney could easily be interested in Joe.

Joe believed he could get away with it. Since Kiely became rough, he would go after the thug, Conny, Burton, not his wife. Joe convinced himself that. He never dreamed that he was to emerge from the brief conference with Kiely minus his ears and with his tongue still in place only because it was slippery and waggled fast. . . .

"Where?"

(Continued on page 53)



"Don't go, Conny. Let's not go back."



# SPARKS THAT FLASH IN THE NIGHT

By  
O. F. LEWIS

Illustrated by  
WILL FOSTER

"I like your stuff, Hollis," pursued Murchison, "—only it doesn't come off in real life."

MURCHISON, one of the best critics this country has ever produced, told me that he liked my stuff because it was so plumb full of romance. "Every one's a potential *Romeo*, and loves a lover," he observed. He was sitting at my house, or more accurately, my mother's house. I was looking young author that happened to be making a go of it.

"Yes, I like your romance stuff, Hollis," pursued Murchison, "only it doesn't come off in real life!"

A half-hour later he was squinting through almost closed eyes. "I'll take you!" he said—a little bitterly, I thought. I had thrown down the gauntlet to him. I'd prove that there was romance all about us—that romance is the most common or even variety of existence we find. Only we don't recognize it when we see it—or are experiencing it.

"You're young, Hollis—delightfully young!" was all he said. "Granted!" I exclaimed. "But you come up into my wireless room and listen to the romance that comes in bunches right out of the air. Isn't it romance for some one in Maine to talk through space to some one in Ohio—to converse with some one you don't know, never will know and probably ought not to know? Talk about waiting for spirits to return? You've got a legion of voices of the air every night!"

"Write us a story about it!" said Murchison cynically. "I will that!" I retorted. And here's the story. Murchison is the center of it. Of course, Murchison is not his real name. If you could that, or described him, many an author in this country would know at once whom I meant.

We sat down in my wireless-room. I was a consulting engineer at this time, going on thirty, unmarried, and a "sure-pop" kind of fellow, believing things terribly hard. I held even then a contrivance that I'd patented, which made poles unnecessary, and gave me easily a range for my spark of eight hundred miles. I could send out pretty nearly any other spark if I shot the thing out with the juice I had.

"What are you doing?" he asked as I pounded away with a staccato that made him pay attention. It was my game plan coming. "Calling Hitchcock," I answered.

"Where?"

from him today. She's better. His wife's got pneumonia, he's afraid."

"Who's Hitchcock?"

I shook my head. "Picked him up one night," I answered, egging him on. "Lot of fellows like that I know."

"Um-mm! Picked him up?" That thought seemed to stay by Murchison. I saw his body grow rigid for an instant; his breath seemed to be taken in to the full capacity of his lungs, and I knew he had something on his mind.

I was listening in, of course, while talking. "It's Benny Leonard, on points, in eight rounds," I announced. Then I gave an abrupt exclamation:

"Here's some big stuff coming in!"

I waited to get considerable about this episode before imparting it. Murchison was getting the feel of the mysterious reaches of the air—just what I meant him to sense.

"The *Prudence*, one of the big Sound boats, is ashore in the snowstorm somewhere between Bridgeport and New Haven. They're sending S. O. S.'s, and shooting rockets. Want to hear a real S. O. S. once?" Murchison listened in. "I'm sorry I don't know Morse," he said thoughtfully, handing the ear-piece back to me.

We had excitement enough during the next hour. The air for a time was clogged up with wireless messages crossing. Three other Sound boats were nosing their way carefully to where they thought the *Prudence* might be. A destroyer had put out from New London. I caught the story of tugs making speed for Bridgeport and New Haven. There was a call for Red Cross. All these things I repeated to Murchison—gleefully.

He shook his head. "That's excitement; it isn't romance," he maintained. "Well," I rejoined, "I'll bet there's romance being made right now on that boat. Hang it all, it's all around us, walks by us every day, and we poor simps can't pick it out when it's there!"

"That may well be, for I might as well say that there's one right in this room, now!"

"Simp?" I asked.

"Romance," he said, to my surprise. "I've done an unusual amount of original thinking during these last two hours. As a

matter of fact, I'm going to tell you something I've told mighty few people in my life. I've an uncompleted romance in my own life. Once in so often the thing wells up and carries me back, poignantly. The name of that Sound steamer has let the whole thing surge up anew. *Prudence. Prudence Atherton!*"

"Hollis," he went on, "I'm going to give you a ripping good test. And if you succeed, I can't tell you what it'll mean to me. Find Prudence Atherton for me—with that apparatus there. Out of the air. If she isn't dead, she's somewhere in this country, I believe. I feel it. I knew her, twenty-five years ago. Perhaps you've imagined you've been in love; but no man ever—"

He lapsed into thoughtful silence. His eyes fastened themselves on my spark, which I'd involuntarily tested. "It made no difference to me that she was a college widow, at New Haven, and older than I. I'd have married her in a minute, if she'd only said yes, instead of chaffing me—and yet, on the last night I saw her, there was something in her eyes—I wonder if she still—"

Murchison fell to brooding. My own heart began to pound. A thousand-to-one shot—yes! But the air was the realm of the mysterious. Hadn't Marconi been saying that in his belief the people in some planet, millions of miles away, were trying to tell us something? How infinitely more possible it might be for me, just by chance, to find for this gaunt, tall, phlegmatic, and to many people mysterious Murchison, this woman of long ago!

My spark was strong as steel that night, and it set up a great staccato story. I kept it up. I saw his eyes fixed piercingly on me. When I stopped, he asked: "What's it all about?"

"Here's the thing I've been shooting out to everyone within eight hundred miles that's listening: '*Page Prudence Atherton. Page Prudence Atherton. Reply Hollis Montclair. Reply Hollis Montclair.*'"

"By Jove!" was all he said. I listened now for a considerable time, while we both were silent.

Then I couldn't help laughing. I fancied Murchison's face flushed. "A chap in Scranton asks what the Jane looks like, and if she's in the movies?" Murchison didn't smile. "She lived in New Haven from 1892 to 1895," he said simply.

So I added that information to my message. I jammed out a lot of other senders, no doubt, but I was already desperately interested in this quest. My apparatus was ruthless, and undoubtedly made a hundred ears sick and tired of the name of Prudence Atherton, living in New Haven from 1892 to 1895, information wanted urgent, communicate Hollis Montclair.

Finally Murchison rose to go. "Don't give me any more leads," I said. "I'm hipped on this project. And I guarantee I won't make a single further inquiry of you, or about you, that would give me a lead that doesn't come out of the air. And now, how long will you give me to supply you with the clue to Prudence Atherton's present abode unless she—"

"One week!" he said, ignoring the implication of my last words. "Wont you invite me to dine with you here again a week from tonight? I'm fascinated with this little wireless room—and what it may lead to."

I had him. He had fallen for the romance of the air! It was almost incredible to me that I should succeed, but I put in all my spare time for the next five nights in jamming the story out, *ad nauseam*. I realized that I was acting like a buccaneer of the air. I was getting actual curses from far and near. But my name, "Prudence Atherton," was getting across; and one morning

there was quite a little story about it in one of the New York dailies.

I had begun to despair and to feel like a fool for my plunge into this impossible contest. I felt the chagrin of the mature, dispassionate and yet disappointed eye of Montclair at my table within two nights—when suddenly, out of the air, came weakly, stutteringly and almost imperceptibly, the "*Hollis Montclair. . . . Hollis Montclair.*"

I had had a not inconsiderable number of frankly uncomfortable remarks shot at me out of that same void during the evenings, and I sized this up for another attack. But no one somewhere came the faint message:

*Prudence Atherton replying. . . . Prudence Atherton replying. . . . Are you there Hollis Montclair?"*

Did I shoot my spark? Rather! And I listened:

"I get you. . . . What do you want of Prudence?"

I thought for an instant that I had her, what *did* I want of her! "I talk for William Montclair!" I replied repeatedly. No further answer came!

No answer that night! I was sure it must be a hoax! Some man was putting one over on me. I went to bed angry and humiliated.

The next night I was in the wireless-room again. I started up early with "*Prudence Atherton*" and was really remarkable what a lot of lurid language it seemed to spire, language quite embarrassing any Prudence Atherton to listen to. The world was certainly getting up on that woman!

I strained my ears. Along with half-past nine I was rewarded with a message—just a bit stronger than the previous night:

"*Hollis Montclair. . . . Does William Murchison want?*"

I had a fearful feeling that an unknown operator was sending a rickety apparatus that would break apart if a spark of really great length could once be sustained of it.

Then I got suspicious. Of these amateur air-hounds, I was sure. So I shouted out into space, with my machine: "*How do I know you are on the level?*" (It wasn't a nice way to address a man, but time was short, and the day was long.)

"Ha-ha!" came back the answer. She had a delicious sense of humor obviously. Then began to come long, horrifyingly intermittent messages. The sender wasn't so well up on technique, though the intent was wonderful. I was waiting my breath for the next thing to finish up:

"*Ask Murchison who called Peterkin at Yale, and who gave him the beautiful green tie with the red bars all over it.*"

I was perspiring. I waited. "Who are you? Where are you?" I kept calling. Finally I got two more replies, the last that I heard:

"*What is your address in Montclair?*" and

"*Have Murchison there tomorrow night eight-thirty. We will talk with him then.*"

It was now eleven-thirty, or I would have called up Murchison at his home in Short Hills. I couldn't get to sleep for a minute. And the first thing in the morning, I had him on the wire.

"What?" The man was clearly profoundly moved by my message. "She called me Peterkin? Sure? And I remember that tie. I'd never wear it, even for her!" I could hear him laughing over the phone. "Will I come tonight? Will you?"

Well, it would be a wonderful evening for him!

At eight-thirty Murchison and I sat in the wireless-room.

## E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

No author writing fiction in the English language has won greater popularity wherever people are able to read than E. Phillips Oppenheim. Perhaps this is because he always has a story to tell and his people are always real—the sort of people you'd like to know. In the next number Mr. Oppenheim begins an association with

## THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Henceforth all his new short stories will first be read by the increasing thousands who turn to this magazine monthly for the last word in fiction. The series of stories beginning in the next—the November—number all revolve around an American business man, who, after a period of war service, finds himself, the war over, in London. There and on the Continent he undergoes a series of remarkable adventures, all grouped under the collective title

## "MR. CRAY'S ADVENTURES"

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Mother stepped aside. I saw now a slight, wonderfully beautiful girl. She stood beside the Juno-like figure. "Peterkin!" exclaimed Juno.

as death! The miserable wireless messages were scooting back and forth this evening, and the air conditions weren't good. I became a bit panicky, fearful that we'd miss out altogether on that ramshackle sending-apparatus that she was evidently using.

Suddenly the telephone-bell in my wireless-room rang.

I swore inwardly, and took the receiver from the hook.

"Heavens above!" I gasped a moment later. Murchison looked intently at me. She, Prudence, was on the wire! I breathed: "She said: 'Ten minutes more!' and was gone!"

"Where was she?" demanded Murchison. "She went off the line too soon for me to ask," I explained.

So we waited, fixing our eyes on the clock.

Ten minutes, and more, and nothing happened. Then, to my great irritation, I heard my mother's soft step in the hall outside. The door of the wireless-room was closed. Mother knocked. I shot a glance at Murchison, angry, I'm afraid, even at my own mother. I opened the door, with my finger on my lips.

My mother was smiling. Behind her stood a woman—large, commanding in presence, gray-haired, tall. I couldn't understand why in the world Mother wanted to show the wireless-room to anyone, just now! Of course, I had said nothing to her about Murchison's romance.

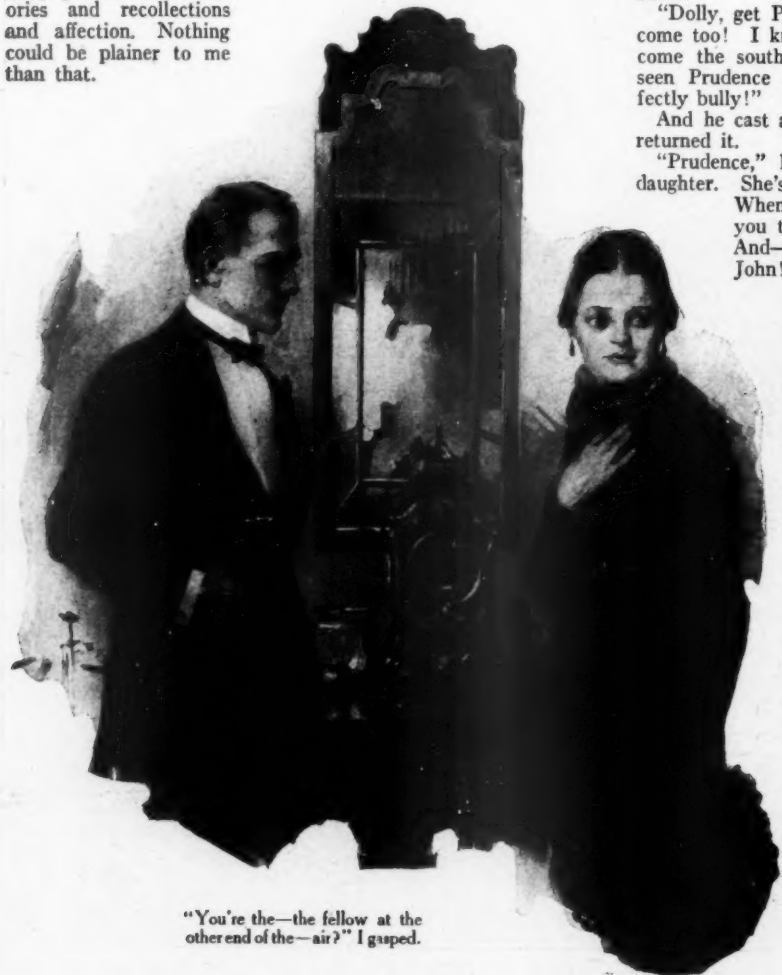
Mother stepped aside. I saw now a slight, wonderfully beautiful girl in the hallway. She stood beside the Juno-like figure. The latter personage was gazing intently into the room.

"Peterkin!" exclaimed Juno. She came hurriedly into the room now, with a really glorious smile on her face. Murchison, who had risen to his feet as my mother knocked, stepped backward in absolute surprise—then forward, with hands outstretched.

"Prudence!"

And there they stood, looking at each other, absorbed in each other, while Mother and the unknown girl and I stood and looked on. The impossible had happened!

Murchison and the woman were silent. I could see their eyes. They glowed with memories and recollections and affection. Nothing could be plainer to me than that.



"You're the—the fellow at the other end of the—air?" I gasped.

"Goodness gracious!" spoke up Prudence suddenly. "Let me forget everything. My goodness, but I am glad to see you again, Peterkin Murchison! Peterkin, I want you to meet my daughter, Priscilla!"

"Daughter!" Murchison spoke in a kind of startled way to himself. "Daughter?" Prudence nodded in great pride, and had all the right in the world to be proud.

"I'm sure—I'm sure I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Putnam!"

The girl smiled delightfully. "Of course my name isn't Putnam. It's Putnam. And I'm delighted to know you. You've spoken so often of you!"

Murchison dropped back and relinquished her hand. Peterkin, John was awfully sorry he couldn't come to Philadelphia and meet you again. Don't you remember Peterkin, who was a senior when you were a freshman? And you think Priscilla resembles him?"

"You married Handsome—John Putnam?" Murchison wanted to find it hard to grasp. He stammered. "Prudence, I congratulate you!"

I said to myself that the man was taking it standing—like a soldier! Instantaneously there came over me the thought: "Daughter—if the mother is no longer possible?" Instantaneously also I felt the twinge of relinquishing her to Murchison—and I had the slightest claim; but still, she was a wonderful woman.

"Hollis," said Murchison, quietly, but with a smile on his face, "would you mind my using your phone for a moment?"

We waited silently while he tried to get his number.

"Hello? . . . Short Hills, 43576? . . . Oh, is that Dolly? . . . Dolly, just listen to this! Prudence is here, at Hollis' . . . Absolutely! And, Dolly, whom do you suppose married? John Putnam! What do you know about that? Oh, she's got a picture of a daughter—nearly as pretty as ours!"

I sank into a chair. But the wretch went on with that same smile:

"Dolly, get Philip to bring you over in the car. Have him come too! I know the Hollises will be glad to see you. He'll come the south way, round the mountain. Why, you know, I've seen Prudence since Yale days, have you? What? Oh, perfectly bully!"

And he cast an admiring and chummy gaze at Prudence, and returned it.

"Prudence," he said, "that's Dolly Havens, the prettiest daughter. She's been Mrs. Murchison going on nineteen years. When I told her this morning I was going to talk to you tonight, she said she was crazy to see you again. And—well, well—old Handsome John, eh? Lucky John!"

Prudence and Murchison had gone down the stairs with Mother. They hadn't seemed to think at all of the young and glorious daughter who had come with her glad parent. And my mother, for some reason, had forgotten to tell her to follow the two old lovers down the winding stairway. She herself had not forgotten to follow, however.

This girl Priscilla and I looked at each other. I was horribly impolite, I know, for I tried to look my fill of her, and it couldn't be helped. Fact was, my hunger for romance had been absolutely and diabolically unsatisfied for so long, and now this divine creature was before me.

"So you're 'Page Prudence Atherton Montclair,' are you?" she asked mischievously, showing an elusive and altogether charming dimple.

I had a revelation—a spark flashed in my night of my bewilderment.

"You're the—the fellow at the other end of the—air?" I gasped.

She nodded. "I've tried to keep up the little I learned of sending during the war. And you're also the Mr. Hollis who writes those wonderful romances that aren't at all true in the aren't you?" she continued. (Evidently Murchison wasn't the only one who thought my romance improbable!)

"I am," I replied, enunciating clearly. "I'm now going to live a romance that'll be a life to life, but which I don't intend to make a



# THE YELLOW HORDE

By HAL G. EVARTS

Illustrated by  
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The story so far: The wolf-hunter Collins heard the coyotes howling. "The little devils!" he chuckled. "Men can't wipe 'em out. There'll be a million coyotes left to howl when the last man dies!"

And then it was that Collins caught a new howl—that of a breed-wolf, a cross between coyote and wolf, possessing the cunning of the coyote and the strength of the wolf.

The coming of Breed brought changes in the wild; for the coyotes learned to run with him and thus to hunt in a pack.

Collins swore to get Breed, but trap and bullet and poison-bait failed. Perhaps more dangerous for Breed was his friendship with Collins' half-wild pet Shady, a cross between coyote and dog. Eventually Shady eloped with him. Shortly thereafter a huge wolf tried to capture her; but Breed, aided by his coyote friends Cripp and Peg, drove off the invader. The wolf, however, did not forget, but bided his time. That time came when Breed, lured to the neighborhood of Collins' cabin by Shady, stepped into a trap.

BREED'S great paw had not squarely centered the trap, and the jaws clamped on but two toes. He fought with all his strength, backing up to gain slack in the chain, then throwing all his weight and force into his spring as he launched himself into the air, only to be jerked violently to the ground at the end of the chain.

Four times he sprang, and four times the breath was almost sucked from his body as he smashed down on his side. As he rose from the last spring, he suddenly stiffened, standing rigidly in one spot while every hair rose along his spine. Twenty feet away a great gray shape loomed in the sage. Breed knew it was the mid-summer night killer who had left such sinister evidence of his handiwork scattered along the foot of the hills—and there was no doubt of his purpose. The yellow wolf was handicapped and knew that he had no chance, but he did not storm and rage aloud as a dog would have done; his was the coyote way. He backed up inch by inch till he stood above the trap-stake, and this move gave him a low-foot striking range each way.

Flatear did not fear traps with the full knowledge of their

powers and limitations as the coyotes did, but with the superstitious dread of the wolf. In common with all his kind, he had merely avoided instead of investigating this danger, and now his understanding could not distinguish between a trap that was set and one that was sprung and harmless.

The clank of the trap-chain delayed his attack. He feared that the thing which clamped his enemy's foot might leap out and seize his own. The killer circled his victim, and the yellow wolf turned round and round in the same spot, keeping his bared fangs toward his foe. The trap-chain kinked and twisted till it gave him less than a foot of play. Only his insane hatred of Breed led Flatear to brave his horror of that sound of grating steel—but he came in close at last, crouched and sprang. Breed leaned sharply to one side and met him with a side slash of teeth, but the weight of his enemy threw him, and he felt the killer's teeth cut cleanly into his shoulder and slide along the bone. Flatear reversed his snap so swiftly that it seemed but a double swing of his head; yet the second swing drove his teeth along Breed's neck and laid open a six-inch gash. As Breed struggled to his feet, the wolf's

fangs sliced at his throat and ripped it open, but not deep enough to kill.

Then it was, however, that a loop of the kinked trap-chain was tightened on Flatear's toes by Breed's convulsive backward dodge, and a ghastly fear that he himself was trapped swept through him, transcending even the lust to kill the yellow wolf. He made one wild leap for safety—and the tightening kink cracked his toes and threw him, the same lurch dragging Breed down with him, and they rolled into a furious tangle of clashing teeth and rattling steel.

Out in the night the coyotes were moving in from all directions in answer to the call Breed had sent out ten seconds before the steel jaws gripped him. Shady was trotting leisurely up to the saddle to meet

Shady's rage boiled over and she swept down upon him with a furious burst of barking.



toes. He felt it loosen and slip off, and he leaped clear of the spot.

A shape moved over the edge of the saddle, and the next instant Shady drove straight at the gray assassin, raging as she came, the dog in her boiling to the surface. But before she reached him, a yellow streak split the night, and Peg's teeth crunched on the wolf's hind leg, the little coyote's deadly silence contrasting queerly with Shady's fighting shrieks. The big wolf fled from this combined attack, one hind leg sagging as he ran, the muscle torn raggedly across by Peg's one snap. Once more Breed was indebted to Shady and his coyote followers.

But Breed was far gone. He struggled to rise but fell back again and lay still, the blood oozing from his wounds. He raised his head and looked at Shady, and for a single instant his mouth opened and his red tongue lolled out in friendly greeting, showing his spirit still intact even though his body was slit in ribbons; then he lowered his head flat between his paws and moved nothing but his eyes.

Shady crept close to him and licked his wounds. The coyote pack came up in pairs and circled about their stricken leader, some of them squatting on their haunches as they regarded his plight, others moving restlessly about; all of them silent as the grave, the only sound in the notch being Shady's continuous low wails as she implored her mate to rise and follow her.

The bitter frost claimed Breed's swollen foot and stiffened it, numbing all sense of pain. He felt comfortable and content. Then Peg moved up and sniffed critically at the trapped foot. He set his teeth in it, but Breed did not flinch. The three-legged coyote crouched beside him and turned his head sidewise, the right side of his jaws flat on the trap, his teeth sliding along the cold steel

and shearing away frozen flesh. The leg dulled to all sensation, Breed felt no pain. Shady viewed this amputation closely and whined with anxiety as it proceeded. Peg sliced the meat from the two toes, set his teeth firmly across the bones and crunched just one. Then he hooked one foreleg over the trap and scratched it away from Breed, sprawling hind leg, the severed toes remaining in the trap.

Peg's lips and gums along the right side of his head were seared and burned from contact with the chilled steel of the trap. The raw patches of flesh showing where the skin had adhered to the frosted springs and had been wrenched loose. He nursed the wounds with his hot tongue and fiery twinges of pain.

He curled up and slept for an hour, then rose and nipped Breed's flank. The pain of the nip roused him from the stupor. He struggled to his feet and stood swaying while Shady bounced around him with joyous yelps. Then he set off for the hills, moving at a waltz with his head drooping weakly.

The next morning Collins stood and looked down at the great toes in the trap.

"Pegged him," he commented aloud. "Pegged old Breed. He be minus two hind toes from now on out—but he could lose two toes off each foot and still beat the game. The whole coyote tribe must have been up here to look him over, from the number of tracks."

When Collins returned to his shack, he found six stockmen awaiting him. The stampede of the sheep and the big kill made by Breed's pack up in the hills had enraged the sheepmen. They had confidently expected that some man would collect Breed's scalp on a fresh tracking-snow, but while every rider had scoured the foothills for Breed's tracks after every storm, no man had on his trail. After gorging on warm meat at night a wolf ran sluggishly the following day; his muscles lack snap; his wind is leaky; and a good horse can wear him down. Twice in his first year Breed had been harried far across the foothills by hard-running horses, and now the first spitting flakes of a coming storm brought recollections of those desperate races and roused his uneasiness to such a pitch that he set off for the hills and remained there till the wind had piled the snow and cleared long stretches which made tracking from a running horse impossible.

The sheep-men at the cabin informed Collins of the big killing, and their tale was punctuated by every possible epithet applicable to the coyote tribe. Collins, owning no sheep, was in a position to view the killing in a more philosophical light than they.

"You can't rightly blame 'em," he said. "Men raise up sheep to kill 'em in cold blood; coyotes kill 'em when they're hungry. Two sides to it, 'cording to whether you're a coyote or a man."

The stockmen stated the purpose of their visit. Their association had raised the bounties, making it profitable for wolfers to hunt even in the summer months when pelts were unprime and valueless; the price for spring pups was raised to equal the reward posted for adults; and now the association would furnish free poison for all wolfers, and advocated its use all through the year. They stated their belief that this system, if followed ruthlessly, would result in the practical extermination of prairie wolves. They rested their case and anxiously awaited the Coyote Property verdict on their plan.

Collins shook his head. "Part of it's good," he told them, "but part of it's dead wrong. Anyhow, you can't kill 'em all. I've told you so for twenty years, and I stand on what I've said. There'll be a million coyotes left to howl when the last man dies. The raise on summer bounties is a good move—a man can afford to kill shedders at that price; and the pup-bounty will set men to

gging out their dens. But your main plan was laid out by men that don't savvy the coyote mind." Collins leaned forward and tapped one forefinger in the open palm of his other hand to emphasize his point.

"You let this all-year poison idea slide. You mark me; if you try that on, you'll lose—more ways than one. I know 'em! A coyote will take a chance on guns and traps, but he's superstitious about these strychnine baits. After a few turn up on the range with a dose of it, the rest will quit your line. Your traps wont show one catch. There's only one time to use it, and that's after you've bait-trapped and trail-trapped till only the wisest are left. Then shoot the whole range full of poison—get it all out at once and knock off all you can. Then take your poison up and quit! You hear me—quit! Then they'll sort of halfway forget before another year, and you can spring it again.

"I'm a-telling you the facts," pursued Collins, "if you leave poison scattered round loose for six months, you'll see coyotes increasing fast, and there'll be hell to pay amongst your sheep; you'll break behind two ways at once. There'll be just enough that forget themselves and take on a poison feed to keep the rest in the notion of passing up all dead meat. They wont even touch winter-killed stock. When they're hungry, they'll make a kill—and they'll work on your sheep. I've stripped off three times more pelts than any wolfer that's mixed poison with his traps. Now my trap-line is played out, and as long as there's nothing else to be done, I'm going to throw poison into 'em for a month—and quit." The Coyote Prophet had spoken.

As Breed lay convalescing slowly from his injuries, he reviewed the potential and real dangers of his chosen range, not knowing that the one horror which he feared more than all else combined was about to sweep through the foothills. His former attitude toward Shady had been one of aversion for his gruesome practices, but with no touch of personal enmity. But the gray wolf had not only pounced on him at a season when mating was past and dog-wolves at peace, but had almost torn him to shreds while he was helpless in the grip of a trap. Breed now felt a terrible hatred growing in him, a desire to kill the blinking gray beast as soon as he gained sufficient strength to take his trail.

Breed was too weak to hunt, but there was enough of the coyote in Shady to lead her to rustle food for her mate. For five days Breed lived wholly upon the

chunks of meat which Shady purloined from the frozen bait piled against Collins' shack—the meat which he intended to poison and strew all across the range as soon as he had finished taking up his traps. On the sixth night Shady found that the whole of the great stack of meat had entirely vanished, and near morning she returned without food.

Breed's strength had flowed steadily back to him, and he craved meat. By noon his hunger was a hollow ache. Then suddenly he knew that there was meat two miles west of him. The wind was square with his back, so that he could not possibly have scented it, and any man who had seen him rise from his bed and head for meat that lay two miles downwind would have charged the act to that mysterious primitive knowledge that animals are supposed to have.

There is one sure way by which men of the open

locate animal carcasses; the location of winter-killed stock or range cows mired down in an alkali bog is pointed out to them at a distance of several miles; game-wardens make use of it to locate the illegal kills of poachers, and rangers to locate the kills of cougars and wolves: in all countries there are meat-eating birds, and their flights reveal much to practiced eyes.

Breed's mysterious information came from seeing an eagle pitch down far to the west of him. Two minutes later another swooped from another angle. Ravens and magpies winged toward the spot—and Breed set off at once toward the converging lines of their flight. His hunger overcame his dislike for daylight traveling, but he held to high ground instead of the valleys.

He came to the edge of a shallow basin devoid of all vegetation except an occasional spear of grass, chalk-white patches on the surface of the earth showing it to be an alkali sink. A hundred yards beyond the last tongue of sage that reached out into it, Breed could see a quarter of beef, two eagles jealously guarding it. Magpies and ravens flitted about, waiting for their share of the feast. One of the eagles made frequent moves to scatter them when they came too close, rushing at them with a queer hopping run, his wings half spread and trailing back. Breed could plainly hear the snapping of his powerful beak.

The larger eagle suddenly took flight, rising with awkwardly



The life they led was essentially a family life, and they had no interests outside the family circle.



flapping wings and cutting eccentric loops and curves, each dip calling forth a raucous scream. He fought his way to a height of two hundred yards, then lost all muscular control and fell loosely to the ground, his mate taking wing as he smashed down on the flat.

A vague dread seized Breed. He watched the magpies close in to the feed. A score of them took the air at half-minute intervals, fluttered wildly and with a spasmodic jerking of their long tails, and pitched down in death. The rest of them left the meat. Breed's mind again proved capable of associating ideas, of constructing theories from known facts. The birds had been alive. There were no clanking traps or sound of gunshots to account for it—yet they had died. Their crazy flappings had been in sharp contrast to their usual grace when in the air. Their actions had not been normal, and Breed somehow thought of the ways of poisoned coyotes. He had never seen a poisoned horse or cow, or till now a poisoned bird—had always believed it an affliction of coyotes alone; yet he felt the quickening of long-dormant fears. He knew that meat was poisoned, and he would not go near. He drew farther back in the sage and rested till night.

He started out with Shady at dusk, and they were joined by Peg and his mate, the four of them hunting together. Peg killed a jack-rabbit, and Breed's share of it partially satisfied the gnawing of his hunger. As he traveled on, he sampled the wind for some sign of the gray killer. It had narrowed down to a feud between the yellow wolf and the gray, an undying hatred, and whenever they next met, there would be one of them whose trail the coyotes would never again cross on the range.

Then all thought of hunger, all thought of his feud with Flatear, everything but stark horror, was suddenly swept from Breed's mind. A horrid, racking cough sounded from straight ahead. A coyote whisked into the open and bounced toward them with bucking leaps, strangling and gagging as he came, then whirled and snapped at himself, the froth dripping and foaming from his jaws, and the moonlight reflecting from his set, staring eyes. They drew away from him, and he writhed on the ground in nasty convulsions—stiffened and stretched out with his eyes bulging from their sockets and glaring forth in death.

Breed headed for the hills, and Shady and the two coyotes clung close to his flanks, as if numbers relieved the horror of the thing they had just seen.

Three times before they reached the hills they were terrified by the appearance of former friends who had suddenly been stricken into foaming maniacs. Breed turned on the first rise of the hills and howled. The members of the coyote pack read the message. Breed was bidding farewell to the land of sage. Perhaps he knew that he would never see the gray foothills again.

Six pairs of coyotes gathered toward his cry. They had seen much and lived to pass their knowledge on. Every one of them had run the gantlet of rifle-fire; they had been hounded by dogs. Most of them had been maimed by traps—and now this affliction that turned coyotes mad with a single bite of meat!

They followed Breed back into the hills, a wise band, the pick of the coyote tribe and well able to cope with new conditions and teach their future pups the work of pioneering in strange countries which lay ahead of them.

## CHAPTER VIII

BREED found the hills buried deep under a blanket of snow. In the low country the drifts lay only in the gulches and the more sheltered spots, but up in the lodgepole valleys and the heavy stands of spruce on the slopes, the white covering seemed endless and unbroken. The dogs killed the meat for the whole pack, for at this season the she-coyotes were unfitted for the strenuous work of pulling down heavy game. For the same reason they were unable to travel long distances in the snow. Breed too was disinclined to move rapidly. His foot had healed, but the swollen leg was weak and tender. The pack averaged less than twenty miles a day.

At the end of a week Breed's old home was more than a hundred miles behind, and he was well up in the backbone of the hills. He came out upon a mighty divide and gazed off across a rolling country extending fifty miles each way, all of it high, but ringed in by still more lofty ranges, their ragged saw-teeth standing gaunt and grim against the sky. There were broad open meadows spread out before him, great areas devoid of trees, intersected by timbered ridges and rolling parks where the stand of spruce was dotted. The whole of it lay under a four-foot layer of snow and gleamed dead white and lusterless, but even so its

aspect was more inviting than the gloomy forest through which they had come.

The open-loving coyotes elected to remain in this land rather than penetrate the questionable beyond. As they crossed the open spaces, the racy smell of the sage leaked through the packed debris underfoot, and they knew that part of these valleys were carpeted with the same brush that clothed the foothills of their home-land. This was the summer range of the elk-herds, and once well down the slope of the divide, they found a country that seemed devoid of game.

After advancing in loose formation for five miles without any coyote finding a promising trail, Breed caught a fugitive scent of meat. He circled and looped, now catching it, then losing it again. The broad valley stood white and silent, gripped in a dead calm, and the few vagrant breezes were imperceptible, merely the slight gish drift of local air-pockets that shifted a few feet and melted.

The yellow specks that moved in pairs far out across the snow-fields slowed and halted, changed their routes and headed toward the leader, who was questing about with uplifted nose. The Breed dropped his head and ran with nose close to the ground, twisting and turning in one locality of less than a hundred yards in extent. The eyes of every advancing coyote were fastened on Breed. They saw him stop abruptly and shove his nose into the snow, and the little puff of steam which rose round his head as he breathed hard into the drift was clearly visible to them all. They put on more speed as he began to dig, and when the first of them reached him, they saw a tawny expanse of elk-hair at the bottom of the excavation.

They tore away the snow and uncovered the whole carcass of a winter-killed elk that had been refrigerating there for months. . . . Breed lingered near this spot for three days, the coyotes bedding near by in pairs, and up here where there were no men, they fed in the daytime whenever so inclined. There was not an hour of the day or night when Breed could not see one or more coyotes tearing at the elk. When the last scrap of meat, hide and hair had been devoured and the bones gnawed white and clean, Breed moved on in search of more.

There were always some few stragglers that lagged behind the elk-herds and failed to start for the winter range till after the passes were blocked with snow. These turned back and starved when the grass was buried deep and their feet were cut and worn from pawing through the crust to reach it—for the elk is strictly a grazing animal and does not browse on the twigs and bark as do moose and deer.

For a month Breed prowled this high basin country, and in all that time his feet never once touched earth except when crossing some bald ridge from which the wind had whittled the snow. His menu consisted exclusively of frozen elk.

A CHINOOK swept the hills and held for a week, the hot wind melting and packing the drifts and clearing the more exposed slopes free of snow. The pack had split up and scattered in pairs, each she-coyote selecting some likely spot and remaining in that vicinity.

The first day of the chinook every she-coyote started her den, and the sites, though widely separated, were in many respects identical. Each chose a ridge with a southeast exposure, with higher ridges behind it that cut off the sweep of the north and west winds; and every den was located in a heavy clump of sage. This latter feature was not for the reason that sagebrush reminded them of home, but because experience had proven that the heaviest growths of sage were indicative of deep, soft soil beneath and so pointing to easy digging, a rule used not only by home-seeking coyotes but by homesteading men as well, and one that held good throughout a half-million square miles of sagebrush country.

Shady too had settled on an open ridge and now spent much of her time there, but this seemed more from a disinclination to travel and a dislike of bedding in snow than from a definite purpose of excavating a den. This puzzled Breed. Shady seemed more to the casual dog way of trusting that a suitable spot would present itself on the day when her pups should arrive; yet there was enough of the coyote in her to cause her to scratch out a shallow nest in a sunny spot. This act was more for present comfort, however, than from any intent to make provision for the future.

Peg and Cripp had always clung more tenaciously to Breed than had the others of the pack, and Peg had settled on a ridge not more than two miles away; but Cripp was no longer to be found. It had been long since his voice had been raised in answer to Breed's call, and he had not come back into the hills with the coyote pack. Breed missed the trusty follower who had run with



Shady drove straight at the gray assassin. Before she reached him, Peg's teeth crunched on the wolf's hind leg. . . . The big wolf fled.

him on so many hunts, and day after day he expected to catch a trace of Cripp in the wind or to hear his friendly voice at night, but the crippled coyote never came.

Peg was now Breed's sole companion at night, except when their mates joined them at the two frozen elk carcasses in the bottoms between their home ridges, and the two of them explored the surrounding country together. Peg's lips were scarred along the right side of his face, the price of Breed's liberty. There are close ties between animals, a myriad proofs of friendships and amities the same as among men, and it may be that the act which had brought Peg those honorable scars had helped to cement the bond between him and the yellow wolf. Whether or not they had means of discussing Cripp's absence, there can be no doubt that they missed the genial old rogue that had been their running-mate for so many months and that they wondered at his fate.

Breed visited Peg's home ridge during the height of the chinook. Peg's mate was a silky-haired coyote, her fur fluffy and long. Fluff lay sprawled contentedly in the sunshine while her mate worked on the den. She growled uneasily at Breed as he peered down the hole. A shower of dirt greeted him, and he drew away as Peg backed from the den and shook the dirt from his fur. Fluff took her turn at the work, but soon tired of it, and Peg started in as soon as she left off. A she-coyote picks her own den-site and starts the hole, but because she is easily exhausted near denning-time, it falls to the dog to complete the den.

When Breed returned to Shady, he found her scratching leisurely at the nest she had scooped out. It was merely a raking of the surface to loosen and soften the bed, which was smooth and glazed from her having bedded there when her fur was wet; but Breed read it as a tentative start toward making a permanent home.

When Shady ceased her aimless scratching, Breed edged her aside and tore at the soft earth with his paws. He had buried himself to the hips before he drew back. Shady entered and critically inspected the hole, then immediately backed out. That

was the extent of her interest. It may have occurred to Breed that his mate's shifts at digging were extremely brief, but nevertheless he persisted till he had tunneled a curving entrance eight feet long and hollowed out a nest eighteen inches high by three feet across. All well-ordered she-coyotes have at least two, and the majority of them three, openings leading from their homes. Shady failed to indicate the direction which she wished these emergency tunnels to take, and so Breed laid them out according to plans of his own. By the time the den was completed, the chinook wind had cooled, and winter tightened down over the hills once more, freezing the surface dirt so solidly as to make further excavation impossible.

Breed repaired to the last frozen elk carcass in his neighborhood and found Peg there before him. An hour later a she-coyote came to feed. She sprawled flat in the snow and tore ravenously at the frozen meat. Her eyes were hollowed from hard journeying and lack of food. Breed knew her for Cripp's mate, and he momentarily expected to see his friend. When her hunger was appeased, she faced back toward the divide over which she had come, and howled; then, as if knowing her cry would go unanswered, she turned and left them as abruptly as she had come.

She had no time to lose, and she could not dig a den; yet she planned the best she knew. There would be no mate to rustle food for her, and meat would be the first essential while her pups were young. Five miles beyond Breed's home ridge she found an elk drifted deep under the snow in the heavy timber. She crawled into the heart of a windfall jam, choosing one where the lay of the land would prevent her being drowned out when the drifts should melt, and stayed there till her five pups were born.

When Breed returned home near morning he heard queer squeaks issuing from the yawning mouth of the den. Shady's doglike faith that a place would somehow be provided for the great event had been justified, and she had taken possession of the den which her wild mate had so carefully prepared.

Shady wandered no more with Breed, but stayed at home in the den, and for the first week all that Breed saw of her was a brief glimpse of her nose as she came to the mouth of the hole, seized the elk-meat which he brought as an offering, and backed down out of sight with it. After that he occasionally saw the whole of her, but these views were hasty. Whenever Shady emerged from the den, her tail barely cleared the mouth of it before she twisted back and dived headlong from sight, panic-stricken lest some mishap had befallen the pups during her long eight-foot trip from them to daylight. After two days of hourly excursions of this sort, she spent a few moments outside the den, and thereafter these periods were lengthened until she remained on the warm slope fully as much as in the den.

Night after night Breed heard the howls of the lone she-coyote that had denned in the windfall. Always she faced toward the land that had been her home. A she-coyote whose mate is killed after the running-moon will raise her pups alone and refuse to accept another mate; yet the howls she sent out were calls for a mate, and from this Breed knew that she did not believe Cripp was dead. He pondered long over this mystery of why Cripp still lived but did not join his mate.

The supply of elk-meat rapidly diminished and at last was gone. The only carcass Breed could locate within ten miles was the one near the windfall, and the widowed mother defended that furiously against all comers. The warm days of early March had turned it stale and putrid, but it was all she had.

Every waking second of Breed's time was spent on the meat-trail. An occasional blue grouse or snowshoe hare was the largest game he found. That the coyotes were faring as poorly he knew from the signs he crossed each day in the hills. He found the tracks of dog-coyotes many miles from their dens, and always the signs showed that they had been working out some cold rabbit-trail. Breed found the tracks of many bobcats in the hills, and these appeared to have been wandering aimlessly. But Breed knew that the noses of cat beasts are not keen enough to work out any but the warmest trails—that this accounted for his seldom finding signs that a cat had trailed a rabbit, and that their apparently crazy way of traveling was in reality a systematic shifting across the air-currents in search of the warm body scent of their prey. Several times Breed picked up a hot cat-track and followed it at top speed, but the big bobs held mainly to the heavy timber and always took refuge in a tree.

When Breed's pups were three weeks old, he had his first look at them when Shady came from the den on a warm afternoon and a swarm of fluffy little creatures toddled after her. There were eight of them, all with heavy frames that gave promise of their attaining almost as great size as their father, and there were strips of dark fur along their backs. After that first trip they spent much time romping and quarreling on the sunny side-hill.

A pair of golden eagles had nested on the rough face of a pinnacle that rose from the floor of the valley near its head, some five miles from Breed's home ridge. These mighty birds soared far out over the divide and returned with meat for their fledglings in the nest. Their pealing screams often split the silence of the valley. Shady paid small heed to them, but Breed often cast a wary eye aloft when the screams sounded from close at hand.

Shady was stretched comfortably before the den and watching the pups scattered out along the ridge when she became aware of a faint rushing sound such as the first puffs of a fresh wind make when they strike the trees some distance away. This increased to a humming roar. She looked up to see a huge shape driving down upon a pup with incredible velocity, swooping at a sharp angle, the great wings spread wide and hissing through the air as the big bird tipped dizzily from side to side. Within two seconds after the first droning sound had reached Shady's ears, she saw the eagle strike his claws through a pup and start up the valley on lazily flapping wings.

Shady raced madly under him and raged until the valley echoed to her fury. Then she quieted and watched till he was but a tiny speck off toward the nesting peak, the dead pup dangling loosely from the talons that had struck clear through the slender body, the hind claw on each foot meeting and interlocking with one front claw in a grip which nothing short of the actual severing of a leg-tendon could break.

Thereafter Shady knew why Breed showed uneasiness when an eagle screamed near the den.

The pups knew every note of their mother's voice and obeyed it implicitly. They would be asleep in the den when a note would summon them forth to play, every pup tumbling hurriedly out, she would give another cry when they were playing carelessly in the open, the tone being so nearly identical with that of the first that a man might hear it a hundred times and detect no difference—yet every pup would dive headlong for the nearest hole.

Shady learned to watch for the eagles. Nearly always it was a shadow which warned her first. She would see a swiftly moving black speck gliding over the snowfields or darting along the slopes of the ridges that flanked the valley, and she instantly issued a warning to the pups, knowing that where there was a shadow, there must be a bird above. Sometimes Breed saw the birds first and called. Shady relayed the danger-signal to her young, and even if she was half a mile away, the pups made a prompt and desperate spurt for the den.

## CHAPTER IX

THE snow melted slowly in the high country, but by mid-April a few bare spots showed in the more open meadows, the hardy mountain grass sending forth green shoots. The rabbits were drawn from the timbered ridges to nibble these first spring dainties. The surface of the drifts showed thousands of tiny mouse-tracks—the mice that had lived deep under the snow, subsisting on food previously stored, were now coming forth to swarm into these first cleared patches.

The pups had grown large and strong and were able to follow their parents on the meat-trail, and they soon learned to catch their own mice. The drifts in the passes had packed so firmly as to afford good footing, and the game was coming back to the summer range. The wolf family returned to the den no more, except perhaps for a casual inspection when their wanderings chanced to lead them to the neighborhood.

The main tide of the elk-migration set in, great droves of cows boiling through all the passes and streaming down into the green spots in the meadows. There was now meat in plenty, and the yelping barks of the cows sounded in the valleys that had been wrapped in white silence for so many months; but there was not a sound from the bulls; the antlered lords whose ringing challenges had filled the whole expanse of the hills the previous fall seemed voiceless now. These old fellows had remained up among the high bald ridges, their new antler-growth tender in its velvet sheath, and nothing would be heard from them till after the porous growth had hardened and their points were polished for the next rutting-time.

The bears had come from their long sleep and left the den.

There were black and brown bears and monster grizzlies roaming in the meadows. At first the diet of these huge beasts consisted almost entirely of grass and twigs, but their appetites rapidly increased, and it was no unusual thing for a bear to appropriate one of Breed's kills. Breed did not fear bears, knowing that their speed was less than his own and that they were harmless so long as he did not molest them and come into too close quarters. He accepted this stealing of his meat as part of the established order of things, and moved away when a bear came swaying leisurely up to his kill. (Continued on page 63)



The first day of the chinook every she-coyote started her den.



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"Do you do it often? If so,  
how do you manage to keep  
out of the police court?"

# TWO HOURS TO TRAIN TIME

By ROYAL BROWN

Illustrated by W. B. KING

IN the small wee hours David Travers came suddenly awake. The door of his room, which he had as usual neglected to lock, had opened. The sudden stir of air would have indicated that even if his eyes, with all vestiges of slumber startled out of them, had not assured him that somebody was bearing down upon him. He had no time to consider the apparition, however, before he found himself, as he believed for a tense instant, feloniously attacked.

The sheet which was his sole covering—the night was hot, contrary to the Inn's assertion that all nights were cool there—was sharply drawn back and something hot and damp was plumped down on his quivering chest.

"There!" announced a voice before he could find his own. "Perhaps that will make you feel better."

This was to be doubted; he had seldom felt worse. The intruder was unquestionably feminine, and he had an awful premonition that she was young and pretty. And although he had the repeated assurances of his sister that a pretty girl wouldn't bite him, he had a deplorable habit of acting as if he feared one might—on the slightest provocation!

So he lay there, thoroughly alarmed but quite speechless. A small cool hand searched out his forehead. "Are you sure you're not feverish, dear?" the visitor murmured. "Don't you think perhaps I'd better call the doctor?"

Her voice suddenly dwindled off. She had come into contact

with his hair, which, though rigorously cut to masculine requirements, was crisp and luxuriant.

"Oh!" she cried sharply. "I—I must have made a mistake."

Travers agreed with her perfectly, but lacked words to say so. Anyway, she paused for no further explanations, but fled incontinently. He, after an appreciable interval, glanced at his wrist-watch. The luminous dial informed him it was almost four. He gingerly removed the warm damp something which still reposed on his chest, and arising, switched on the light and regarded it.

Obviously it was a poultice. The humor of the incident, which would have strongly appealed to most men, failed to reach him. He felt thoroughly upset—outraged, almost. Nevertheless he blamed not his visitor, but Evelyn.

Evelyn was his sister. Once he had patronized her as is an older brother's privilege. Now, as a young matron of twenty-four, she patronized him, and worse still, persecuted him with deadly persistence. Like so many young matrons she had developed a monomania, the same having to do with the subject of matrimony.

"The trouble with you," she assured him, "is that you can't say boo to a pretty girl."

This was true—not, however, that he admitted it. To Evelyn he maintained that it was no lack of courage, but a deep-seated indifference to pretty girls that actuated him. Evelyn, who, to use his own ungracious phrase, always had some girl or other she wanted him to meet, refused to be convinced.

"Bosh!" she retorted. "Faint heart never won fair lady—" (This particular conversation had taken place five days before, in her pretty living-room.)

"Who wants to?" he made riposte.

"Any man who's not a born clam does sooner or later," she declared. "Love—"

"Love!" His voice was sardonic, his gesture cynical. "Somebody introduces you to a girl. You look her over, decide to call on her, send her flowers. She displays her wares, you yours. You examine your emotions as cold-bloodedly as a physician taking your pulse."

"What do you know about it?" demanded Evelyn.

"Then you pop the question," he went on inexorably. "Her father does the Bradstreet and Dun act, and if your assets are acceptable, there's a big wedding. After that, you live more or less unhappily ever afterwards—"

"Do you think that describes me and Ted?" Evelyn asked indignantly.

"Taking a general remark and making it personal is a feminine failing—"

"Do you?" she persisted.

"Of course not," he admitted.

BUT too wise to leave her in undisputed possession of the field, he attacked again, from another angle. "But let me ask you this: supposing Ted had been a coal-heaver or a plumber—would you have let yourself fall in love with him?"

"I would!" she declared defiantly.

"Not on your life!" he retorted. "That's just what I'm driving at. That is what love has degenerated to—something you turn on and off like hot and cold water: Romance is no longer good form. I prefer to have a girl marry me for myself—"

"What else would a girl marry you for," she interposed biting-ly. "You're not exactly John D. Rockefeller."

From that point the argument had degenerated lamentably into mutual recrimination that, as he reflected afterward, being the inevitable result of trying to talk sensibly to a woman—especially if she happens to be your sister. She had egged him into ill-considered bravado. Then she had sprung her mine.

"All right," she declared. "Prove it."

"What do you mean?" he asked with quick suspicion. "If you have some girl that you're going to throw at my head—"

"I'm sick of throwing pearls before swine," she broke in with that deplorable frankness common parenthood permits. "All that I ask is that you do something—"

She paused and considered, while he regarded her uneasily.

"I dare you to go to the Inn at Gull Point!" she resumed goadingly. "There are simply loads of pretty girls there this year—"

"It's hardly worth the bother," he interrupted hastily. "I'd be bored to death. And why should I put myself out to prove to you—"

"I'll make you a proposition. If you will spend just one week there and make the acquaintance of just one girl who isn't a perfect fright, I'll—I'll never bother you again. What do you say?"

"Oh," he announced airily, "you don't really bother me very much—"

"Trying to slip out of it," she accused scornfully. "Will you go?" He hesitated, and was lost.

"I will," he assured her grimly—grimly because he felt rather like Daniel about to enter the lion's den.

"And if you don't prove it," she went on relentlessly, "I'm to give a party and invite every pretty girl I know, and you'll be the only man there—"

"Look here—" he interrupted.

"And you can prove your perfect poise and imperturbability that way," she finished inexorably.

SO, on Saturday, Travers had arrived at the Inn at Gull Point. Since then four days had elapsed, and all he had proved so far was that the mere presence of pretty girls in his immediate vicinity gave him all the symptoms one can find described in the most enterprising patent-medicine advertisement—and gooseflesh to boot. He had made the acquaintance of none of them—nor, Heaven helping him, would he. So far Heaven had helped him, although he had had narrow escapes.

One gracious dowager, taking pity on his apparent loneliness, had waylaid him in the lobby with the most generous of impulses and frightened him almost speechless.

"Oh, no," he had protested when he had recovered his breath. Then realizing that this needed explanation he had added: "I'm

down here for a complete rest, you see. I'd like to awfully, but I think I'd better not meet anybody. Doctor's orders, you know."

From which grew the report that his nervous condition was bad. And though he certainly looked healthy, with his clean tan, one could see, as the dowager remarked, that he was under high tension.

Now, at almost four in the morning, he stood in his bedroom, visibly agitated.

"This," he decided, "settles it. I'll get out tomorrow."

On this high resolve he finally slept—after carefully taking heed for once the Inn's suggestion—"Guests are requested to use due care in locking their doors. The Inn Company will not hold itself responsible for money or valuables unless deposited in the safe at the office."

Obviously they would not hold themselves responsible, either, for guests being poulticed.

Breakfast was a fearful ordeal; he felt a hidden significance behind every casual glance. It was almost as if he wore the poultice on his chest, for everyone to see, as the *Ancient Mariner* wore the albatross. When it was over, at last, he fled to his room and packed. Then, no gallows or guillotines for the summary execution of superfluous time having as yet been devised, he found himself in the melancholy predicament so many of his poets have experienced.

It was as yet only quarter to ten; the train did not leave until quarter to twelve. He had two hours to kill, and he knew, from past experience, that the chances they would die lingeringly, resisting to the last, were excellent.

The chance of another encounter with the purveyor of poultices—bearing not poultices but apologies—weighed him down beyond reason. He would have sulked in his room had not the chambermaid hovered outside persistently and significantly.

"I wonder," he heard her remark to one of her kind, "how these people who stay in their rooms all day expect us to get through our work."

Whereupon Travers descended in search of some other sanctuary. The lobby offered none for such as he; nor did the wide veranda. There, in fact, were several gloriously ornamental young creatures who burst into giggling the moment he appeared. Travers, thrusting into his pockets hands that seemed self-conscious enough to have blushed, sauntered with too apparent assumption of ease down onto the beach.

This, contrary to the information found in geographies, was a desert of femininity with here and there a scant oasis of sand. He selected one of these, seated himself and producing a cigarette, lit it. . . . He wondered if those confounded chits—of such gallantry was he guilty—were giggling at him. Had they heard? Had everybody heard?

The day was such as August sometimes brings forth, warm yet with the hint of cooler days at hand. The tide was almost full; the surf, whipped up by some off-shore storm, was magnificent.

A few feet away from him were a man and a girl. A green-and-white-striped beach umbrella all but hid them from him, but he could see their hands, working at hollowing a little pit in the sand as they talked. The fingers touched now and then in a way that suggested a fugitive caress. The man's patently tried to stress and prolong this, the girl's skillfully eluded. But hers always returned, Travers noted cynically. Love? Perhaps so! But suppose he were a plumber or a coal-heaver—

THE cigarette he held, too long ignored, retaliated by scorching his fingers. He flung it from him, hastily and without thought, but with instant consternation. . . . It missed her, however, though only by inches. She had come from behind and now stood gazing at a cocky youngster who was paddling a canoe beyond the breakers. Travers following her glance, gave the canoeist a moment of critical attention, concluding that if he didn't get a dump it wouldn't be his fault. Then his eyes came back.

The golden brown jersey swimming-suit she wore was designed for service and trimly molded to her figure. Its tones blended marvelously with the beautiful tan of her neck and arms and the warm tints of her hair. She was neither tall nor short, but lithe, and the lines of her shoulders and slim straight back were worthy of prolonged consideration. He gave them that, albeit furtively, as she seated herself. Then he hastily averted his eyes as her casual survey of her surroundings encompassed him.

One would hardly believe she saw him; yet he suffered all the inevitable symptoms of his malady. But for once he felt an allied emotion, an angry impatience. What was the matter with him, anyway? He was twenty-eight, not at all 'had-looking—

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Conscious that everybody on the beach was watching him, he deliberately took hold of the bow and waded in to his armpits before he expertly vaulted aboard.



Evelyn had generously assured him,—and he wasn't wholly witless. He could talk to a pretty girl's mother—or her grandmother—in a way that visibly charmed them. But the pretty girl herself! He'd rather be boiled in oil—

At that moment memory arose and smote him. In his determination to flee the Inn frying pan he was about to fall into the fire. He had forgotten the party Evelyn had proposed as a forfeit, with his luckless self as the sole man among all the pretty girls she could gather. To him, at that instant, the ends of the earth presented attractions tourist agencies wot not of.

"I didn't agree to that, anyway," he assured himself. "I won't stand for it. I'll put my foot down—"

Unfortunately, however, he was well aware that Evelyn would maintain steadfastly that he had agreed, and that though he put his foot down fifty times, she would bob up serenely from under it. Desperation assailed him; he looked about as if hoping for aid from some unsuspected quarter. His tortured glance fell upon the girl in front of him.

There she sat. Here he sat. They were both alone. Suppose he should go to her and say, with calm assurance: "You are very beautiful."

Fiction had assured him, repeatedly, that men did things just like that, and got away with it. But then, in fiction it always turned out that the girl had gone to college with the man's sister or something like that and had recognized him at once. . . . Still, she couldn't call a policeman—but then, perhaps she could.

The blood pounded in his ears; his tongue had suddenly gone dry. The idea had taken possession of him; it had become an obsession. He was urging himself to throw off, with one supreme effort this absurd shyness and almost morbid self-consciousness that made his life miserable.

Too much thinking had indeed made him a little mad. He found himself rising; he heard himself essay speech.

"You—it's a—a beautiful day," he croaked.

Her glance inspected him from head to foot and then, an additional and unwarranted cruelty, reversed the process. Apparently, however, she had no intention of calling a policeman.

"Did you think I hadn't noticed it?" she drawled.

Travers' flush was painful to behold. But she was without pity.

"N—no," he managed.

"Then why mention it?" she remarked and looked out to sea.

Travers felt like a worm which has been stepped on. But as the testimony of generations shows, even a worm will turn at last.

"What I m-meant to say was that you are b-beautiful," he persisted.

She glanced up quickly. "Oh!" she exclaimed a little uncertainly. Then, recovering herself: "Did you think I hadn't noticed that?"

Travers dropped to the sand—literally dropped. His legs refused to hold him up longer.

The girl surveyed him, her admirable eyebrows slightly raised.

"Legally," she submitted, "I suppose you have a right to sit anywhere on the beach. But there are certain conventions that—"

The perspiration that beaded his brow was not all due to sun's glow.

"It's the conventions that I don't like," he broke in.

"So I observe," she commented. "Why?"

"Because they take all the romance out of life." He was talking haphazardly—but it happened to be the only way he could talk just then.

"Are you seeking romance?"

Travers nodded, speech failing him. All he sought at the moment was a place in the sand to stick his head into, ostrich-wise.

"Do you do it often?" Her voice was impersonally interrogative. "If so, how do you manage to keep out of the police court?"

Travers achieved the seemingly impossible. He blushed a shade deeper. He was given brief respite, however. The cocky young-

ster was coming in. The crest of an onrushing comber came and carried it shoreward with irresistible momentum, slewed about in the curl and nearly capsized. Fortune was its navigator; it slid up onto the sand half full of water but right side up.

The girl caught her breath and so far forgot herself to exclaim:

"Didn't he do that wonderfully well!"

"He should have moved farther forward," Travers replied. "That would have kept her nose down and instead of being about and taking in all that water, she would have come in clean as a whistle."

She gave him a quick, hostile glance. This he missed entirely, being intent on the youth, who, believing—and not without foundation—that he was the cynosure of all eyes, was looking at the water run out of the canoe. This accomplished, he stepped up onto the beach and proceeded magnificently toward the bathing pavilion.

"Could you have done it any better?" she demanded.

"Why—I have had some experience," Travers replied, conscious once more.

"Can two people do it?" she demanded quickly.

He nodded.

She sprang up, "Let's," she announced.

It took Travers by surprise; he so far forgot his manners to stare up at her, without rising. "You and I?" he questioned, somewhat perturbed.

She nodded, ever so blithely. "We'll borrow his canoe—and plain afterward."

This, Travers thought, might not be as simple as all that; he let it pass.

"My bathing-suit is packed—" he began.

"Oh," she broke in with an intonation that was not the least flattering, "do you need a bathing-suit?"

"I'll have to wade in to launch the canoe."

She surveyed him scornfully. "I thought," she remarked indignantly, "that you were seeking romance. I didn't realize that the romantic you had to carry a full change of costume—"

It struck Travers suddenly that she had had no idea he was going; she had just taken this way of getting her revenge. He gasped.

"Can you swim?" he demanded.

It was her turn to look surprised. "Why—yes," she admitted. "All right, then. Come along."

She did not move. "Go?"

"Why not?" he retorted, and even Evelyn, had she been there, must have rendered tribute.

The girl hesitated only briefly, and then her chin went up. Without another word she led the way to the canoe. Travers, realizing that they had reached the point where he could retreat, slid down to the water's edge. There he turned to assist her, but she was sufficient.

"Please sit in the middle," he requested. "And don't be frightened if it seems to be a bit wavy."

Then, conscious that every body on the beach was watching him, he deliberately took hold of the bow and waded to his armpits before he expertly vaulted aboard, snatching up a paddle. The canoe up the long slope to the first comber. It struck the curl just as they reached the crest, and a little water came over the rails.

"Don't mind—we're all right now," he said quickly. A thrill ran through him; he had not used a canoe this way for several years and had forgotten what glorious sport it was. "It?" he demanded.

She smiled, but a little doubtfully, and he noticed her



Breakfast was a fearful ordeal. When it was over, he fled to his room and packed.

gripped the gunwales. "I—I like it," she said breathlessly. "I—I hope you aren't going to tip." Travers gave her a quick searching glance. "But you said you didn't swim—"

"I didn't say how much, though," she answered unconsoling. "The second comber was this way. Travers concentrated his attention on it. As it passed, she uttered a little tremulous cry—"

"O-o-h!" "How much can you swim?" he demanded. "About twenty strokes. I—I have to stop for breath."

Travers set his lips, relaxed them to receive her, "In that case you better sit just as you can."

The canoe was clear of the breakers, but it was plunged in a sea of foam, tossed in the great raft with a springboard and chute.

The raft, usually heavily crowded with bathers at this season, was almost deserted. One of those who managed to reach it stood momentarily

stunned against the beautifully lithe, young man who was pitched headlong into the sea. "Were—were you ever when it was so rough?" Travers' com-

panion asked. Travers nodded. He handled a canoe in the sea than this. He looked at her furtively. She was pretty—

fairly pretty. Yet somehow he didn't feel usual symptoms. Perhaps it was because she had something to keep them occupied and were not usually superfluous.

"You—you do seem surprised," she remarked, reaching for a puff of hair the wind whipped across her face and then quickly catching the gunwale. "Steady!" he commanded, shifting his

weight to compensate hers. And he added to reassure her: "I am surprised; a canoe is a poor man's yacht, you know."

She gave him a quick glance. "Oh—I never heard that." "I can't imagine a poor man coming to the Inn," she broke out. "We've just returned from

South America, and though we thought prices were high there, we—well, simply aghast."

She might have accepted this as simply naïve comment, but Travers did not. He suspected that in the ingenuous, indirect manner of her sex, she was fishing for information. She had the sort of a credential. Now, pondering his remark about a

man's yacht, she was preparing to revise her estimate, if necessary. The thought stiffened him. "I'm not stopping at the Inn," he said coolly.

rendered his key and paid his bill; he was simply waiting now for his train.

"You aren't?"

The surprise in her eyes was, he thought, rather too apparent. Here indeed, was proof of his assertion that the modern girl was all of a piece, all with an eye to eligibility as the inevitable forerunner of romance.

"I'm just down for the day—" he began.

"But you said you had packed your bathing-suit," she interposed.

So he had. "I brought it along with me," he explained. He was thinking rapidly now, improvising as he went along. "Mr. Travers always urges me to. He is most kind that way—"

"Do you know Mr. Travers?" she demanded. This was startling.

"Why—some—"

"Tell me about him," she urged.

Here was a poser. "I—I don't know exactly what to say," he evaded lamely.

"What does he look like?" she prompted.

"Please sit in the middle," he requested. She complied, but without removing her interested eyes from his face. "Er—he's medium height and very dark—" he commenced.

"Dark. Why, I'm positive Evelyn said he was light. Do you know Evelyn?"

"Yes—I mean no—er—that is, not very well."

"She was my roommate at Vassar," explained his inquisitor. "She told me that David—I'm so used to hearing her call him that that I always think of him that way—was here. And I'm simply mad to meet him."

Travers swallowed—visibly. But she seemed not to notice.

"He's so very funny!" she remarked.

"Funny?" In spite of himself Travers' tone

was decidedly indignant and not a little resentful.

"About girls," she explained serenely. "Haven't you noticed it?"

"Why—he thinks the average girl isn't worth wasting any time on," said Travers with great dignity. "He—"

"That's what he claims, but it's really stuff!" she interposed. "Evelyn says he's simply scared blue—or perhaps it's pink—"

"when she as much as suggests that he meet a girl."

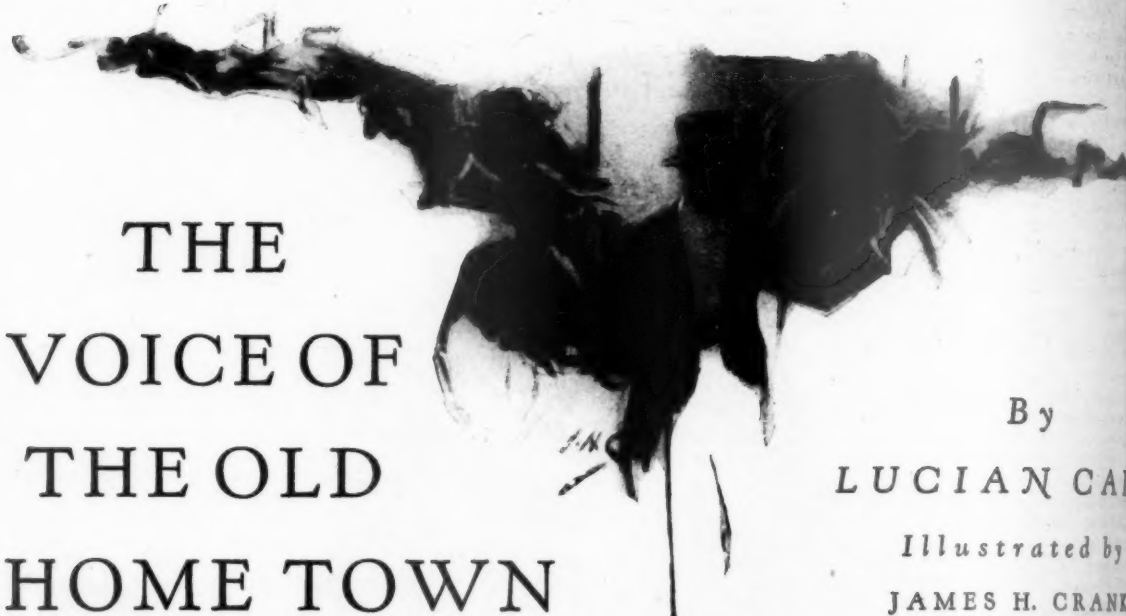
"Meet a girl! Why she's sicked every girl she ever knew—" He paused abruptly, conscious that he was speaking with more heat than his rôle called for.

"Oh, on him?" she finished. "Oh, no, she didn't. She never sicked me. I admit she did try to get some of the girls at Vassar interested in him. But she told me privately that he was a positive lemon!"

"I don't think," observed Travers (Continued on page 143)



Very innocent of eye she added: "Is Mr. Whitney a customer of yours too?"



# THE VOICE OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

By  
LUCIAN CAR

Illustrated by  
JAMES H. CRANK

THERE is a story that was old when the printing-press was new. It is more often dreamed than written: the story of the old home town. You have dreamed it yourself—dreamed of going back to the old home town and looking down from the heights of your achievement in the great world on those cramped and unimaginative souls who once looked on you with a skeptical eye, and of doing something handsome for the one person who was nice to you.

The commonest printed version tells how the great man goes back after many years and everybody welcomes him and admires him and envies him—and the aged school principal (who often warned him that he would never amount to anything) says proudly, "I knew you'd make your mark in the world," and all that. It is a triumph, even without the girl. Sometimes he is married, and seeing her, he thinks beautiful thoughts about what might have been. Sometimes she is married, and he goes to call and nobly refrains from letting her know how superior to her husband he really is. And sometimes neither of them is married, and the old home town story closes in a warm afterglow, with one of those autumnal romances that are so calm and so sweet.

This story doesn't often come true in actual life. So many of us who dream it never succeed as completely as we'd like. Those who do succeed on the grand scale lose the sting of their desire. We know it for the childish wish it is—this wish to wring a belated recognition from the companions of our youth and get even for the things they did to us when we were helpless. And though the voice of the old home town mocks us all down the years, few listen—save in odd moments. We don't go back. We idly dream the dream or read the story instead. Only Bill Torrance did go back. He had to go back.

THE first scene is Blondin's—which is certainly the most perfect restaurant in New York and perhaps in the world. It is a paradox in restaurants: it is not only perfect but half empty. You wonder the first time you dine there how so satisfying a place can give you this final satisfaction. But you wonder only until you get your check. The prices are so outrageous that no one would dare print them on a menu, not even Madame Blondin, who is more daring than Monsieur Blondin himself.

Bill Torrance had chosen to take Clare Sulloway to Blondin's because she was the sort of girl to whom he wished to offer the perfection that only Blondin's affords, but especially because he wished to tell her formally that he loved her. Bill Torrance had endeavored to propose to Clare on a dozen different occasions—once at the Empire Theater when Ethel Barrymore was doing a Barrie play there, and once in the lobby of the Ritz while they were waiting for Clare's mother, and once at the third hole at Stony Brook when there was a foursome waiting to drive, and

once in a hansom cab in Central Park. (Of course, in a girl to ride in a hansom cab is practically a proposal; in matter, no man could take a girl to Blondin's unless he liked her. But Bill wanted to say the words; and he couldn't, and he knew why; he wasn't ordinarily an indecisive person. The of Bill Torrance that he could walk (walk slowly but without stopping) through the machine-rooms of any good-sized factory making typewriters or motorcars or rifles or vacuum cleaners, lathes, and be prepared to order changes that would cost him production twenty per cent. He charged two hundred dollars a day for doing it and had more work than he could take.

He and Clare were very jolly together. They had known each other for two weeks. And the dinner was a triumph. But Bill didn't propose to her. Instead he found himself talking about altogether trivial things—such as the curious fact that no two tables at Blondin's were the same size and were thinking about quite serious things, such as the night he had flipped the outgoing freight in the yards at Siloam, or how McGoorty a yard behind. He didn't want to tell Clare that part of his life. He had never told anybody about it, and he had tried to forget it. Why was it always running in his mind when he was with her?

Clare had such steady eyes and such a red mouth; she was such a live thing and so happy; Clare had never known a man so to have a bad conscience. They went from Blondin's to Park Avenue in a taxicab. It occurred to Bill Torrance that it was as good a chance to tell Clare as any. Twice he tried to say it firmly: "Clare, I—" But the rest of the sentence would not come, and he had to make up something to fill the gap.

He dismissed the taxicab—it was only ten o'clock; and Clare would ask him up—and entered the lobby of the apartment-building at which he had called thirteen times in the last ten days. The elevator had gone aloft; for a moment he stood alone in the lobby, alone with the bay-trees in their pots and the echo of their own footsteps on the tiles; and in that moment the lights went out. Instinctively Bill took the hand of Clare's side; his shoulder touched hers; his arm went round her waist without volition. For perhaps five seconds they stood in the complete darkness of the lobby, facing the glass entrance, faintly outlined by the street-lights of the Avenue. Bill felt his knees tremble, felt his heart thud, and from a distance off he heard a boy's whistle, the shrill whistle that is blown by putting two fingers in your mouth, the whistle that is the most insistent of all human calls, the whistle that is the most insistent of all human calls, the whistle that is the most insistent of all human calls. Bill Torrance shivered and dropped his arm, and the lights came on. Instantly his fright was absurd. But he hadn't forgotten the whistle. He had remembered it. He had remembered it.

He could not look at Clare while they went up in the



He avoided her glance when she paused at the door. "Would you come in?" she asked.

"I'd like to, but—I can't—tonight. I've got to take the mid-night train to Detroit, and I haven't packed my bag, and I've got a lot to make out before I go."

"Why, Bill!" said Clare. "You didn't tell me you were going."

"I thought I could get out of it until this afternoon," Bill replied.

"How long will you be gone?"

"A week—ten days at most. I am going to Detroit for two days, to Chicago for two or three more, to Indianapolis—and home."

"I'm awfully disappointed."

"So am I," said Bill,—still avoiding her eyes, "but it can't be helped."

"Of course not. But Bill—there's something the matter. Why don't you come in for five minutes and tell me about it. I'd like to help."

"There's nothing the matter."

Bill's innocence was the innocence of any man with the woman he loves—perfectly transparent and perfectly impenetrable. He gave up gracefully.

"Good night—then," she said, and held out her hand.

Bill took it and pressed it and hated himself for letting it go.

Another minute he was walking fast down Park Avenue, trying to forget what he had remembered, and remembering more of it every step. His mind was busy with those memories of fifteen years back while he packed his bag; it was so busy with them

that he paused at the ticket-window that he forgot his change.

The man who followed him yelled at him to come back and get it.

But it was only after the train had started, and he had

ensconced himself by the window in the wash-room of the

car, where one may smoke, that he permitted himself to re-

member freely and gave himself up to disturbing reminiscences.

Bill sat looking dully out over the gloom of the Jersey meadows

and vividly picturing in his mind the map of the middle states.

It occurred to him that if you drew a line from Detroit to Chi-

cago and a line from Chicago to Indianapolis and a line from

Indianapolis to Detroit, you would describe a triangle, and the center of that triangle would fall with almost mathematical accuracy on the spot that marked Siloam. He got up and took a railway folder from the rack in the vestibule and opened it to the map. Siloam was not marked, but he knew the bend of the Wabash River where it stood. It was a few miles off the center he had imagined. His trip would take him around it; his trips had always taken him around it.

Bill Torrance had joined the River Gang the spring he was fifteen. He had rescued Snick Tiedeman, who sat in front of him in the high school, from the perils of a final examination in algebra. Snick had taken him, on the following Saturday, to the abandoned boathouse that was the gang's hang-out. Bill had been thoroughly aware that the rest did not regard him as an addition to the gang. He overheard Red Weldon telling Snick what he, Red, thought about it. Red had referred to Bill as a "goody-good." But Snick had the sort of mind that is incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time; he knew that Bill had furnished him with satisfactory answers to eight of the ten questions in the algebra examination, and this was eight more than he could have furnished himself. He swore by Bill and at Red. In the end Butch Harris had taken Bill aside and sworn him to eternal fealty. What Butch said went; Butch was the unquestioned leader of the River Gang.

The day had passed innocently enough, in fishing. They had cleaned the half-dozen fish they caught, and fried them in a rusty iron skillet, and eaten them. Bill had smoked his first cigarette, with such gravity that no one knew it was not his hundredth.

They stole nothing but green corn and apples and water melons that summer. Most of the gang worked. Butch Harris drove a grocer's delivery-wagon; Red Weldon was ten miles away on his uncle's farm; Snick Tiedeman tended the soda-fountain in his father's drugstore; and the rest had odd jobs cutting lawns and sweeping out offices. The boathouse was unoccupied for days on end. But the spirit of the gang revived when school opened in September.

The first Saturday, Butch Harris and three of the others ripped a shutter off a summer cottage a mile up the river and



In another moment he would have kissed her. But he did not have another moment. Down the street came a whistle, the whistle that is a warning.

took a .22 rifle, an ax and all the pots and pans. When these had been installed in the boathouse, Butch announced they must have a boat. The rest admitted that a boathouse without a boat was an anomaly.

"I'll get a boat, if anybody knows where one is," said Snick. "There's a boat in the barn behind the cottage where we got this stuff," said Butch.

"All right," said Snick. "I'm not afraid."

"I'll go with you," Butch answered.

They came back with the boat, loaded to the gunwales. In half a dozen trips the gang managed to remove everything in the cottage, including the stairs. It was Snick's idea that the stairs could be installed in the boathouse as a means of communicating with the loft. But they were too long, and there was already a rude ladder made by nailing cross-bars to the studding, and the gang made fun of Snick. He pushed the stairs into the river and let them float away, along with a wooden bedstead that took up more room than it was worth.

The exploit of furnishing the boathouse fed some latent strain of piracy in Butch's blood. He announced that he knew of a shanty-boat up the river that could be bought for seventy-five dollars. If any other member of the gang had mentioned such a sum with familiarity, they would have laughed. But Butch was not to be laughed at. They sat silent and uncomfortable, each waiting for another member to speak.

"Well," said Snick, "what would we do with a shanty-boat?"

"Float down the river in it, you fat-head. We could go down to the Ohio, down to the Mississippi, down to New Orleans."

The gang—they numbered a dozen now—considered this prospect without enthusiasm. They were instantly aware that they had mothers and homes and three meals a day. But no one quite dared to speak of these things in Butch's presence.

"What'd we live on?" asked Snick.

"The country," Butch answered. "The ducks begin to fly pretty soon; the woods along the Wabash are full of rabbits and squirrels; and down South there's wild turkeys and deer and"—here Butch paused—"bear."

The gang stirred uneasily. Bill felt that the prospect Butch held out was immensely alluring. But he could not see himself enjoying it. He was an orphan and lived with his grandfather Sheldon, who had a hardware-store in Siloam. He wasn't sure that being an orphan made it any easier to run away.

"I've got a job carrying papers."

**EVERYBODY** turned to look at the speaker. It was Erny Baker. Everybody sneaked a glance at Butch to see how he was taking it. The sense of the meeting was beginning to make itself felt.

"We'd look nice if they caught us," Sliver Kennedy said with a laugh. Nobody needed to ask who "they" were.

The boathouse was lighted by a single lantern that swung above Butch's head; the lantern swayed slightly, casting eerie shadows; off in the woods outside a screech-owl gave its weird call. For a long minute nobody spoke a word. Every boy in the room remembered that he would be late for supper. Off in a dark corner somebody mumbled "reform-school." Erny Baker spoke up boldly:

"I'm against it; and besides, I'm late for supper. I'm going home."

It was one of those moments by which a leader stands or falls. Butch Harris took a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket, bit off a corner and tucked it away in his cheek.

"I would go home if I were you, Erny," he said slowly. His tone was not bitter or angry or harsh. It was the tone of a tolerant adult speaking to a very small child. "It's where you belong," he added.

"You bet," said Snick Tiedeman.

"Sure thing," said Red Weldon.

Bill's heart swelled with daring. He wanted to stand with Butch.

"I'm for going down the river," he said firmly.

"It's time to get home," Sliver Kennedy suggested. "Let's everybody think it over, and we'll have another meeting."

"No," said Butch. "Those who want to go can say so now. Those who don't can get out of the gang and stay out. Every man who wants to go hold up his right hand."

Snick and Red and Bill and two other boys held up their hands; the rest shuffled their feet; Sliver Kennedy slowly raised his arm.

"You're out too, Sliver," said Butch. "You're too slow."

"Aw, Butch!" Sliver's voice was appealing.

"I mean it," Butch answered. "You're out."

"Out of the gang?"

"Out of the gang—for good."

"And one thing more—you fellows who didn't hold up your hands: somebody said reform-school a minute ago. Well, be the reform-school for us if we get caught—and for you. Every man here is guilty now. So I guess there won't be any snitching in this town."

**TWO** days later Butch called together the five who were loyal.

Butch's plan was simple enough: each member was to get five dollars a week; in three weeks they would have made fifteen dollars; he himself would agree to add ten dollars to his share, making a hundred dollars.

"I thought the boat was seventy-five dollars," said Snick.

"Yes," said Butch. "But we'll need twenty-five dollars for flour and salt and bacon and sugar and beans. One hundred dollars is the least we can start on. And I make the rule that any man who falls down on his share can have no more to make it up. If he fails—out he goes."

Bill wondered how on earth they would earn five dollars apiece. The largest sum he had ever earned in one week was a dollar and ninety-five cents, and that was in the summer, when he didn't go to school and there were lawns to cut. He asked Butch how he was to get the five dollars. He waited for one else to ask. They all waited for some one else to ask.

Butch grinned at them.

"Every man here is thinking: 'Where am I going to get five dollars a week?' Aren't you?"

Bill grinned back at Butch.

"I was," he admitted.

"Well," said Butch, "use some imagination. You can't see it."

"We'll have to," Red Weldon said.

"None of us can earn it this time of year," Butch said. "We can all take it where we find it."

Snick Tiedeman frowned with the intellectual effort of "You mean steal it?"

"I mean steal it," said Butch.

On the way home, walking slowly, with his hands in his pockets, Bill wondered what Mary Parker would say if she knew he had promised on his sacred honor to steal five dollars a week. He was "his girl." He had never kissed her, but everybody else had. He always walked home from school with a claim on her. He always walked home from school with a claim on her.

Five days later he slipped a twenty-dollar bill out of his grandfather Sheldon's till and gave it to Butch.

"You're the first man to come across, Bill," Butch said.

Bill thrilled with pride; he wanted to stand well with Butch, but he was glad he had stolen all he had to steal in one week. He knew he could never get up nerve enough to do it again.

Two of the boys dropped out the first week, but Snick and each got their five dollars.

"I'm glad they aren't going," Butch told the successful ones.

"Four of us is enough. But we've either got to raise the money or take a longer time. We haven't got any time to spare. You'd say to ten dollars apiece this week?"

The three nodded.

Bill knew that Snick was systematically robbing his grandfather's drugstore, but he had no idea where Butch and Red were getting their share. He wondered how long it would last. Somebody was sure to get caught. But he felt fairly safe himself. His grandfather Sheldon had not mentioned the loss of the twenty-dollar bill, and it was now too late to trace it to him.

At the end of the third week Butch counted up eighty dollars. "Fellows," he said, "it isn't safe to wait. I say we start on the shanty-boat."

"We could just take it," said Red Weldon.

"If we buy it, everybody'll know the next morning we're down the river. If we steal it, they may not find out we're in it for a week. And by that time we'll be tied up down the Ohio where they'll never find us."

"I'm game," Bill said. He tried to make his voice sound confident.

They agreed to slip out the following night, after everybody was in bed, and start down the river. Butch enjoined each of them not to leave a note.

"I'm going to write one to my father," he explained. "I'll say that he's in the post office so he'll get it an hour or two after I'm gone. I'll say that we're going to ride the blind man's bluff in Chicago. They'll telegraph the police in Chicago, and they're trying to find us in Chicago, we'll be on our way down the river. We'll get three days' start clear—maybe a week."

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He didn't want to tell Clare about that part of his life. Clare was such a live thing and so happy; Clare had never known what it was to have a bad conscience.



The next evening Bill left Snick Tiedeman at the corner.

"I'm going to catch up with Mary," he said. "I'll see you later."

He and Mary walked down to her house and started back toward the school. They passed Snick on the way. When they reached the school, they started back toward Mary's house. Bill didn't say much, and gradually Mary fell silent. It was dark when they finished the third round. Bill wanted to kiss her, but he never had kissed her—he had never kissed any girl; he had only just passed into that age when it is reasonable for a boy to want to kiss a girl. They stood a long time under the maple tree at the corner of the Parker lot. The windows of the Parker house were yellow squares of light. Bill looked down the street. They stood, their shoulders touching, in the dark shadow of the maple tree. The masses of the trees on either side of the street were like a doorway, faintly outlined against the light of the arc-lamp three blocks away. Bill's arm went round her waist. In another moment he would have kissed her. But he did not have another moment. Down the quiet street came a boy's whistle, the shrill whistle that is only made by putting two fingers in your mouth, the whistle that is the most insistent of all human calls, the whistle that is a warning.

Bill shivered and dropped his arm.

"I guess I'd better be going," he whispered, and was off. It was Snick Tiedeman's whistle. Bill knew what it meant, before he reached Snick.

"They've caught Butch and Red," Snick said. "Marshal McGorty arrested them both in Main Street half an hour ago. Old man Connors came into our store and told my father. I was behind the prescription-case. I sneaked out."

"What are you going to do?" Bill asked.

"Hop a freight."

"Come on," said Bill. They ran toward the freight-yards. Snick was slow, but Bill could not leave him behind when Snick had risked his own chance of escape to warn him. He could hear Snick puffing and blowing behind him. They had a good half-mile to run. He headed for the coal-yard gate. The gate was closed. His breath was all gone. His side was a stinging pain. He shut his teeth and ran on down the walk beside the high board fence. He was near the corner now. It was only twenty yards more to the tracks. He forgot all about Snick. He was running for his life now. He ran plump into the arms of Marshal Tim McGorty.

He ducked, broke away, ran on. He heard a shout and looked back. Tim McGorty had knocked Snick down. He saw the Marshal duck his head and start like a sprinter. Bill caught a great sobbing breath and ran on, his legs wobbling under him, his head swinging from side to side. He could hear the sharp crunch of the Marshal's feet in the cinders.

Bill ducked between two freight-cars, ran across two tracks, again ducked through a standing freight. He could hear the deep puff-puff of an engine starting, and clang of the bell. He ran on, ducked through a third line of freight-cars. The next line was moving. He glanced over his shoulder. The Marshal was coming like a terrier after a rat. Bill gathered himself for one final effort, running alongside the freight. He was only keeping up with it now. Of a sudden he saw the caboose coming. With a strength he didn't know he had, he caught the iron rail, swung, held on. Tim McGorty was a shout in the distance. . . .

Bill Torrance, sitting beside the window in the Detroit express,

could feel again the pain of every gulp for air as he clung to the iron strap, and see again the switch-lights of Siloam winking in the rushing dark. He had never seen Siloam since. He had never learned what happened to Butch and Red and Snick. He had never dared inquire. He was a thief, a fugitive from justice. His whole career, his years of working in a machine-shop by day, studying by night, had been one long flight from the punishment awaiting him in Siloam. It had been a long useless fight for him to must face it at last.

Bill Torrance finished his work in Detroit and left for Chicago on schedule. He spent three days in Chicago. It was time to go on to Indianapolis. But this time he could not go to Siloam—else he could not face Clare, else he could not face Clare.

Bill left his suitcase at the new brick railway station and walked up Wabash Avenue toward the Tiedeman's drugstore. The pavement was brick now, and there were cluster lamps every hundred feet where formerly there had been no light but sputtering gas swung high over a few street-intersections; and there were new store-fronts. But little else was changed. He recognized everything as though it were yesterday.

Tiedeman's corner hadn't changed. There was the same sign in faded gold letters: CIGARS—TIEDEMAN—DRUGS. Bill Torrance walked in.

A young man in a suit of white duck was busy at the marble fountain.

"Is Mr. Tiedeman in?" Bill asked.

The young man smiled.

"Why, no, brother; Tiedeman sold out five years ago. Mr. Bannister owns it now."

"What's become of Mr. Tiedeman?"

"The old man—he died a long while ago."

Bill moistened his lips.

"Where is young Tiedeman?"

"He's on a farm up near Peru. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," said Bill. "No. I used to know young Tiedeman—that's all."

Bill walked on down the street.

What did "he's on a farm" mean? Bill walked down one side of Wabash Avenue without seeing anyone he remembered. Larch and Storm were still running a department-store, but he had never known either family. He crossed the street and started back down the other side. The second square was a nice-looking grocery store with the sign WELDON. Bill wondered by any possibility that could be Red Weldon's older brother. He walked by; there were two or three customers in the store who had been proprietor from view. Bill turned and entered the store. A heavy man, young but already bald, was taking orders. He looked familiar enough; he had the Weldon nose—or had he? Bill waited until the man was free before he stepped up.

"Are you Mr. Weldon?"

"That's me," said the grocer. "I'm stocked up, overstocked you might say. I'm not buying."

"And I'm not selling," said Bill. "I used to know your kid brother years ago and I called to say 'How do you do.'"

The grocer looked hard at Bill.

"I never had a kid brother," he said. "What's your game anyhow?"

"You aren't Red Weldon himself?"

"I guess I am."

"I'm Bill Torrance."

"I'm sorry to say I don't remember you," the other added incuriously.

"Don't you remember the River Gang and Butch Harris and—"

The grocer grinned and held out his hand.

"Now I've got you," he said cordially. "You ran away the night they arrested us, didn't you?"

"I did."

"You hadn't ought to have done that. You haven't been here since, have you?"

"No," Bill admitted. "But I've always wanted to know what happened to you."

(Continued on page 73)



"Yep. In my old home town I was a burglar."

In its present installment this great novel of America today reaches its startling conclusion. It will be followed in an early number by the first installment of its author's new novel, as different from the present one as night from day but no less powerful and timely.

# A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

By CLARENCE  
BUDINGTON  
KELLAND

Illustrated by  
FRANK STREET

The story so far:

THE best possible bargain—the highest price for her beauty—had been the ambition of Jane Lang, the discontented daughter of the conservative socialist Daniel Lang. The thread of her life became interwoven with those of others—with that of Peter Ogus, a radical Russian who claimed to be a prince and yet the friend of Lenine; with that of Cleghorn Islip, son of the wealthy packer Abner Islip, her employer; and with that of Major Weeks Ledyard, a former personnel officer with the A. E. F., who had taken a similar position with Islip. So too Cleghorn Islip's life-thread had become entangled with those of Jane Lang; Anna Clotts, his crudely attractive stenographer; and Ruth Deyo, a nurse in charge of the hospital at the Islip plant.

Young Islip, passing through a congested quarter in his car with Jane Lang, ran over a small boy. Jane fled from the scene and from newspaper publicity—but a Red named Keenan saw her, went to Jane's father and threatened to spread a scandal about Jane if Lang didn't lend his influence to the Reds. Lang's reply was to choke Keenan into insensibility.

Cleghorn had agreed to meet Anna at a lonely spot on the lake shore. He arrived in time to see her murdered by her jealous lover Borginski, a Red and a friend of Keenan's. And as a result Cleghorn was himself accused of the murder and "blackmailed" by Keenan and Borginski.

Meanwhile Keenan had sought revenge on Daniel Lang. A bomb Keenan had sent through the mails had killed innocent people. Keenan sent a partly finished bomb to Lang, then "tipped off" the Federal authorities to search Lang's house. Jane found the bomb first, however, and hid it from the officers. Then

she left the house, determined no longer to live under the same roof with such a man as she believed Lang to be.

Ogus met her, and masking desire under simple friendship, found a room for her with Mrs. Clotts. Lang, seeking her, went to Abner Islip, and the two fathers became friends. Cleghorn was questioned, but he knew nothing of Jane. Meanwhile Jane had learned, through Ogus' repulsive advances, what marriage without love might mean. And Mrs. Clotts learned, through an overheard conversation, who had murdered her daughter Anna.

Ogus and Keenan now demand of Abner Islip compliance with their plans for revolution, as the price of Cleghorn's freedom. The boy defeats them by falsely confessing Anna's murder and refusing freedom. . . . In order to escape from the Clotts house, Jane promises to marry Ogus. Mrs. Clotts poisons Borginski and Keenan. Federal officers, with Weeks Ledyard, raid the Clotts house.

The story proceeds:

## CHAPTER XXIX

CLEGHORN drove to his father's plant and ascended to the hospital on the top floor. Ruth Deyo was not to be seen in the big rest-room, and Cleghorn rapped on the white door of the little infirmary. Ruth opened it. She drew back, startled, made as if she would shut the door in his face.

"Miss Deyo—please!"

"What do you want? Why do you come here?"

"To say good-by."

"You—are going away?"

"Yes."

"Good-by, Mr. Islip."

"Not even a handshake?"

Ruth let him take her hand; it was cold.

"I am going on a long journey, Ruth, and I sha'n't come back. I thought—I was hoping you would let me talk to you a little—about myself."

"You're not coming back?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

She pressed her knuckles to her lips; her face was colorless.

"May I come in?"

She stepped aside to let him pass.

"Ruth," he said, "I know what you think of me. . . . You have let me see that."

"No. . . . No." She was afraid he had discovered what he had not discovered.

"You have avoided me, because you thought I was not fit to know you. You were right. I haven't been fit to know you. I've been no good. I've been all sorts of a rotter. . . . I didn't realize it until you showed me. I didn't care until I saw how you despised me."

"Not despised, Mr. Islip. Honestly—"

"Yes, despised. That wouldn't have mattered if I didn't love you."

"Mr. Islip!"

"Please! I have a reason for telling you this now, a sort of right to tell you—because I shall never see you again. But I want you to know it. It will mean nothing to you, but it will mean a great deal to me—to remember I told you I loved you, and that, if I hadn't gone on this journey, I would have tried to become the kind of a man you might respect—if you could never love him. . . . That will be my last thought."

"Your last thought!" The words startled her, frightened her. "What do you mean?"

"I've been very foolish, Miss Deyo, and I've got to pay for my foolishness."

"Yes. But—"

"Something is going to happen that will make everyone—think of me with—with loathing. That doesn't matter if only you know the truth. I have come out here to see you and to tell you the truth. Nobody in the world will know it but you and my father. May I tell you?"

"Yes. . . . Yes."

"There was a girl, Ruth. You knew her. Her name was Clotts, and she was my stenographer. Once she was brought up here, do you remember?"

She did remember—with bitterness.

"She was killed—the night I came to you, the night you were so good to me; that night she was killed. She wrote me a letter asking me to meet her. There had never been anything between us, Ruth. That is the truth—nothing but a little idiocy, nothing really wrong. Do you believe me?"

"If you say it is true."

"She was killed at the place she had set for the meeting. And afterwards, when I was not myself,—you remember how I was,—I came to you. I was afraid. I came to you because I loved you and because, in the back of my muddled head, it seemed as if you were the only person in the world who could save me. . . . I came to you to be protected; I loved you that way."

"Did you—did you—" She could not utter the word.

"That is what I have come to tell you. . . . I was there. Two other men were there, and when the girl was killed, they attacked me and accused me of the murder. Two of them! They found her letter in my pocket. And they said they would swear they saw me kill the girl. There wasn't any escape, you see. . . . But Ruth, I didn't kill Anna Clotts. I didn't meet her that night. I was just coming to the meeting when I saw one of those men—do the thing. That is the truth. That is the truth I want you to know."

RUTH was trembling; her eyes were dry, but there was dumb agony, pictured in them. "You didn't—kill her?" "I did not."

She shut her eyes, even swayed a little as if attacked by sudden weakness.

"I'm—glad," she said in a whisper.

"Those men held the thing over my head—made me give them money—followed me about and spied on me. . . . I thought I should go crazy."

Ruth uttered a little cry of pity. She could visualize the horror of it.

"This morning," he went on, "they forced me to take over Father's office. They were anarchists—or something. They had a plot—to wreck this country—a big plot. And one of them was a leader in it. They accused me to Father, and told him I should go free if he gave them control of his business, of the food of the country—so they could make misery and starvation. It would have been horrible. They offered to trade their money for that. Father refused, and I hated him. I—I was frightened. . . . And then Father consented. He had told me only the night before that if I ever was in trouble, he would do anything to help me out. And he kept his word."

Ruth was staring now with wide eyes. Her lips were pale. Her strong, lithe young body was tense with the emotions that racked her.

"One of the men said something—something that would have made me see. He said the returned soldiers wouldn't fight for their country, I am a returned soldier, you know. I can't account for it, but I wasn't afraid any more. . . . You see, I had gone to the men willingly. I hadn't been afraid of being killed over them—its hard to put into words. Father had given in to them. It meant—possibly it meant that their plot would succeed, and they would ruin this country. Do you see?"

"I—see."

"I had denied the crime. But the thing got clear to me. I wouldn't see me—see the thing happen to me, and there was no way to stop him from doing what those men demanded. I confessed to killing the girl. . . . They thought I was lying—and I called the police to convince them. Now I am on my way to give myself up. . . . But I wanted to say good-by to you first, and to tell you the truth. You must never speak about this. Ruth. Nobody but you and Father know. But I love you—and it will—will be a comfort to me—to think you know."

"What will they do to you?"

He hesitated. "I might have been killed in France, you know. Oh, you mustn't. It's horrible. You must get away. You mustn't do such a thing. Go back to your father—"

"And see this country destroyed by anarchists and Bolsheviks. Think what that would mean. Think a moment." He took her cold hand and stroked it.

SHE was silent, struggling with herself. She saw that it would mean the reign of the dregs. She saw what Cleghorn was doing, and in spite of her horror, her heart leaped to something akin to pride. She looked at him with eyes that had never seen him clearly before, with something in her eyes that would remember in the last instant of his life. Tears came, and she swayed toward him, into incredulous arms outstretched to receive her, and clung to him sobbing and trembling.

"I didn't despise you," she said between her sobs. "It was that. . . . I loved you, Cleghorn. I've loved you—and loved you. But—I saw things—and I tried not to love you. That was it. I loved you first. I've always loved you."

"You—you loved me!"

"Yes. . . . Yes."

"My dear. Oh, my dear, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

"Sorry?" She looked up at him for his answer.

"Because this will—hurt you. Oh, it's wonderful, Ruth, I can't believe it; but I wish it were not true."

She drew back from him, struggled to master herself and to become calm.

"Cleghorn," she said, "I am not sorry. I am glad—I will always love you. You will always be in my heart—always. If you—go on this—journey,"—her voice broke,—"my heart will go with you—and stay with you. Oh, we must save you—must be some way."

"There is no way."

"And nobody will ever know what you have done—what you have done—for your country?"

"Does that matter?"

"But I will know. Oh, even when I am dying with grief, I shall be proud—that I loved a man—who was not afraid."

"Will you kiss me—good-by?"

He released her—but retained her hand, which he raised to his lips. "Good-by, Ruth," he said, and the happiness of the moment made it possible for her to smile.

"No. No—not yet!"

"Yes. I must go."

"Let me come with you."

"No."

"I will come to see you—every day, every hour, if they let me."



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"I killed Anna Clotts, Weeks."



"Your last thought? What do you mean?" "I have been very foolish, Miss Deyo, and I've got to pay for my foolishness."

"No, Ruth. This is good-by." He held her hand to his lips. She did not cling to him, did not make the parting more bitter by a display of grief. She mastered herself for his sake.

"Good-by," she said. "Remember—I shall be thinking of you, loving you, every moment. When you think of me, I shall be thinking of you. You will never be alone again. My love will be with you. And—and"—she took his face between her hands, and looked into his eyes—"at—the end, my love will be—at your side—to go—on the journey with you. . . . Oh, my dear—my dear!"

He left her. Once in the middle of the big room he turned to look again: her eyes were there to meet him. At the door he turned for the last time, and paused an instant. That was the real farewell—the farewell spoken by soul to soul, which only the eyes are capable of transmitting.

Cleghorn descended to the street, and in a moment was driving toward the heart of the city, on his way to give himself up to the police for the murder of Anna Clotts.

### CHAPTER XXX

IT was Weeks Ledyard who spoke first after he entered the taxicab with Jane Lang—and that not until the cab had been on its way for minutes. It is not surprising that he could not speak, nor that Jane herself was silent. Ledyard, astounded that the snare he sprung had caught such game as Jane, with the added fact that he had entered that bedroom just as Jane promised to become Peter Ogus' wife, was weighted down with disquieting thoughts. Jane knew Ledyard had heard her promise—and she

was on her way to a police station, under arrest! It was enough to hold her silent.

"Miss Lang," said Ledyard at last, "I—believe me, I had no idea you were in that house." He felt the necessity for having a part in her ill fortunes.

"You couldn't know," she said faintly.

"I want to be your friend—in this. Is there any way I can help—anything I can do?"

"No."

"I have no right to ask questions—even as a friend. But—you must understand that you are in—an unpleasant situation."

"I understand."

"You were arrested in a house that was headquarters for a plot to overthrow the Government. Murder had just been done there. I cannot bring myself to believe you were a part of that plot, or had a hand in those murders."

"I can't talk. I mustn't talk."

"You couldn't know," he said presently, "but I have been searching for you—day and night."

"You! Searching for me!"

"Yes."

She pondered over that.

"You will want your father at once," he said.

"My father! Oh, how is my father? May I see him?"

"I will arrange it. I will telephone him immediately."

"Telephone him! He—you can telephone him? Where is he?"

"At home."

"Not—not in—not arrested?"

"Your father arrested?" It was Ledyard's turn to be surprised. "What for?"

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"They—he told me Father had been arrested."  
 "He lied."  
 "He told me the police were—searching for me."  
 Ledyard scented a secret something underlying her words, some motive enmeshing her, perhaps—something explanatory, exculpatory.  
 "He lied," he said again.  
 "Father was not arrested?"  
 "Never."  
 "He is not—suspected of— Oh, I mustn't—I mustn't."  
 "If you could be frank with me, Miss Lang— You must be frank. This is serious business."  
 "But you are an officer—some kind of officer."  
 "No. I have merely been useful to old friends in the Intelligence service. I discovered things, and—helped. I am not an officer."  
 "I—you make people trust you, Mr. Ledyard. I have always felt that. When I see you, that is what I think—that you could always be trusted."  
 "I am glad you think so."  
 "Oh, I don't know what to do. Such things have happened. I—I am frightened. . . . That house—it was horrible! That woman was horrible." She lay back with closed eyes. "They—I've been locked in my room since yesterday morning—without a morsel of food."  
 "Locked in—a prisoner? Why?"  
 "Because I found those bombs in Mr. Clotts' room."  
 "Then you—knew nothing about them?" She could not but perceive a note of relief in his voice—and something else not to be identified.  
 "I knew nothing—nothing. I had a room there; that was all. I was hiding. Peter Ogus took me there to hide me?"  
 "From whom?"  
 "The police."  
 "The police? Why did you fear the police? Had you done anything to make you fear the law?"  
 "Not I. But—"  
 "But some one else had?"  
 "Yes. Oh, and I had done something—I had destroyed things, deceived the officers."  
 "You mean you knew of some crime and destroyed the evidence?"  
 "Yes."  
 "You must have cared greatly about—the man—to make you do that?"  
 "Not—not in the way you mean."  
 "Was the man Peter Ogus?"  
 "No. Conceal a crime of his!" There was loathing in her voice.  
 "I hate him—I hate him."  
 "But I—" He stopped and bit his lips.  
 "You heard me promise to marry him," said Jane. "I did promise; but— Oh, I can't explain now."  
 Ledyard was thinking keenly. Jane had thought to protect some one, some one she loved. It was not Ogus. She had fancied her father under arrest! He turned to her suddenly.  
 "Was it your father?" he demanded.  
 She was silent. If her father was not under arrest, it might be that he was not in danger, that she had actually saved him. She must not speak.  
 "Miss Lang, something has happened that I don't understand. Somehow you have been made to believe your father was involved in a criminal thing. Was it this plot of Ogus?"  
 She did not speak.  
 "If Ogus told you so, he lied."  
 "It was not he—he didn't tell me. I discovered—" Jane bit her tongue; it had betrayed her.

"Jane,"—it was the first time he had used her given name, and now he did it unconsciously, but not without her taking note of it,—  
 "what did you discover? Tell me everything. You said you trusted me. You found evidence against your father and destroyed it. That's what happened, isn't it? What evidence did you find—and where and how?"

Against her will she answered him, but she had come to the point at last where she must talk, where she must confide in some one stronger than herself. "It was on his desk—the morning after those bombs—the ones that killed people at breakfast. I went into his room. On his desk was one of those bombs, and a letter to him—boasting. Then officers came to search the house—and I destroyed the things—to save Father."

"Jane," said Ledyard, "I don't know how those things came to be on his desk, or why they were there; but this I do know: your father was not concerned with them. He had nothing to do with this plot. I know it."

SOMEHOW his words strengthened her, almost made her hope, almost made her doubt.

"No—no—I saw them. I found them—and that letter. It was to Father."

"Lying openly on his desk?"

"Yes."

"Was your father a careless man?"

"No," she said, wondering.

"If he was not a careless man in ordinary matters, would he have left a bomb and a letter on the top of his desk for anybody to find—if he were mixed up in a plot to murder?"

"I—oh, I don't know."

"And officers came to search the house—that very morning?"

"Yes."

"Rather a coincidence, isn't it—that your father should have been so unnaturally careless on the very day his house was to be searched?"

"You mean—"

"It looks as if some man put those things there to be found, and then told where they were to be looked for."

"Oh, if only I could believe it! It was frightful. My father a murderer—of women and babies! I couldn't endure to see him again—to live under the same roof with him."

"That is why you went away?"

"Yes."

"But Ogus—and that house?"

"I didn't know where to go. I met him on the street, and he took me there. He said I would be safe."

"Tell me everything—everything," said Ledyard, and there was murder in his heart.

The barriers were down now, and she talked, eagerly, passionately. Hour by hour, day by day, she went over the time passed in the Clotts house, recounting, describing. She told him her very emotions, her thoughts—told him of her one evening of freedom and of the old woman who sold hot tamales. Even he, jealous and miserable though he was, could not but believe in her loathing for Peter Ogus.

"But you promised to marry him!"

"I had to get out, *don't* you see? It was the only way—to make him take me to a minister, so I could tell about those bombs. I couldn't let those—all those unsuspecting people be—murdered."

The car stopped. They were at police headquarters.

"Don't be afraid," said Ledyard gently. "Everything will come straight. I will make it come straight."

She gave him her hand, and at his touch she felt as she had felt at the pressure of no other hand. "You would," she said tremulously. "It is like you to—to—make things come right."

They passed down the hall to the chief's room, and Ledyard rapped. A uniformed (Continued on page 190)





AS was expected, the Soviet idea has hit the cactus. The sage-brush and the sage-hen are both by way of being nationalized. And here's the first record of

# COMMUNISM IN SHADOW VALLEY

By WILBUR HALL

Illustrated by  
QUIN HALL



"The Savi-et of the Cow-men, Teamsters, Wranglers and Hands of the Shadow Valley Ranch has issued their uli-matoom," he says.

RUMORS of the late revolution on the Shadow Valley Ranch had reached me from afar: later I obtained an invitation from Major Brush to come out and see for myself. But he was valueless as a historian—at the very outset some recollection would send him into those window-shaking peals of laughter of his, and the story would come to a period. My one hope was Stumpy Jones, that crude Homer of the Upper Kern, and him I cultivated assiduously.

For days my hints and circumlocutions brought nothing more than grunts from the one-legged rider, but patiently I set my decoys. There came, then, a certain Sunday morning, on which Stumpy, seizing the opportunity while the Major and Miss Letty were at church, to work on the hair-rope he was making for the girl's wedding present, whistled me over to his side in the lee of the harness-room. He stretched there in the sun, looking down on that sweet country lying between Lonesome Mountain and the drowsing Kern, which is half meadow and half grassy foothills and which forms the home place of the Major's ranch Paradise. I joined him in silence—soothed by the distant murmur of the river, the drone of the bees in blossoming alfalfa, the musical clatter of copper pots and iron pans from the sacrosanct precincts of Sam Li. The only human notes were an occasional oath or a short, high laugh from the bunkhouse, where the hands dawdled over seven-up.

And as it chanced, it was the voice of one of the teamsters, suddenly upraised in oratory and as suddenly checked by loud, raucous and insulting derision, that brought Stumpy out of his reverie. He looked off across the garden a moment, and jerked his thumb in the direction from which the voices had come.

"Wouldn't you think, now," he inquired abruptly, "that a growed man would get over havin' ideas after a while? 'Specially a man that aint got what you'd call any extra capacity for ideas to begin with?"

"As who?" I asked.

"That there Montana mule-driver—Bird Branscom," Stumpy answered. "Bird is as good a hand as I know of when it comes to hooking up mules that don't belong to the same religious persuasions and that has preordained prejudices against being hooked up at all. And he can cook a fair species of beans, containing salt pork, onions and chili. But he aint satisfied, Bird aint."

"How do you mean, Stumpy?"

"Ideas—that's how I mean," Stumpy said with some disgust. "Give me or you or Misty Hammond or the Major a day's work in our line, and three or four meals and a bunk, and we can get along without any ideas to speak of. But give Bird Branscom his choice, and he'll let the day's work slide and pass up the chuck and the blankets just for a chance to bulldoze and throw a new idea! Funny thing."

"Go on," I prompted.

"Well, I guess maybe you heard about the Shadow Valley Savi-et of Cowriders, Hands and Skinners, haven't you? ... Uh-huh! Laughin' about it, too, wasn't they? Of course. Well, that was Bird Branscom. Just now he was elevating his vocal organs over there in the bunkhouse, interruptin' a peaceable game of seven-up at a cent a point, with somethin' brilliant he'd spoken. You notice what they did to him, didn't you? Sure. And I'll tell you why. The Russian Savi-et that Bird organized has put him considerable behind with the hands on this ranch. Ideas are selling awful cheap here these days, and when it comes to Bird's ideas—well, he can't give 'em away. I'll yarn you the yarn, and you'll see why."

SOME day (Stumpy began) a slick stranger is going to come along and talk the Major out of his bank-account and his white-face steers—he's that easy and free from care. If it hadn't been for the Major, of course, Bird Branscom's big idea wouldn't have got any farther than a lot of big words hatched together and drove with a jerk-line. But what happened was that the Major honed to go up to Menachee Meadows with the Summers boys, from up Inyo way, to fish for golden trout, but with Steve Manson away in the Canada army and nobody here but me and my oak peg to run the ranch, he didn't see how he could make it. It made him lose weight, too—to think he couldn't rig himself up and go off into the high Sierra. I was in the office the day he was having Miss Letty write the letter to the Summers boys saying it was no use trying.

And then who should come in but Bird Branscom and his proclamation.

He drew it up himself—you could see that, by the way it hung together. Get the Major to show it to you sometime. It had a ten-cent bottle of red ink wasted on it, and the Major couldn't make it out at all.

"What the blazes is it about, Branscom?" he says, grinning. "I get the 'whereas' parts clear enough, but the 'resolved' stops me dead!"

Bird redded up. "The Savi-et of Cow-men, Teamsters, Wranglers and Hands of the Shadow Valley Ranch has issued their ultimatum, Major," he says. "We demand control of this here ranch by tomorrow at high noon. Twelve o'clock, in other words."

The Major sat back and began to take a breath. If you've ever heard him when he was kind of irritated and wanted to convey that fact to bystanders, you'll understand why I moseyed over toward the door and motioned Miss Letty to clear out. But Major Brush let the breath go again, and only grinned. I saw his eye was resting loving-like on the case of fishing-tackle that was propped in a corner.

"So that's the wrinkle, is it, Bird?" he says, as cool as a pipe of cube-cut. "Go on and expand it, will you? I've been busy and I haven't read up on the Russian situation as much as I'd ought to have."

Branscom took his sombrero off so's it wouldn't impede his speech any, and he started in. It's his fav'rite sport, anyhow, talking is, and he never needs no urging.

"I'll admit, Major," he says, "that the idea is sort of borrowed from Russia; but we aim to carry out our plans without no unnecessary bloodshed, of course. You and Miss Letty aint really boorjoise—and we haven't got no intentions of carrying this here plan to extremes." He cast his eye on me then. "Foremen and straw bosses is different, in our opinion. They aint in on the Savi-et to any considerable extent—because we estimate that they are so handy at giving orders that they wont probable be amenable to taking 'em. So we figure we better get rid of 'em. Minor, down on the Hog Ranch, and Billy Cleeter and Stumpy Jones, here, can take their choice of being associate members of the Savi-et, without the privilege of voting or belonging to the Central Committee, or they can vamoose. We aim," Bird Branscom says, "to operate the Shadow Valley Ranch in every way for the benefit and use of the hands."

Miss Letty looked at Bird, and then she looked at the Major, and then she put her head back, with her face as pretty and as red as a Jonathan apple in October. "The very idea!" she says. "The impudence of you, Bird Branscom!"

"Sho', Letty!" the Major says, still grinning. "You're behind the times, girl. This is the day of syndicalism and direct action," he says. "Labor has abandoned the old and clumsy machinery of politics and is expressing its wishes through the medium of economic pressure. As far as I'm concerned," he says, "I bow to the will of the majority. And I wish, Letty, that you'd run up in the storeroom and see if you can find my hip-boots any place."

"What nonsense!" Miss Letty snapped, and flounced out. The Major laughed.

"Women never were actuated by the results of pure reason," he says to me. "They are swayed entirely by feeling. Me, now—I'm one of the purest reasoners in Kern County. Brother Branscom," he says, all sweet and amiable, "would you mind telling me what the Shadow Valley Soviet of Cow-punchers, Wranglers and Rough-necks wants me to do?"

"Passing the insulting language of the capitalistic class," Branscom says, very dignified, "all we want of you, Major Brush, is to give us over immediate possession of the ranch and all the stock now appurtenant and adjoining thereto, the use of this office and all the houses except a couple of rooms for you and Miss Letty, and your check-book and bank-accounts."

Just like that! Me, I was all ready to dodge the cross-fire when the Major opened up. But he didn't open up—at least, not anything but the upper right-hand drawer of his desk. He pulls out his little tin box full of papers and takes his key off his watch-chain. He shoves them both across toward Bird.

"There you are, old-timer," he says. "There's two thousand

dollars interest coming due on the first on the Wheeler Ranch up the West Fork; and there's four thousand dollars the Soviet'll have to pay Miller and Lux by the tenth for them bald-faces that are up in Shadow Valley. Aside from that, there isn't any outstanding debts except the grocery bill and whatever Miss Letty has bought for her trousseau in San Francisco. Those bills," the Major says, "will be in about the third or fourth—you can take your time to pay them, I suppose. And I guess that's all."

I could see Bird Branscom was kind of floored. He'd come in expecting a row. And if I'd been doing any expecting myself, I would have strung along with him, too. But no; Major Brush had just one idea in his head—and that idea was getting up before daylight in the frosty mornings of the high Sierra and dropping pretty blue and green horsehair and velvet flies into an ice-cold lake where the golden trout have their natural domain and habitat, as you might say! He just chuckled the Shadow Valley ranch at Bird Branscom, without a quaver!

"Miss Letty'll go in to Bakersfield tonight to see her aunt's folks," the Major says. "And if it's all the same to the Soviet Bureau of Wagons, Department of the Barn, Portfolio of Transportation, I'd like to have Red Sessions hook up the bay mule team to the buckboard about one o'clock and take us in to the Mission," he says.

Bird Branscom never cracked a smile. "That can be arranged, I guess," he said, and then he tucked the Major's tin box under his arm and turned to me.

"Do you want to sign up as a associate member, Stumpy?" he says.

I looked at the Major, and he nodded a little. So, I says: "Well, if there aint too much of a initiation fee and the ceremonies don't require no full regalia of silk knee-pants," I says, "I reckon I'll associate."

"We'll send the secretary around to you this afternoon," he says. "And you'll probably be raised to a full member in good standing if you don't make no ruckus," he says.

"Not on your life, I wont!" I says. "There'll be full mem-



"Do you want to sign up as a associate member, Stumpy?" he says.

bers enough the first time you declare dividends in this society: I reckon associating is good enough for me, Bird," I says.

"You'll please call me Comrade Branscom," he says, very dignified, and walks out.

"Well, Major," I says then, "now you've had your fun, I suppose you'll kick the Savi-et into the road to Fogarty's, wont you?"

"No," the Major says, and leaned back to have his laugh. "When the Soviet gets one good, long, languishing look at my

bank-balance, I figure that it will begin to enter on the first stages of economic dissolution," he says. "And besides that, I haven't been fishing with the Summers boys for four years now, and they say that the upper meadow lakes are plumb full of golden trout this year. No, Stumpy," he says, "I'm for the revolution. Down with the boush-wah! Whoops, my dear!"

That afternoon him and Miss Letty went a-wandering away from here, and I signed up with Fred Minor and Billy Cleeter, the freighting foreman, to be associate members of the Savi-et, without votes.

That was a Wednesday afternoon, if I aint mistaken. Any-

how, I know there was a bunch of yearlings up on the Cienega Ranch that was getting powerful short of feed and had ought to have been moved *pronto*, and Fred Minor, the college boy that run the hog-ranch for the Major, was figuring on marking a couple hundred shoats and running them into the oak flat right away, and we was behind on the Miller and Lux freighting contract, and taking it all around, it looked to me as if the Savi-et had its work already cut out for it. But they had their hands full with more important matters. They had to hold a convocation.

I don't know what that is in the unbridged volume of handy information compiled by old Dan'l Webster, but it was one of Bird Branscom's words, and for him it meant a feast of chatter and a flow of gab. Bird put up a notice on the storeroom door, but nobody could read it; so we let that slide and went to the convocation in a flock. Fred Minor and Billy Cleeter and me,—the associates,—we took back seats and listened. Sam Li, the cook, he brought a mess of dish-washing to the window and combined duty and pleasure in a way that warmed your heart. Bird Branscom made the opening address.

It was kind of flighty, but it listened good. Wages doubled, eight-hour day, no bosses,—straw or otherwise,—half holiday Saturday, a barbecue and free beer every Sunday and a fund for old age for every member of the Savi-et. That was the social program of the organization, Bird said. He expanded a good deal on the general subjects of the millenium, economic independence, propyanday, the removal of fettering limitations on human action, and the economic tyranny of capitalism; but the boys got tired of that early and began to interrupt and make umbrageous remarks. So Bird took the hint and threw the meeting open to a general discussion.

There was about twenty hands in the storeroom, but they didn't seem to have any discussing on their chests.

Chalky Brode unlimbered his six-foot-two of statue when the pause was getting embarrassing, and made the first break.

"Comrades and cow-punchers," he said, "this here idear of Bird Branscom's takes awful easy with me. But what I want to know is—where we going to get men to run this here ranch while we're running this here Savi-et?"

He sat down, and Bird Branscom give a kind of snort. "You aint got much grasp on the economic principles, Chalky," he says. "The idea is that we all do the work of the ranch like we always done it, only the ranch belongs to us now, and we divide the profits."

Sam Li squealed then. "Hi, Bli'd Branscom," he says, "you got swell high-tone idlee. Sam Li like cathee him shla' ploits plenty quick—go San Fisco. You sabee?"

Somebody heaved a horseshoe at the window, and there was a regular hurrah of speaking begun.

"No Chinks allowed!" Danny Fellows says. "If that cook is a Savi-et, I'm out of it."

"You bet!" the crowd says. And half a dozen put in their remarks in short, ugly words.

Bird Branscom got them shut up after a while. "If you'll rein in a minute," he says, "I'll settle this here Oriental. This Savi-et is a American institution, and no Chinese need apply. Sam Li's wages will be just the same as they was before. And if there's any foolishness from the mess-house, the Chinese race will have its population suddenly cut down with the use of a thirty-foot rope! If there's no further discussion, we will now elect members of the central committee."

I turned to Billy Cleeter. "Let's get out of here, Billy, before it gets too warm," I says, and we went and threw the saddles on our horses and rode down to the Cienega to move those yearlings. It began to strike me

that they wouldn't be moved for some time if we waited for the sovereign members of the Shadow Valley Savi-et to get around to it. We picked up a couple of half-breeds at Fogarty's, and by dark we had the yearlings headed through the Narrows so that they could find enough grass to keep them for a while. Me, I was getting almost ready for something to eat when we rid in to the ranch here, but I was a lot readier before I got anything.

Sam Li had proved his Americanism, as the papers say, by striking for the eight-hour day. That made his working time end about three in the afternoon. And when I got there, he was sitting in the little window of the spring-house, that's made of two-foot blocks of sandstone from the Dikes, with one of the Major's double-barreled shotguns across his knees and the door barred on the inside. The Savi-et had put off capturing him till it felt stronger. And about eighteen of them were falling over each other in the messhouse trying to make the range burn. I went down to Minor's shack with Billy Cleeter, and the three of



Next morning we didn't ask any questions. It seemed a poor time for them.



opened half a case of canned beans and heavy.

This communism is a great thing," says, grinning. "It establishes the and untrampled right of every citizen to his own chores, including paring the shoes and frying the succulent bacon to a black

Far as I'm concerned, I reckon I'll go with Mis' Fogarty's tomorrow morning and argue for board under the old capitalist sys-

the associate Savi-et around that mess-till it had set the place on fire twice and set up two likely messes of Mulligan stew, and then sent a flag of truce to Li and entered into a league of nations with him. come out good. If I been at the peace conference, they could have along fine without half a dozen pre-meers and political advisors, in my opinion. Li had the mak-

of a statesman—or a day-labourer. Well, next morning, after breakfast at Fogarty's, us three associates went back and found the Savi-et holding a convocation on the subject of the chores. Every member had picked out a nice, dry place for himself to sit and look on while the other free independent comrades did the work, and the argument didn't be settled by a vote, because they couldn't agree on a factory motion before the house. About ten o'clock they finally get stirring, but they wasn't ambitious, as you might say. It was a middling hot day, sultry and close, and there was coming up from the south; I had some sympathetic feelings for the comrades. But that didn't interfere with the fact that the fall calves to brand and eight string teams to send to Caliente for that delayed freight. Billy Cleeter and his truly did what we could, and the rest of 'em did what they could, and by noon the teams were off down the grade and the men run into the branding corral. But in the afternoon, as we got to going good and had turned out thirty head, Bird Branscom went over and rung Sam Li's triangle everybody quit.

"What's the matter with you galoots?" I says as they opened the gate. "Four o'clock—that's what's the matter!" Chalky Brode says, "You'll have to get used to the eight-hour day, Stumpy," "because it's come to stay on this ranch."

I was disgusted, but I didn't say so. I knew better'n they did. I was ahead of them. "That was the Major's bank balance I was thinking of. And sure enough, when we was sitting down to chuck at five o'clock,—Sam was getting time and a half for overtime, if I forgot to tell you,—well, right about then Bird Branscom comes in with a face.

"Comrades," he says, "this is a hell of a note!" "What's the matter, Bird?"

The matter is that we was going to have a pay-day Friday, and there's only enough in the bank to pay us about half what's owing to us."

That was a stumper, all right. But they decided to take what they could get; so Bird brought out the Major's check-book and made up the pay-roll.

I got as far as filling out his own check and come to the end of the name, and then he stopped.

"I never thought of this before," he says. "But how'm I going to sign these here checks?"

"Sign 'em with ink, you ignoramus," says Pete Whaling. "This ain't no time for levity, Pete," Bird says. "I've got to sign the Major's name—that's what I've got to do."

Well, go ahead," Sam Gore says. "You can write, can't



"My orders are to deliver cars only on the signed request of responsible shippers."

"Of course I can write. But under the tyranny of capitalism that'd be forgery," says Bird.

"What's the difference?"

Bird snorted. "About twenty years' difference, I'd say. And I never thought I'd be any hand at making jute-sacks!"

Well, sir, they hadn't come up with that idea before. And they didn't have any brilliant thoughts on the question either. Bird made sarcastic remarks and got personal and nasty. Somebody suggested that he better write the Major and get him to make his bank-account over to the Savi-et by mail.

"Sure!" Bird says with one of his withering glances. "Sure—and one of us'll ride two hundred miles up above Isabella and find the Major in the high Sierra and deliver the mail. You fellows make me sick."

The meeting adjourned that night because there wasn't anything else to do. It began to look as though they were floored. But you couldn't down Bird Branscom. He got up with the lovely, refreshing, pouring rain early in the morning and announced that he had solved the problem of the pay-roll.

"This Savi-et is not bankrupt, by a long shot," he says. "We've got eighty head of fat steers ready to ship from the Mission, and I'll go down there this morning and wire Bridenstine for his price. Then we'll have our hard-earned money, and we'll

put it in the bank in the name of the Savi-et."

This news changed the atmosphere quite a spell, but gloom settled down on 'em immediately when Bird began to name off the men that was to ride up to the Q-bar lease and bring down the steers. The more the comrades looked out the door at the rain, that was sluicing down in sheets, the more they lost interest in moving steers. The only bright idea that came to them was to send the associate members after the steers. But me and Billy Cleeter laughed at them.

"Two men," I says, "—and one of them with a oak-peg for a



Sam Li had proved his Americanism by striking for an eight-hour day.

leg—moving a herd of beef-cattle in this rain! What this Savi-et needs is a little God-given horse-sense!" I says.

And Billy Cleeter laughed. "I've been wanting to go out to Bakersfield and see my wife for a while anyhow," he says. "So I guess I'll sell my associate membership in this club to the first bidder."

"Maybe Sam Li'll buy it," I says. But I didn't get any encouragement.

And then their troubles really began. Fred Minor came in from the hog-ranch. He wore a *poncho* and boots, and his hat was turned down, but he brought enough water into the messhouse on his person to dip a flock of sheep.

"Good morning, comrades," he says. "I don't like to bring bad news, but I've got some on me."

"What is it now?" Bird Branscom says. The strain of being High and Lofty Chief Mourner of the Shadow Valley Savi-et was beginning to edge Bird's temper a little.

"It's a mere trifle," Minor says. "Some time last night one of the comrades—Gus Ware, to be exact—exercised his inalienable rights and went in to Fogarty's and got pie-eyed. On the way home I opine that he decided to organize a savi-et among the stock on the ranch. He made his first speech to the dairy-herd, and then he got over into the hog-pens somehow and sowed the seed of enlightenment there, and then he went to sleep in a sty. This morning the dairy herd is somewhere between here and the farther side of Lonesome, and the hogs are gone a-maying. Gus is almost sober now—he says that the hogs are the most intelligent and appreciative audience he ever addressed."

"Oh, dry up, Minor!" Branscom says. "This aint any time for humor. What're we going to do now?"

The first suggestion we heard related to the immediate and pressing job of swinging Gus Ware out into boundless space at the end of a horsehair rope, and me and Cleeter and Fred Minor moseyed out. We judged that the meeting was going to be a stormy one. We didn't have a vote, anyhow.

Stumpy Jones lay back, chuckling, and momentarily forgetting his labors. Seven-up had palled on the late members of the late Soviet of Shadow Valley, and one by one they emerged into the summer sunshine. Bird Branscom, whom I knew by the coonskin cap he affected, winter and summer, paused at the door and attempted to stay a fellow-cow-man. The victim ducked. "Aw, go write a piece about it for the papers, Bird!" he advised brutally. "Can't you see I'm a-grievin' for that six bits I just lost in there? Aint you got no respect for sorrow?"

Stumpy Jones laughed, and nudged me. "They're all riding wide of Bird these days, like I told you," he commented, and fell to work on his horsehair *reata* again. "Come on with the epic of the communistic colony, Stumpy," I urged. Stumpy grew grave. With a long sigh he took up his narrative.

You don't seem to get the fine points of pathos in this story of mine, neighbor. As Port Fleming was just saying: "Aint you got no respect for sorrow?" This here ranch was clotted with that commodity on the rainy morning in March I was telling you about.

It wasn't any gay and festive occasion, just climb on to that thought. Take hogs at their best, and they don't drive any too easy. Take 'em when they've had a taste of freedom and are belly-deep in alfalfa where they oughtn't to be, or are tasting the first spring vegetables, or are bedded down in oat-hay where they can sleep or eat with equal freedom from harrowing exertion, and they get even harder to persuade. But add a nice, easy, pleasant rainstorm to the onsome, as you might say, and rounding-up hogs becomes more an art than a business.

The Savi-et turned out after noon and herded hogs till dark. I don't remember ever hearing more picturesque language anywheres. Billy Cleeter and Fred Minor and me—we decided that associate members would be more an aggravation than a help in this emergency, so we took up into the hayloft, where it was warm and dry, and watched the performance, as much of it as we could see, through the hay-door.

We didn't want to be disagreeable or anything; so we went down to the messhouse about dark, planning to get a snack of heartening food from Sam Li and then turn in. But the messhouse was cold as a barn, and Sam's fires was out. There wasn't a wheel turning anywheres. We busted into the cook's shack and found Sam asleep in his bunk. Couldn't rouse him up any either. From the smells in the

place, we judged that Sam had taken up with the need of poppy as a relaxation, and was due to have quite a nap. He was ready to get back on the job. And when we thought of his comrades of the Savi-et, dragging in from hog-chasing in the rain, we decided that Sam's alibi would have to be a pretty one or there would be a political assassination on the road the shank of the day.

So we hid Sam out in the incubator-house, where nobody went except Miss Letty, and played a game of pinochle in the cabin, subsisting only on a meager meal of canned loaf of bread, a jar of sweet pickles we found in the kitchen, two halves of mince pie Sam had hid out under a butter, and three tins of first-class peaches. We kept away from the messhouse during the evening. But from what we heard next morning, the Savi-et had a good old Russian time of it. Eighty dollars' worth of good substantial plates and cups and saucers was smashed somehow, and there was blood all over the roller towel and some on a busted bench in one corner. Next morning we didn't ask any questions. It seemed a poor way for them.

Things drug along this way, more or less, and mostly for four days, and the rain let up for a while and started again and let up; and between drops, as you might say, the fat got the fat steers down from the Q-bar lease and turned them into the lower meadow and fed them corn. Bird Branscom wired Bridenstine, the Bakersfield beef-buyer, and Bridenstine had offered sixteen dollars a hundred f. o. b. the Mission. Bird cheered up a little, and the Savi-et began to have visions of dividend-day. But on the next Wednesday night got a setback again.

Bird went in to order cars for the shipment, and he came back with Charley Forrester, the station-agent at the Mission. Forrester hadn't heard about the Savi-et to any extent, it was because he wanted to know why Bird Branscom was out of cars and where the Major was.

"The Shadow Valley Ranch now belongs to the hands who performs the labor on it," Bird says in his grand Russian way.

"Oh, the hell you say!" says Forrester. "Well, the division of the Pacific and Southern railroad now belongs to the same hated plutocrats that it used to, and my orders are to deliver cars only on the signed request of responsible parties. And even if it didn't," he says, "there isn't a cattle-car in the Shadow Valley, and it would take me three or four days to get them here."

Bird argued some, but Charley Forrester was a pretty arguer himself, and Bird's ammunition scattered so much that he didn't bring down any considerable amount of game. Bird came back with the depressing news. The Savi-et wanted to take over the railroad, or organize the train-crews, or something, but Bird persuaded them that would mean taking in quite a bit of territory. So they were at a standstill again, and no cash balance.

Wednesday night Sam Li disappeared. He had been a lot of loose talk about the shadowy alien in the Savi-et domains, and I don't know what Sam was playing safe. Anyhow, he was safe, what he figured. He left on his bill. With over-time it run about sixty dollars for the week, the comrades laid back on their legs and howled. To make matters worse, the store at the Mission was down on any more credit for the ranch until the last month's bill was paid, and the rations were running low.

There was a meeting—I mean a Savi-et—of the Savi-et called for the next day morning. I horned in to listen. I was pretty average busy keeping the steers moving ahead of starvation and was a lot of fence down on the river. The convocation started well enough with a set of resolutions condemning the materialistic attitude of the railroad agents. It was Bird Branscom's—and another one was on the list—calling for a boycott on all loyal members of the Savi-et. Chalky Brode proposed this measure, and he'd dropped in there the night before, square of Horseshoe and had been down by Andrews. (Continued on page 83)



THIS is the fifth story in the series chronicling the quest of Pee-wee.

# MRS. CORD

By

WILLIAM MAC HARG

Illustrated by

HENRY RALEIGH

PEEWEE—very small for his age of ten, with a peculiarly distinctive, handsome little face whose look of innocence veiled an unchildlike wisdom gained in the city streets—sat halfway down the great main stairs and listened excitedly for the voices which came to him indistinctly from the library. The door from the hall into the library was closed; the words reached him circuitously through an adjoining room the door of which was evidently open. He did not dare to go closer to this room, where he could have heard more plainly, because of servants who passed frequently through the hall below and would have detected him. The deeper and more easily distinguished voice—which, however, spoke less often—was that of the man who, in the queer way that the elder sons of his family were known, was called Jeffrey Markyn Third. Circumstances had convinced Pee-wee that Jeffrey Markyn Third was illegitimately his uncle.

The little figures clothed uniformly in blue and white, who had been Pee-wee's companions in St. Anthony's Orphan Asylum, were his very earliest recollection. He had not liked that or other institutions, and at six had run away and found a more satisfactory, less disciplined life in selling newspapers. There had been no knowledge of who his parents were until a dying woman, whose questionable character had been clear to his sophistication, had sent for him and told him that he was her son. She had given him secretly the name—Walter Weldell Markyn—of the man who, she had told him, was his father. The man, Pee-wee found, was rich and prominent; he lived in a great, handsome house which Pee-wee had wandered through and looked at, undiscovered. While there, he had heard Walter acknowledge Pee-wee's parentage to Jeffrey; to acknowledge it publicly, he had heard them say, would destroy the happiness of Mrs. Walter Markyn.

Pee-wee had first seen Mrs. Markyn's picture in a newspaper; afterward he had seen the young and beautiful woman herself and recognized her from the likeness. She had seemed to him the most wonderful person he had ever seen, and had aroused feelings in him which, never having been loved by anyone or loved anyone himself, he could not understand. He had not wanted her happiness to be destroyed, and he had determined that she should never know about him. But he had irresistible longings to be near her, to hear her speak, to have her touch him. He had found that on pleasant afternoons she walked beside the children's bathing-beach, and he had put himself where he could see her.

Pee-wee's friendlessness had interested Mrs. Markyn without her knowing more about him; she had begun to watch for him and stop and talk with him. Some attraction whose strength was incomprehensible to herself had drawn her to the child; she trembled when she kissed him, as much as he did. Events had made her suspect some unfortunate connection between him and her family, and not guessing yet the nature of this connection, she had found a temporary home for him in this great house upon the Lake Shore where with the old man who lived alone here, Matthew Beman, was Mrs. Markyn's grandfather, Markyn had also acknowledged the parentage of Pee-wee.



A limousine stopped before the house and the man whom Pee-wee had recently regarded as his father got out.

The small experience Pee-wee had had of feelings such as he had toward Mrs. Markyn made them bewilder him. He never, when he could help it, spoke her name; in his thoughts, and in speech when he was forced to mention her, he called her "she." Seeing Jeffrey Markyn come to the house,—the men of the Markyn family, Pee-wee knew, almost never came there,—he had believed that she must be the subject of the conversation, and had crept here to listen. The few words he had heard had not yet made plain to him what they were talking about, but they had chilled and startled him.

"But Walter acknowledged the boy." This was Jeffrey's voice. "He appears to have done that merely on the statement of the woman."

They were not, Pee-wee decided, speaking of Mrs. Markyn; Beman would not have called her "the woman;" he would have called her Marion. Whom were they talking about? Was it his mother?

"I've talked with the nurse who was looking after her when she died—had her here and talked with her." This was Beman's voice again, strong, though cracked with age. "The coroner's physician came here too—they'd already got an affidavit from him for me, and what he said bore out that statement completely."

"The woman" was Pee-wee's mother, then. He recalled the kind-faced, middle-aged trained nurse in her striped dress who had paced outside the door while his mother talked with him, and had come in and freed him from the grasp of his mother's thin, hot hands.

"The nurse"—Beman was speaking still—"had figured out the circumstances as they must have been. There wasn't anybody she could state her conclusions to. The boy had disappeared, and she didn't know Walter's name."

"She agrees with the coroner's man?"



"That's not the question. The statement of the coroner's man that the woman had never borne a child isn't controvertible."

This talk, Peewee thought, was hard to understand.

"The nurse simply worked out an explanation of the circumstances. They don't class the case as exceptionally remarkable; it's just, from their point of view, a drug-addict case. The nurse's name is Sandsby; she's had a lot of experience and was called to attend this Helen Lampert a week before the woman died."

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"That was what Walter said."

"Because the woman told him that. The nurse didn't see the agency report. She believes now, from some things the woman said to her at the time, that it stated no more than that the boy's parentage was unknown. The woman, the nurse says, had been deeply in love with Walter—that is, as she puts it, with the man who came there afterward. The nurse doesn't know any of the names, except that of the Lampert woman; I didn't tell her any of them, either. The woman never hoped to marry him, of course. After the affair had been broken off, she left Chicago; the nurse thinks it was because she couldn't bear to stay where she was continually thinking she might see him. She lived in other cities. The life she was leading and the drugs she used finally broke her down, and she returned to die here where her family were."

"Coming back here revived her memories of her love-affair. Besides that, she saw Walter one day on the street, without his noticing her. That was before the nurse went to her, but she told of it. She had regretted, after his breaking off with her, that she had not had a child, and the nurse says the sight of him renewed that regret. She was getting weaker and less responsible mentally all the time. Later she saw this newsboy and was struck by his resemblance to Walter, and her drug-crazed brain suggested all the rest."

Peewee twisted his small body on the step perplexedly.

"Suggested what?" This was Jeffrey's voice.

"That he was the child whom she had wished to have. The agency report, which could give no other parents for the boy, did not contradict her hallucination. Subsequently her insanity supplied the circumstances necessary to account for her separation from him."

Peewee shivered; he was beginning to understand. He had thought when the woman, pressing her cracked and burning lips to his, had told him that he was her son, that she was "nuts;" afterward he had become convinced that what she had said was true. But she had been "nuts," if he was understanding what Beman was saying.

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"Not even considering her insanity?"

"Her insanity was not evident, and the likeness appeared to confirm what she said. Have you seen the boy?"

"No."

"He looks exactly like Walter; you can't imagine two faces feature for feature more the same."

"Good Lord! There can't have been still some other woman in Walter's life besides this one and Marion!"

Peewee stood up, shrinking anxiously.

"You don't understand. I'm not thinking about Walter or Marion now; I'm thinking about Edith."

This was Beman's voice; nothing more, for the moment, was said in the library, and Peewee was no longer listening to conversation which had already given him more than he could easily understand. The chief fact of this was clear to him. The woman who had told him that she was his mother had not been his

mother; she had been merely "bugs." It followed that the who, on the evidence of what she had told him, had named parentage of Peewee, was not his father.

The boy perceived, vaguely at first, as he comprehended the extent of the mistake resulting from what the woman said. That he had been taken off the streets was only part of it; he had made Walter Markyn give the Lamperts money to them quiet about Peewee; the boy did not know how much, but he thought it had been a great deal. It had made Markyn unhappy and anxious; it had caused anxiety to Markyn and to Beman. That fierce old man—who, Peewee learned, took revenge upon whomever deceived him—his misapprehension, taken Peewee into his own home and him new clothes and had him cared for. Now that the fact this was known to them, they would want to punish the who had made them suffer so unnecessarily. What would he do to Peewee?

He noted with terror that the silence caused by what he last said in the library continued. Did this mean that they were through talking and were coming out? He drew back quickly up the stairs and moved backward through the hall, waiting for their appearance. This brought him to another set of the winding steps of which led down into the servants' quarters. He listened; some one was undoubtedly moving in the room near the door of the library; whoever it might be, was now about to come upstairs. Peewee dashed precipitately down the servants' stair, out at the rear door, across the court and through the passageway between the buildings opposite. He sped down Astor Street to the first cross-street and doubled back to Lake Shore Drive. No one had come out at the front door; one appeared to have followed him from the rear. He was away, still gazing back at Beman's house.

He had liked it, he realized, in that big house—the food and the nice place to sleep. His chief reason for staying there, however, had been that he could expect to see Mrs. Markyn. Except for this he had no very deep personal feeling over what he had just heard. He had not cared particularly for the man who he had believed; was his father; he had even resented the relationship because it interfered in his frankness with Mrs. Markyn. He had not wanted to have parents and had been perfectly satisfied to live independently upon the streets. Events, which some time before, had picked him up off the streets, now had thrown him upon them. The anger against him, he decided, would wait a while; then he could see Mrs. Markyn where she lived; she would talk to him and perhaps kiss him again, feeling that he had to have anyone to take care of him. While he was beginning to think eagerly about the Loop, it was pleasant to be free upon the streets again. Were there there whom he had known before? Which of them had been to institutions and schools, and which of them had managed to avoid the authorities?

He hurried south to Chicago Avenue. He had in his pocket a five-dollar bill which Mrs. Markyn had given him, and he had a small store in which only a woman was waiting upon customers and got her to change it. The paper money he wrapped in a piece of newspaper which he found in an alley, making a neat-looking package of it, and the silver he put in his trousers pocket. He followed the alleys south almost to the river and crossed the Street bridge. A clock on the corner told him it was four o'clock; he had therefore no reason to fear truant officers and was not interfered with, even in the downtown, by the police. The roar of unintermitting traffic, and sidewalks so crowded he had to dodge between the legs, filled him with delight. He went south to where the wagon-men were delivering the boys' papers and got papers of his own. He saw with disappointment that the place on Madison Street which formerly had been his was now occupied by another boy, whose much larger size forbade an attempt to deprive him of it by force, and he was obliged to take a place a block farther west, where there were so many people passing.

WOMEN mostly were his customers. When he was approaching, he held out a paper and raised his blue eyes under their long black lashes appealingly. He was joyed, when he sold newspapers before, watching the effect upon the woman—to see her inattentive expression, as she looked at him, change suddenly to tenderness and pity, and to see her buy a paper which probably she did not want. This look of women's faces now gave him an indefinite unhappiness; he thought of Mrs. Markyn when he saw it. A man almost as old as Beman stopped for a paper. Was he, Peewee wondered, a grandfather

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Beman, he had learned, if Mrs. Markyn had had children, would have been called a great-grandfather. What was Beman doing now? What was Walter Markyn doing, now that he had found out that Peewee was not his son?

When he had been on the streets before, he had found happiness in watching for the unexpected things that happened; people had poured past, as if they had emerged out of blank space, and disappeared into blank space again; and he had been satisfied merely to speculate upon what kind of people they were. He found something almost painful now in that kind of speculation. He felt vaguely that the people or the streets had changed. It did not occur to him that the change was in himself; he did not consider that he had been before without origin and without attachment, an atom floating in the gutters, but that now, for several months, he had been thinking of himself as a member of a family. His father had proved not to be his father, his mother not his mother; but they had revealed to him the feeling of relationship.

He felt for the first time the lonesomeness of crowded streets. At seven o'clock, when children had to be outside the Loop, he gave his papers to the man who had a news-stand on the corner—the wagon-men would not take "returns"—and went west on Madison Street to Halsted. A sudden hopefulness came to him at sight of Halsted Street, more crowded at this hour than any other. The moving-picture shows were open, their entrances brilliant with electric lights; family parties—parents with children—were going in. He had money, and he followed a party in. He did not know why he did not find satisfaction in the picture, but watched instead a stout woman who was explaining it to a little boy and girl. He came out when the show was over, and moved slowly south. At ten o'clock he was at Halsted Street and Twelfth, and sat down upon the curb to observe a basement entrance. A disreputable-looking man, advancing along Twelfth Street, knocked at the basement door and was let in. The uses of the place, then, were the same as when he had been on the streets before; Peewee descended to the basement. An old man, incrustated with dirt, to whom he gave three cents, admitted him to a space under the sidewalk where some people were already sleeping. He spread newspapers, which the old man provided, and lay down. He was not comfortable, and the place was filled with smells.

In the morning Peewee bought rolls at a delicatessen and walked east on Twelfth Street, eating them. The contrast between Beman and the old man with whom he lodged occurred to him, and he thought that Beman now had got up and was eating breakfast with a knife and fork. The morning was growing warm, and beyond the buildings and the railroad tracks where the cross-streets ended, boys were bathing in the lake. He crossed the tracks, took off his clothes and made a bundle of them. He dug a hole in the sand, put the clothes into it, put a piece of board over the hole and covered it with sand. Protected thus against the loss of his clothes, or the impounding of them if a policeman came, he dived and romped with the other boys. He did not know why the satisfaction which he found in this disappeared as afternoon approached.

When it grew late enough he went to the Loop to get his papers. He stood a long while watching the wagon-men, but made no move to get any papers, and finally walked slowly north. He did not consciously plan where he was going, but presently he saw the Lake Shore Drive and Beman's house. He sat down on the esplanade across from the house, gazing at it and debating the problem of Beman's anger. What would the old man do to him if he caught him?

HE got up after a while and crossed the driveway around to the rear of the house to the servants' door; he went in and up the stairs, trembling a little but driven by an uncontrollable urge. The smell of a cigar guided him to the old man, and he stood and looked in upon him. It encouraged him that Beman, at sight of him, did not appear angry.

"I've come back," Peewee said.

"I see you have. Come in. I've had people out looking for you."

The mild tone of Beman's voice gave Peewee still greater encouragement; he went in and pulled himself up onto a chair, returning the old man's curiously scrutinizing look.

"What's the first thing you remember?" Beman asked.

Peewee reflected. "The Sisters." He felt intense relief; Beman, if he could judge by his manner, was not thinking of punishing him; his attention seemed absorbed by something else.

"In the asylum, you mean?"

"Yes sir."

"Don't recall anything before that at all?"

"No sir."

"Don't remember anybody else ever taking care of you?"

"No sir."

The reply seemed to satisfy Beman; he studied Peewee's cigar. "How'd you like to be adopted?" he inquired.

Peewee felt that he began to understand. Adoption was a fact known to him, though not with its complete particulars. A person picked out the prettiest child in an institution, and certain formalities followed which to Peewee were rather vague; and that, the person said to the child: "Now you must call me Mother," or "Father." He had witnessed preliminary inquiries into the antecedents of the child similar to those Beman had made. Was Beman intending to adopt him? He did not know exactly what he thought of that; he was still a little afraid of the old man. Beman seemed to read his thought.

"Not me," he offered. "Some one else."

Peewee's pulse-beat quickened. Was it possible Beman meant Mrs. Markyn?

"Who?" he asked.

"Mrs. Cord."

The boy shook his head violently in disappointment. He had no wish to be adopted by some one with whom he was not acquainted.

"The proposition doesn't interest you?"

"No sir," said Peewee.

THE old man said nothing more. Peewee watched him while, then backed toward the door, and as he made no motion to detain him, backed on out. He sat by the window, where he could see Mrs. Markyn if she came, considering what Beman had said. It was not wholly plain to him the process of adoption entailed. It did not, it was clear, mean that the person actually his mother; it implied, he felt sure, that he must live with her, however. Would Mrs. Markyn come often to some other woman's house as she would come to Beman's? He thought not, and for that reason would rather remain here; but Beman did not regard Peewee's staying in his house as permanent.

He noted uneasily that he dined alone instead of eating with the servants. He had when he was here before, with the servants. He felt this, taken with the queer, attentive way that Beman had looked at him, denoted some change. Did it mean, he wondered anxiously, that the adoption was to proceed at once? He went to the window when he had finished dinner. It was growing dark; a thin mist had come in upon the city from the lake, dimming which the boulevard lamps and the automobile lights glowed hazily.

Peewee had decided that Mrs. Markyn would not come late, when a limousine stopped before the house and the woman whom Peewee recently regarded as his father got out. This was a woman in the motor with him. It was not, the boy realized, Mrs. Markyn; he could not see her plainly, but it was some woman whom he had not seen before—pretty, dark, light-haired. Was it Mrs. Cord? It might be, he concluded, but the car drove on with her, and Walter came into the house and was shown into the library. Peewee vibrated between the hall, where voices but not words could be heard in the library and the window. His anxiety increased, as he observed two men under a street-lamp examining an address and looking at the house. The character of one of the men was, to the street, unmistakable; he was a "flat-foot"—a plain-clothes officer. The other's appearance was only less definitely official. They came to the door and exchanged inaudible words with the servant, knocked at the library door and let them in. A disquieting suspicion came to Peewee. Did Beman consider that the boy had refused his proposal of adoption, and was he consequently going to return him to the Juvenile Court?

Peewee retreated tentatively part way up the stairs. He went if it proved that he was to be delivered to the police officer, and the same line of escape that he had used before, and get out the back door. He went farther up the stairs, but there he doubtedfully as the doorbell sounded again and Jeffrey Markyn and Mrs. Walter Markyn were let in. Would they have to turn Mrs. Markyn here if they had intended turning him over to the authorities? What was happening was incomprehensible, Peewee thought. The door of the library had remained open and he heard Beman's voice in some unintelligible suggestion, which Jeffrey appeared to oppose; then Beman's voice again, more loud, "No; have him in." Beman came out into the hall and looked about for Peewee. "Come down here," he directed, seeing him upon the stair. The boy descended, trembling.

The sympathy which existed between (Continued on page 87)

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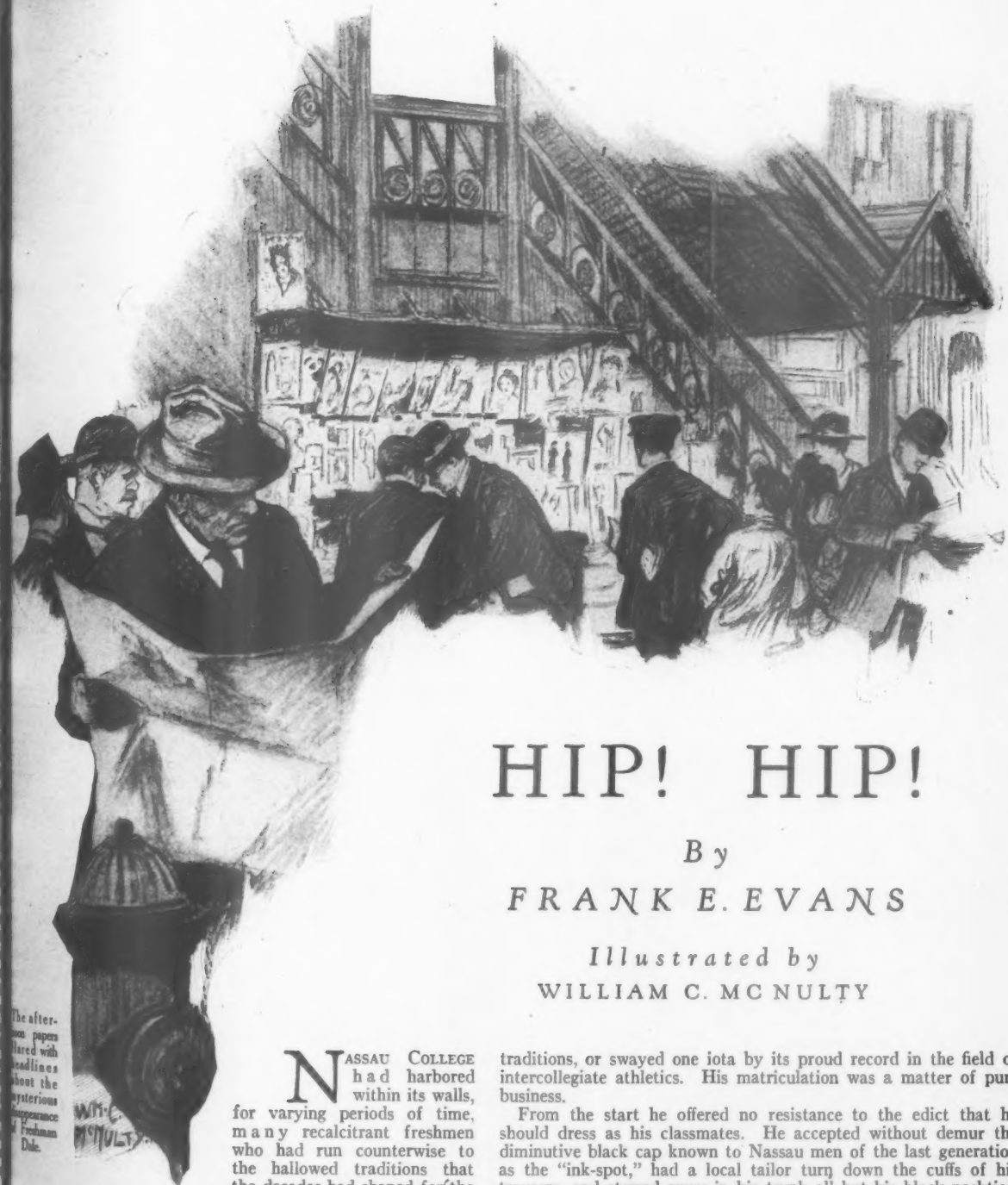
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# HIP! HIP!

By

FRANK E. EVANS

Illustrated by

WILLIAM C. MCNULTY

**N**ASSAU COLLEGE had harbored within its walls, for varying periods of time, many recalcitrant freshmen who had run counterwise to the hallowed traditions that the decades had shaped for the wise discipline of her entering classes. Most of her recalci-

traditions, or swayed one iota by its proud record in the field of intercollegiate athletics. His matriculation was a matter of pure business.

From the start he offered no resistance to the edict that he should dress as his classmates. He accepted without demur the diminutive black cap known to Nassau men of the last generation as the "ink-spot," had a local tailor turn down the cuffs of his trousers, and stowed away in his trunk all but his black neckties. But beyond the sartorial suppression of his individuality, he balked. The rule that freshmen should not smoke pipes on the campus was no repressive measure to young Cornelius, for he had begun training a month before, and made no secret to his small circle that he expected to hold down an end position on the class eleven.

The first week of college passed without untoward incident, for by tacit consent that period was kept free of the gentler forms of "running" that had, through the natural channels of Nassau's evolution, succeeded the harder forms of hazing. The first day on which the embargo was lifted, however, catapulted him headlong into those lines of a freshman's schooling that are not to be found in the admirable curriculum of Nassau.

The bell in the tower of Nassau's oldest building was pealing out the noon hour. From recitation- and lecture-rooms the freshmen were converging on the elm-shaded walks that led through the main quadrangle to the dining halls of the college commons. On one flank of the noisy quadrangle the library looked out



through its leaded panes. On another side the two literary halls, breathing the spirit of old Athens in white-columned simplicity of marble, sealed it on the south. On the north and west flanks, clothed with ivy, stood the veterans of Nassau. Their walls bore the scars of British solid shot; and there they had stood, with the friendly elms sentinel-wise before them, when Washington had checked the Hessian mercenaries and fought them to a standstill at Nassau's very gates. Here, alone in all the velvet of turf that covered her broad acres, was an irregular, circular patch of bare earth. The feet of sophomores and freshmen, storming about it in the old cannon rushes for class supremacy, had trampled it down. Towering bonfires, signaling victories on the diamond and gridiron, had scorched it away. To Nassau's long line, that bald spot, with the frowning muzzle in its heart, was the sacrosanct shrine of their alma mater.

Cornelius Dale, striding through the arch of the library that debouched on the quadrangle, espied astride the mouth of the old cannon a black-capped stripling declaiming at the top of his lungs. His arms were waving like a jerky semaphore, and one trouser-leg was rolled above the knee. Around him was ringed a gathering group, laughing, taunting, shouting derisive encouragement. The oration ended in a chorus of mock acclaim and frank, disapproving cries of "Rotten!"

The ring broke and scattered in chase of the hurrying freshmen. As fast as they were captured, they were led into a new and widening ring and there converted into the Broadway Limited. At the head of the straggling line a grinning freshman braced on all fours. His flaming thatch of red hair had won for him the undisputed honor of headlight on the rapidly assembling train. On all fours, with its component parts emulating weirdly the functions of the driving wheels, the bell, the whistle and the sibilant air-brakes, the twelve-coach train got under way.

"The caboose! The caboose!" The quadrangle took up the cry.

"Here, you freshman, the caboose for you! Pull out your shirt for the tail-light. Hook on, there—lively now!"

Cornelius Dale turned his eyes, flaming with defiance, at the speaker. His chin thrust out in truculent insubordination. His feet were spread in the token of refusal to budge an inch. A hand shot out and wrapped itself in his collar. Other hands caught and convoyed him, struggling helplessly, to the rear of the waiting Broadway Limited. They flung him at it, and he sprawled over the cabooseless end. An indignant protest rose from the luckless baggage-car.

"Hey, you clumsy goat, have a heart! Hook on right," it bellowed.

"Tail-light! Tail-light!" rose the deluged chorus. A tall sophomore stooped, and a moment later the Broadway Limited headed across the quadrangle and steamed past the discreetly vacant windows of the college offices. The clanging bell, the high-pitched toots of the whistle, the plunging arms of the driving-wheels, the hissing air-brakes advertised its tortuous advance. And at the end of the stumbling, crawling, ridiculous train Cornelius Dale, with a patch of unmistakable if unmentionable drapery waving behind him in the wind, played the caboose. His face was sullen with anger, alone in that long line of chuckling, joyous freshmen.

"Fresh young stude, that!" "We've got his number." "Who's the gloom playing caboose?" ran the comment that filled his tingling ears.

The notoriety of "that damn' fresh freshman Dale," waxed apace with the course of the days allotted by tradition for the schooling of the entering class. He grudgingly accepted the odds of overwhelming numbers and for that reason alone did not break out into open revolt. But by his sullen demeanor, lagging submission to the whims of the ingenious sophomores, and open criticism of college tradition, he had become a marked man in

sophomore circles. His classmates, regarding the "running" as a huge joke that would be their privilege in sophomore year, eyes, disapproved their lone insurgent.

Despite the churlish manner that openly courted unpopularity, however, Cornelius Dale was fast becoming a fixture at the end on the freshman eleven. Personal graces, while a desirable asset, were never an essential at Nassau in the selection of varsity or yearling teams. Dale had all the prime essentials for the end, so marked that the head coach of the freshman eleven had marked him as a brilliant prospect for the varsity in the following year. In his football clothes he could cover the hundred yards under eleven seconds. Built like a wedge, from the breadth of his powerful shoulders down through the slimmest of his hips to his

tapering ankles, his was the build that had been typical of the men that had made Nassau's name famous for the last decade. There was a quality that Hector Dale had never known in his rough-and-tumble wooing of success. His son had been born with a trace of it in his blood. An inborn divination of the point of attack and a boundlike gift of following the ball crowned his physical fitness for the position.

At his prep-school, where he had been a lone wolf in his friendships, he had held down left end for three seasons. His coach there had learned the game at a college where the end position, on the defensive, was played in radically different way from that of Nassau. It was typical, therefore, of his inborn pugnacity and of the rebellious

career in which he had set his feet, that they should reach their apex on the freshman gridiron.

Culbertson, star end of last year's varsity, had taken the freshman ends under his wing that day, and the varsity scrubs were told off to give the yearlings a stiff tryout for their first big game. Dale was last of the squad to report for the preliminary signal-practice, and Culbertson, a strict disciplinarian, greeted him with: "You're five minutes late. What's the answer?"

"I was dressing," was the surly reply.

"Out West where I come from, they could dress a steer in half the time," said Culbertson. A snicker broke over the ranks of the listening freshmen.

But from the first play Culbertson followed him exulting in the verve and skill with which the youngster boxed the opposing tackle or repelled the attacks at his flank. From a tandem formation the scrub backfield, nettled by Dale's resistance, launched an unexpected play at him behind well-knit, driving interference. The freshman left tackle was nearly boxed, and straight at Dale the storming backs came.

With feet well planted he met the shock, squirmed like an eel through its shield and downed the runner on the line. "Fine work, Dale! Not an inch! But don't wait for them to come into you. Meet the play back of the line. If you don't nail the runner, you've got the interference smashed, and the backs will get him. If you'd missed him that time, he'd have gone clear. Turn the play in!"

Flushed by his success, and still smarting from the first rebuke, Dale tore his headguard off and slammed it to the turf.

"I guess I know how to play end. I've been coached that way by a man whose team licked you last fall," he snapped defiantly.

"That will be about all, son. You can beat it to the showers and apologize to me after you have cooled off. —Here, Smiley, jump in at left end."

The scandalized scrub team took the matter of further discipline into its own hands that evening. Down Hamilton Lane they herded him in murky silence, to stop on the towpath of the canal.

He had become a marked man in sophomore circles.



"Like Great Alexander, who got up his dander  
And cut a big knot, so they say  
I come on the scene with my appetite keen  
And cut all these troubles away."



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# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

"Double line there, fellows," ordered the scrub captain. "Now, freshman, you'll run the gantlet for that line of back-talk you handed an old varsity man. Get going, there. When we're finished, you won't feel so fresh."

In the right hand of each man was gripped a discarded tennis racket, or a paddle shaped from a shingle. He faced them with fists clenched and fight in his eyes. Then, on hands and knees, for resistance was futile, he started through the double line. Two by two the paddles lifted and swept down with tingling blows. Halfway through he broke clear and dived into the canal. The startled line straightened up at the splash and searched the waters for trace of the fugitive. The gathering night mocked their young eyes. Lusty yells brought no reply, and the quick patrol of either side of the canal was barren of all results but the recovery of Dale's "ink-spot." Half an hour later the squad headed back for the campus, hopeful that the morning would discover Freshman Dale in his chapel seat.

It was two days later that Hector Dale caught a train in New York in answer to the telegram from Nassau. The afternoon papers that he snatched from a news-stand flared with headlines about the mysterious disappearance of Freshman Dale, of the unsuccessful sweeping of the canal for his body, and the recrudescence of hazing at Nassau.

"Crazy young pups!" he muttered. "So that's the way they run their colleges! Made sport of their traditions, did he, and stood on his rights before he'd let them browbeat him and run over him. Tried to drown the boy, eh? Traditions! Rubbish! I'll see him through this if it takes my last dollar."

While his train was hurrying him to the old-world quiet and beauty of Nassau, college proctors and private detectives were scouring the countryside for trace of his son. The campus was almost deserted when his jitney dropped him at the college offices. Dusk had fallen; the students had scattered to clubs and Commons for supper; and only a few yellow squares of light checkered the fronts of the dormitories.

"Ah, Mr. Dale. You will be glad to know that we are running down a definite clue," the registrar greeted him. "No doubt your son will be located within a few hours. We feel keenly about the great anxiety you have suffered. I assure you, however—"

"The boy can take care of himself on land or water," broke in Dale's rough voice. "But it's a damnable outrage, and I'm here to see that this case is sifted to the bottom."

"The newspapers exaggerated it tremendously," answered the registrar in a pained voice. "President Hayden has the case under his personal jurisdiction and will see that full justice is done. He was obliged to leave college this afternoon but left word that he would be pleased to see you tomorrow morning at ten."

"I'll be there," said Dale with heavy significance. "But,"—and he shook a blunt finger at him, "if any real harm has come to that boy, I'll rip every yard of ivy off your walls and wreck the place, or my name is not Hector Dale. Rubbed your pretty little traditions the wrong way! Defied the sentiment of the college! Traditions! Sentiment! Rot!"

He emphasized his feelings on those sacred subjects by slamming the door in the face of the registrar.

The hotel was the next stop on Mr. Dale's enforced and unwelcomed pilgrimage. He glanced with disapproval at the electric sign to the left of the main entrance advertising its bar, and communicated the essence of that disapproval to the clerk.

"You're wrong, Mr. Dale," replied the clerk as he swung the register

around. "The college has the boys high and dry on wagon. They beat Congress to it by five years. The use of townspeople and visitors. In the old days they certainly did whoop it up down there, I'll tell the world, they drink milk." His voice registered his disgust. "Times changed; and besides, they haven't time. Too darned busy."

Mr. Dale felt cheated of his natural surmise. "What do you do in the evenings?" he asked.

"Study—once in a while go to the movies. Tonight they're packing Moffatt Hall for the football mass-meeting. Old man? No? Well, I believe you'll find it interesting, my Speeches by a lot of old grads. Rehearse cheers for Saturday game."

In default of something better to do, Hector Dale made way toward Moffatt Hall at the end of his lonely supper. A far off came the strains of a band and the rollicking verses of song. Cries of "Peerade! Peerade! All out for Moffatt!" came singly and then blended into an insistent roar. From an open window a cornet shrilled its strident alarm. From two pencils of light stabbed the dark as a shotgun emptied its barrels. The night was alive with the scurrying of feet, cries, and weird, unclassified noises. And through the noise now dying, now swelling to renewed strength, ran the laughing youth. Hector Dale felt it, and before his alert came almost forgotten memories of the winter at the head of the Chagres in Panama, prospecting for gold. A memory of the encircling jungle at night, alive with rustlings, the bodies, abrupt sliding movements in the bush, the harsh cries of deer and the short triple bark of wild pig ranging for salt deposits and mud-holes—a memory of the days when his feet were at the bottom of the ladder up which he had fought. He turned for the moment, facing those irreclaimable days of his youth, his grim face relaxed in a wistful smile.

The tramp of feet, the lively march of the band and fresh voices chanting the glory of Nassau came nearer. Around the buttressed walls of a dormitory swept the long, twisting column.

"Now, fellows, one long cheer for the team! Hip! Hip!" The cheer broke sharp, clear, defiant. The column lurched in laughing, scrambling groups at the open doors of Moffatt Hall. He watched them tumble through the door at which he stood.

keen, appraising eyes, conscious of a new and interest. Then he followed and found a seat on the rear row. The interior of the hall was horseshoe in its contour, the seats facing a dais, so that he could see the half-turned faces of those in front of him.

What followed held the same freshness of novelty for the gray-headed interloper. Dispassionate thrusting into the offing the errand on which he came, he studied the tableau before him. True by a necessity that practice in many lands had sharpened to a knife edge in the judgment of

he scanned the mobile faces. He saw the answer to every mood that the sparkle of sun, the shadowing of the cloud, the driving squalls over its surface. Exhorted to stand like a living wall back of the team in coming crisis, he saw their brows knit in serious lines and their chins frozen in termination. When a football star of a decade called out of that past the memory of teams that had won undying fame at Nassau, Dale watched their eyes kindle in a passionate faith. And when the voice of the head coach broke with emotion, calling on them to bear aloft the old flaming spirit of Nassau, Dale felt them react to it though a wave of religion, a call to arms in a sacred cause, had shaken them.

He stirred uneasily at those moments, baffled by a sense that was the spectator of a drama whose deepest meaning was obscured to him alone. He smarted under the sense of being an eavesdropper, an eavesdropper cheated by a language that was his own and yet alien to him in its subtle shadings. He was inordinately grateful for some shaft of humor, some



Two Saturdays later Hector Dale cheered Nassau on to victory.





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prediction of victory, broke the tense silence with a shout of laughter, the joyful stamping of feet. At the end of the speech a student in a black sweater which the orange N of Nassau gleamed and with white sneakers on his feet, led his fellows in a rousing cheer. It was then that Dale felt himself worn out through the baffling barrier. His body would twitch to the lifting chorus. The old bits of deviltry that had been taken with the name of Hector Dale from the Himalayas to the Rockies in those days would show in the twinkle of his eyes.

"If they can work and fight with the same spirit they put in their classes, they're some boys—some boys," he chuckled to himself. Then, as the speaker strode to the front, Hector Dale had an oddly engaging thought. Nassau! Wasn't his boy a Nassau man? And since he was, didn't his father have some vested rights in Nassau? But before he could pursue this whimsical line of thought, the introductory words of the chairman swept them from his mind.

"Now, fellows, we are going to learn from one of the greatest backs that ever wore Nassau's colors. Jim Duncan, captain of the '86 team, who kicked five goals from the field in his last game. Nine Nassaus for Duncan! Are you ready? Hip! Hip!"

**JIM DUNCAN!** Not as a football player whose brilliance had not dimmed in the lapse of thirty-six years, but as a clean, hard-hitting rival, Dale knew him. Perhaps, he mused while Moffatt Hall roared to the whole-hearted tribute of the cheer, here was where Jim Duncan had learned to play the game of life. Here was where he had caught that flaming spirit that had made his name among mining men the synonym for fair play.

From the first words of his short impassioned talk Duncan's voice rang with the depths of his feelings. The message that Nassau needed but the spirit of old, a spirit that had been consecrated anew by the sacrifices that her sons had laid on the altar of their country, to sweep the field as of old, drove home its unblemished faith, its trumpet-call to college and to team.

"And they say in the Street that Jim Duncan's licked. Licked? Lord, you can't lick a man like that!" said Dale to himself, strangely stirred at the climax of his first day of pilgrimage. "Yes, he got it right here, right in Nassau," he added with conviction.

He was turning back to the hotel, musing over his experience with a sense that he had lost something in his self-made career, when he felt a firm hand on his shoulder.

"Hello, Dale. Saw you back there just as I was finishing my little spiel. How did the whole game hit you? Find it interesting?"

"Hello, Duncan. Rattling good talk—right from the shoulder. Never knew you were such a great man," Dale laughed.

"Only to the youngsters down here," Duncan smiled. "I say, Dale, any way I can help you? Heard any news about your boy?"

They found a note waiting for him at the hotel, and Dale read it aloud.



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*The Final Touch*

son found working in a limestone quarry on the New York pike twelve miles north of Nassau. Will return here in the morning. Safe and well."

"That's settled, Duncan. Couldn't hurt that boy with an ax. So he's started mining with a pick in his hands just as we did."

They laughed with the ease of boys, and Jim Duncan slipped his hand into the crook of the other's elbow.

"How would you like to take a walk around the old place and drop into my old room in West?" he suggested.

"You're on. Let's have a look-see, as they used to say out in the East."

They crossed the street, conscious of a new intimacy after years of casual acquaintance, passed through the great grilled gates, and down the narrow walk that led to West.

"Curious old walks they have here, with the wide gutters. Many's the day I took to these gutters in freshman year to give gangway to a lordly sophomore," laughed Duncan.

"One of your blasted traditions, I suppose," grunted Dale.

Duncan shot a keen look at him. "Perhaps they do seem foolish to you," he assented. "But they're a part of the game down here, part of the unconscious discipline we put them through. You know most of the freshmen come here as big men from their prep-schools, and they need a bit of taming. We've got our traditions in the mining game. Don't know any line that has more. And after all, it's the man who lives up to the traditions and standards of his own world who gets the most out of it, isn't it?"

They climbed two flights of winding iron steps and halted before a much battered door. At Duncan's rap a voice yelled its invitation. The two occupants of the room, from which two small bedrooms opened up, jumped to their feet as Duncan swung open the door.

"My name's Duncan, '86, and this is my friend Mr. Dale. Just dropped in for a look at my old room," smiled Duncan.

"This is fine of you, Mr. Duncan," said the taller of the two. "My name's Jackson, and this is my roommate Joe Shields. Wont you sit down?"

But before Duncan took his seat, he crossed over to the open fireplace, and his fingers swept over the knife-carved, poker-burned surface of the lintel that spanned it.

"The old football-score that we burned in there thirty-six years ago with a red-hot poker, Dale," he explained. "Gosh, I'm getting old."

With ready incident of that historic game and with sympathetic questioning he speedily placed the deferential youngsters at their ease. Jackson threw an armful of wood on the smoldering fire, and its flames lighted up the room.

"Yes sir, I'm working my way through. Tutoring in math' mostly," Jackson answered in response to Dale's query.

"I'm living up here because Dad had this room once," Shields volunteered.

"There are his initials, 'J. D. S. '92' over the fireplace."

"So you're Joe Shields' boy?" asked Dale. "I know him in a business way. Shipped a lot of ore over his road in my day."



## Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

### Has this ever happened to you?

**W**HAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

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You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

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These two frank youngsters with their engaging smiles, perfect blending of deference and self-respect, their open pleasure at the visit, held his fancy. To Duncan's ready flow of reminiscence and quest of campus gossip he added his keen, incisive questions, quick to seize on the opportunity to get their views on college life. An hour passed quickly in this sheltered corner of a new world to him, and they passed down the resounding iron steps with the farewells of the two echoing behind them in the old revolutionary building.

"Nice boys, eh, Dale?" was Duncan's comment as they gained the narrow walk.

"Wouldn't ask for better ones," said Dale. "I'd like to have that boy of mine meet them."

"I'll take care of that," volunteered Duncan. "What train are you taking back tomorrow? We might go up together."

"I have that appointment tomorrow at ten. Have lunch with me and the boy, and we'll fix the time."

"You're going to leave the boy here?" ventured Duncan.

"Leave him here? I wouldn't take him out of this place for the best free-milling ores in the State of Colorado. I want you to talk to him, Jim." The name slipped out easily. "Make him see this place as you do, and as I am beginning to. Get his feet off that lone trail, and start him right. Will you do it?" pleaded Dale.

"I'd be a poor Nassau man and friend of yours, Hector, if I didn't."

They parted at the hotel with a hand-clasp that registered in full the pleasurable glow that the evening had lighted in their hearts.

## MRS. CORD

(Continued from page 86)

the harsh old man and the boy did not give Peeewe confidence in Beman; they understood one another too well for that. He looked apprehensively about the library, as Beman took his hand and led him in and the door was closed behind them. Jeffrey came toward them, put his hand under Peeewe's chin, turned his small face up and studied it; he looked from it to his brother, where he sat beside Mrs. Markyn, holding her hand. She smiled in a strained way to greet the boy; she was very pale. What had they said to her, Peeewe wondered, that had made her look like this? Beman, still holding the boy by the hand, seated himself in his big chair and drew him between his knees.

"Now, Mr. Rollins," he invited.

The man who had come with the "flat-foot" seemed to Peeewe something between a policeman and a clerk. "Mr. Beman knows I haven't been able to gather much on this," he said. "It's too long ago—eight years. The officer here, who was the one that picked up the kid, had forgotten the circumstance, until I showed him the record of the court. I've got a summary of that here."

Peeewe shook nervously. Was he the kid? "Listen," Beman whispered in his ear.

"He'll apologize to that coach, all right. Jim's dead right on that," muttered Hector Dale as his head hit the pillow. "Gad," the thought struck him, "I ought to be a registrar."

Two Saturdays later Hector Dale, on the side of Jim Duncan, cheered Nassau on to victory in her first big game of the season. The square, orange-tinted stub of the side-line badge that hung from his coat lapel was a decoration in his eyes second to none that any government had to bestow. As the last whistle shrilled and the stadium filled to the riotous march of Nassau's undergraduates, Jim Duncan turned to him.

"Hector, you old rascal, we're going to adopt you as mascot. I've got two side-line tickets for the game up in Nassau Haven next Saturday. Are you on?"

"I'll be there with bells on," was the gay response. "Wonder how the freshmen came out up there today? Some was tied at the end of the first half. And say, Jim, drop in for lunch on Monday. I've got a proposition to put up to you. If you'll take it, you can snap your fingers at that bunch of yours on Redwood Street. Dale and Duncan! Think it over, old man. The job's getting too big for me to swing alone. So long, Jack. Great game."

The clerk at Hector Dale's apartment hotel thrust out a telegram as he swept past the desk, humming a Nassau football song that told of utter indifference as long as the gang was there. He ripped it open, and the cup of that day's joy was filled to the brim.

"We beat them nine to six. Three cheers for Old Nassau, Dad," it ran.

"Hip! Hip!" piped Hector Dale, and his strong voice broke a little.

"He's a tough kid," the man commented, "if you come to that. He's run away from every home they put him in. He run away from the Greenwood Boys Home, which not many run away from. Before that, he run away from the orphan asylum. That's how the court came to send him to the Home."

"Begin at the beginning of the record," Beman said.

"All right." The man referred to a paper. "The officer took the kid up on Cottage Grove Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street," he said. "He remembers that part perfectly."

"That's right," the policeman put in. "He took him to the Cottage Grove Avenue station."

"What date?" Beman suggested.

"January 17, 1911. He was held at the station until the 19th, expecting somebody would claim him—they almost always do with lost kids. He couldn't tell his name or where he lived, and there weren't any marks on his clothing. That's right?"

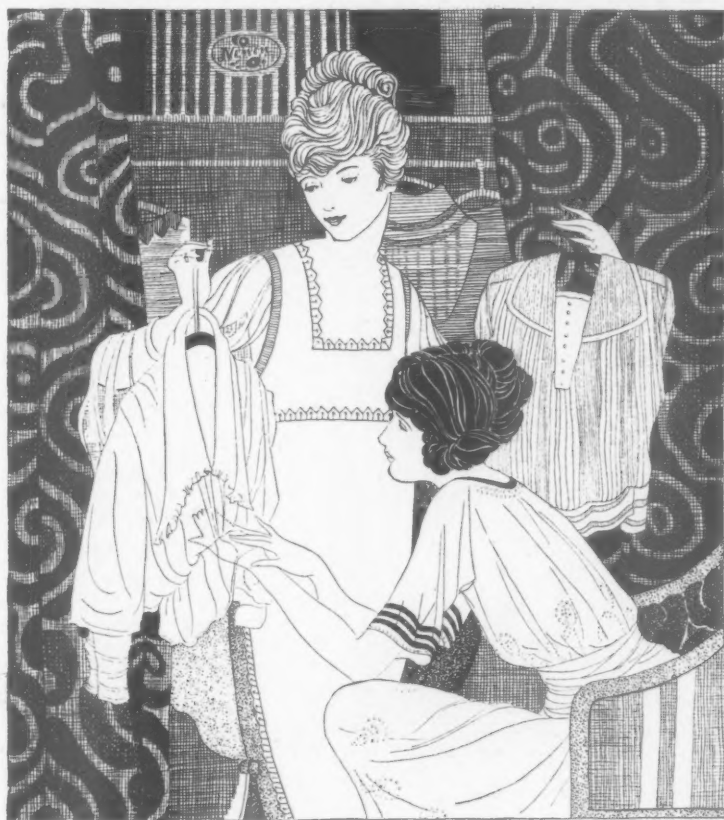
"That's right," the policeman assented.

"On the 19th, nobody claiming him, he was turned over to the Juvenile Court. The court judged him to be two, or maybe a little under two, years old, and he was assigned temporarily to St. Anthony's Orphan Asylum, expecting someone to





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Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press with hot iron.

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No 1932

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# KARPEN



lated to him would turn up. Nobody did, and a year later he was brought up in court again, on the ground that for the records of the asylum he ought to have a name. The court gave him the name *H. Seabury*—no record of what *H.* stood for.

"Do you remember that?" Beman asked of Peewee.

"No sir," said the boy.

"Don't remember having a name given you in court?"

Peewee squirmed uneasily. What did all this mean? Why was he expected to remember? He could not understand what was going on. "No sir," he said.

"Don't remember this policeman taking you up?"

"No sir."

"Don't remember being lost upon the street?"

Peewee looked at Mrs. Markyn. She was paler than before; her blue eyes were wide and fixed eagerly upon him. If she wanted him to remember, he wished that he could.

"Let me try with him," she said to Beman.

She drew him away from the old man and held him against her knee. Her touch, as always, filled him with incomprehensible feelings; he trembled and pressed closer to her. She was affected, too; her hands shook as they clasped him; her temples whitened and her eyes shone nervously.

"We'll begin," she suggested, "with things that you do remember, and see if then you can't remember back. You told me, you know, that you didn't know who your parents were."

"Yes'm," he admitted.

"But that—that woman had told you that she was your mother and had told you who she said your father was."

He winced and gazed at her unhappily. They had told her, then, about the woman; she must, he comprehended, if she knew that, know all the rest. It was not quite clear to him, since the woman had proved not to be his mother, what the effect of this upon her must be. Didn't it matter to her now? He felt vaguely that there must still be pain of some sort in it for her; but she had forgiven her husband, it appeared, for she had let him hold her hand.

"Why did you tell me that?" she asked.

He hesitated, doubtful whether to tell her the truth; he might, he decided, do that now, since the other things were known to her. "They said it would spoil your life to know about me," he confessed.

She appeared not to understand. Walter Markyn moved as if startled, and seemed about to speak. Beman scrutinized Peewee curiously; the old man seemed to puzzle over something, and suddenly to comprehend, and raised his hand to check Walter. "Let her go on," he commanded.

"Spoil my life?" she echoed. "I don't know what you mean."

He snuggled closer to her. He felt relief; he had not been conscious that the necessity he had had of lying to her about himself had made him feel his separation from her until now, when the need for that had been removed.

"I was at the house," he said.

"The house?" She drew her strong dark brows together, puzzled.

"I went there, after my—that woman told me where he lived." He pointed to Walter. "They were talking there, and they said it would spoil your life to know about me; so I went out and shut the door and went away."

"My God!" said Jeffrey.

The woman comprehended. She drew him closer; her lip trembled, and her eyes filled suddenly with tears. "You don't know!" she breathed. "You went away—that I wouldn't know! Oh, my dear! And afterward you refused to tell me about yourself because of that! And you were so little and so friendless and without home! Oh, my dear, my dear! But that isn't what I meant. . . . When you told me that you didn't know your parents, wasn't it a little—just a little—because you didn't believe the woman when she said she was your mother?"

He reflected. He had, he recollected, thought Helen Lampert "nuts;" but she had not been because she said she was his mother; it had been because he thought his father could not be the man who lived in Walter Markyn's big, big house.

"No'm," he told her.

"You believed what she told you?"

"Yes'm."

"You didn't have any memories at all which made you think that perhaps you ought not to believe her?"

He could not quite understand the question. "No'm," he said after an interval.

"It didn't make you think back to anybody else when she told you that she was your mother?"

"No'm."

**T**HE woman paused uncertainly, looking about with damp eyes questioningly at the others.

"There's nothing to be accomplished this way," Jeffrey answered to her. "We're asking the impossible of the child. A child of two couldn't possibly have such memories for such a length of time, and after experiences such as this boy has gone through."

"That's right," Beman replied to her. "It must be accepted only as a possibility. The dates coincide—the night of January 16th and the morning of January 17th. An unclaimed child found that morning on the street has grown in five years between to look exactly like Walter. Anything more definite than that must simply assume. There were, we know, other babies in the same case. The body of the burned child was unrecognizable. There were other burned, unrecognizable bodies. You can assume, if you want, that the child belonged to one of them, that the nurse had picked up some other's baby—not necessarily a mistake; she may have been unable to reach the child and tried to save the first other child that offered. You can assume that the substitution never was suspected—that Edith's child, escaping in some way, wandered off and was found next morning by this police officer. But it's nothing but assumption. It never can be proved. It might warrant adoption."

The woman, still clasping Peewee, looked up at him. "It does," she asserted.

## Three common mistakes that mar the skin

*Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes*

**F**IRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

**A** SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

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ONE hundred and eighty-five times, Miss Betsy Lane Shepherd has stood on a public concert platform, and sung the old heart-songs with all the exquisite fervor of her art. One hundred and eighty-five times, a New Edison has stood by her side, and brought her RE-CREATED voice into direct comparison with her living voice. One hundred and eighty-five times, her audience has found no difference between the two voices, either in quality, or in feeling, or in emotional influence.

AT Dallas, Texas, on April 26, 1920, Miss Shepherd, who is a famous concert soprano, stood before her 185th audience. She started to sing.

*"In the gloaming, oh! my darling—"*

With a soft, rounded loveliness, the beloved melody filled the auditorium. Pulsing through its theme was the soul of a

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*"—it was best to leave you thus—"*

The audience was puzzled. Then it awoke. Miss Shepherd's voice was now coming from the New Edison. For the 185th time, an audience had heard the Betsy Lane Shepherd test—and had been unable to tell the difference between her living voice and her RE-CREATED voice.

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**The NEW EDISON**  
*"The Phonograph with a Soul"*



**THEN—**  
She suddenly stopped singing. The New Edison took up her song and continued it alone.

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direct comparison. Not one of these 4000 audiences was able to distinguish between the artist's original performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

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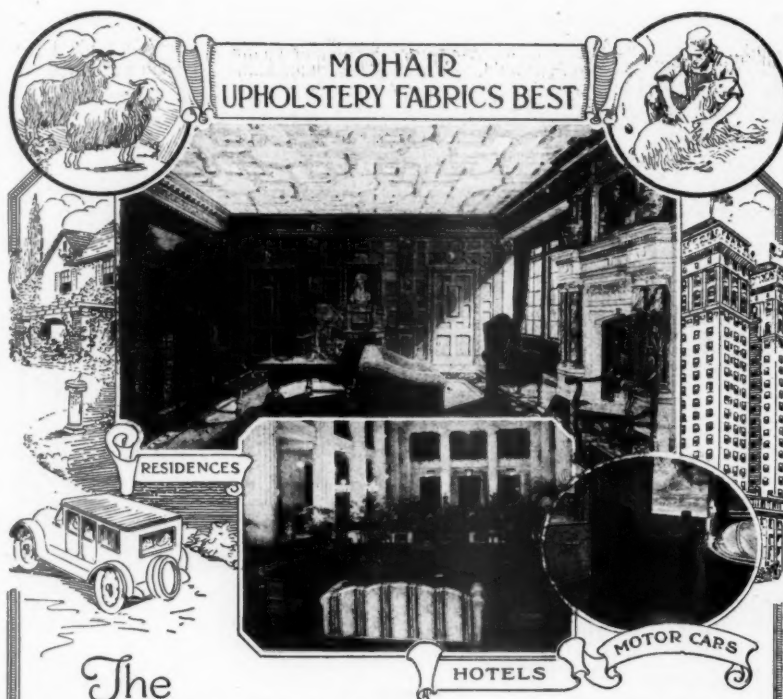
spired purpose which the New Edison, through its realism, is to serve.

*"I have been quoted as desiring to see a phonograph in every American home. What I actually want to see in every American home is music, so realistic and so perfect in its rendition as to be an unending source of benefit and pleasure."*

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"It warrants more than that, even though we can never have absolute conviction."

What was going on was incomprehensible to Peewee. He heard the words that Beman and Mrs. Markyn said, but they conveyed no meaning to him. Some child, at some time, had been burned to death in a train-wreck; he himself, in some inexplicable way, they seemed to be connecting with that child. Was it he the talk was of adopting? Who was Edith? Was she the Mrs. Cord, whom Beman had said might adopt him? Was this some other adoption they were talking of? What he perceived was that whatever was happening was, in its progression, drawing him more intimately to Mrs. Markyn; she held him closer; there was tenderness and protection in her clasp which no one had ever made him feel before. He choked to feel it; it made him want to cry. He felt a sudden loss as she stood up, releasing him.

LOOKING up, he saw her, white now as death, a light of excitement shining in her eyes, and her full lips set tight together. She looked, he thought, like some one to whom some startling memory had just occurred. She left him and went hurriedly to Beman and spoke to him in low tones, eagerly. The old man, listening to her, frowned doubtfully. Peewee had, unconsciously, the feeling that she, in need of help, had turned to that violent, harsh but capable old man, as he himself had once done. What help? Jeffrey and Walter had gone closer to them to listen. Beman drew the police officer aside and spoke to him. The officer's reply was clear to Peewee.

"Sure I can get him. Now?"  
"My car's outside," said Jeffrey. "Use it."

The policeman went quickly out, motioning to the other man, who followed him.

"I'll go for the letter myself," said Mrs. Markyn. "Walter, come with me."

They too went out; Peewee heard the closing of the entrance door, the sound of motors, and stared perplexedly at the two men. Beman, his gray old cheeks a little flushed, waited in his great chair; Jeffrey paced nervously up and down, halting now and then to exchange words inaudibly with Beman. The boy wanted to question Beman, but was afraid. When the long hand of the clock had moved halfway round, he heard the front door again, and the policeman entered, followed by another man whom Peewee felt sure was a policeman too. The new man greeted Beman and Jeffrey as though he did not know them, and opened a handbag which he carried, and laid articles out upon the table—ink and a little pad and oblong cards with words in small print along the edge of them. Mrs. Markyn and Walter came in hurriedly. The man took the folded note-paper which Mrs. Markyn gave him and spread it out under the library lamp and looked at it through a magnifying glass.

"It aint so bad," he said, "much better than you ought to expect to get under such circumstances. Come here, he ordered.

Jeffery pushed Peewee up to him. "It's the left hand," the man directed. He took the boy's small left hand and





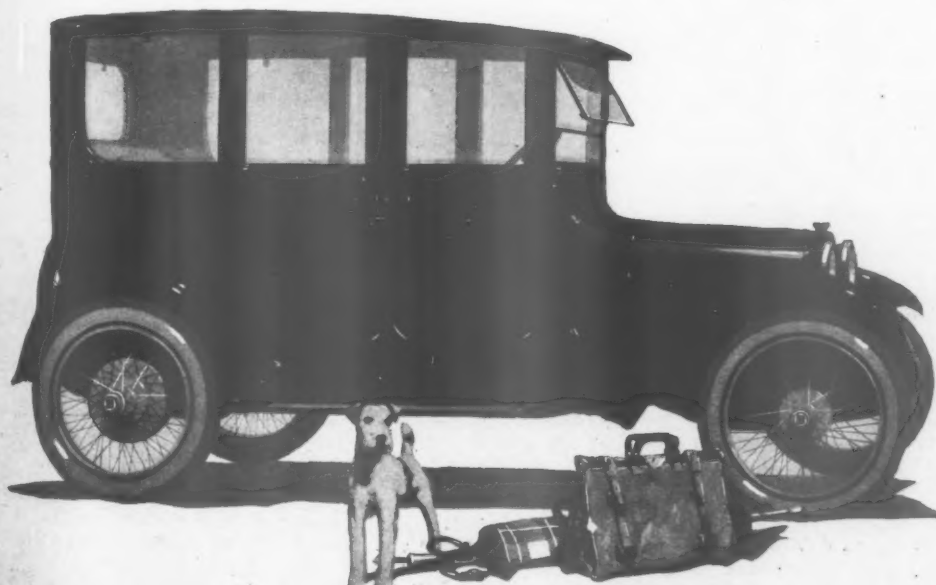
# DODGE BROTHERS

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**DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT**



rolled his fingers one by one upon the pad and then upon one of the cards. "Let's try again," he said, repeating the process.

Peewee knew what they were doing to him. The conversation of the streets had taught him that they took the finger-marks of criminals like this, but he did not know exactly why they took them. Did they think he had done something? He looked across the man's arm at the letter which Mrs. Markyn had brought. "My darling," it began. A corner of the sheet was black with ink; and halfway down the page were five queer blots with a pencil-mark around them which made a little hand. It was less easy for him to read handwriting than print, but he spelled out the words written close about the hand:

*He's been sitting in my lap, dear, while I wrote, and he tipped over the ink-bottle; when I started to write again, I found the prints of his five little fingers on the page; so I put his hand back the way that it had been and marked around it for you.*

Jeffrey drew Peewee back from the table. The man took the cards that he had made and put them close beside the letter and looked at them through a magnifying-glass.

The clock, ticking very slowly indeed, became audible in the room. Jeffrey kept hold of Peewee; Walter walked nervously up and down; Beman sat still; Mrs. Markyn strained forward across the table. What was it, the boy wondered, that was going on? The strain in all of them was clear to him.

"There's three of them," the man remarked, "that aint good enough to go by, but the index and the middle finger are plain."

The clock ticked on again interminably. The man looked up at Mrs. Markyn, and she leaned eagerly toward him.

"They're the same," he said decisively.

Peewee had heard of people's fainting; he had never seen it, but he thought that she was going to do it. He heard Jeffrey's voice: "My God! Think of the strangeness of the thing! That woman, crazed with drugs, picks the boy up on the street because of his likeness to Walter and sends him to us, and he proves to be Edith's baby! No wonder they say God moves in a mysterious way!"

**P**EEWEE did not fully comprehend the words. Mrs. Markyn was coming toward him. She stumbled slightly, as if from weakness, as she crossed the floor.

"Wait!" Walter warned her. "He doesn't understand. He thinks you're Marion."

She stared at him as if trying to find meaning in his words.

"I didn't know that until just now," Walter made clear to her. "When you were speaking to him of himself, he said it was for your happiness that he hadn't wanted you to know about him. You didn't realize what he meant by that. I'd talked with him, of course; you had too. I can't remember that he ever spoke your name. I assumed it was my wife that he had met, because he thought so. I think he told me that it was. Of course I never dared speak of him before her. The place he saw you, too, was at my house. When you brought him here—"

"The talk was very short," Beman broke in. "The boy's mistake is plain enough. I saw it too. He's too bewildered now to understand."

The woman controlled herself. Her body quivered as she drew Peewee to her knee and clasped him with her trembling arms; her sweet blue eyes showed comprehension now, shining through tears, and strangely deep and tender, as she fought her feelings down and tried to conquer his perplexity.

"Dear, how did you find out who I was?"

He wanted to remember that, if it would please her. So much had happened in between; the time had been so long!

"I saw your picture."

"Yes, dear. Did it have my name on it? Tell me about the picture."

He was beginning to recall. There had been two pretty ladies in the picture, this one and— Wasn't the other one the woman he had seen tonight, who had leaned from the limousine to speak to Walter and then had driven on? He was almost sure of that. Their names had been below.

"It said 'Mrs. Walter Markyn,'" he observed.

"Yes, dear."

"And—" He hesitated.

He realized now a familiarity in the name which Beman had spoken to him that afternoon.

"And Mrs. Cord," he said uncertainly.

"What told you, dear, which one was I?"

He could not answer that; something new to him, and incomprehensible, which had stirred within him at her pictured face, had centered all his interest on her. He had choked to think how pretty she was, with what tenderness and sweetness in her look, and he had coupled the name which he had supposed was his father's unquestioningly with her.

"Dear, don't you understand," she queried, "that you took the wrong one?"

He gazed at her doubtfully.

"Try to understand. I am not Mrs. Markyn. She was the other one. The other name belonged to me. I was Edith Markyn once; now I am Mrs. Cord."

He had trouble comprehending this reversal of his thought; everything he had done regarding her since first he had seen her had been because he had believed her to be Walter Markyn's wife. Her feelings at his indecision broke from her control: "Baby, baby, it isn't only that! I am your mother—darling boy, your mother!" He felt her kisses on his cheeks and mouth; her lips, which had felt always cool and sweet before, were hot, burning, almost as Helen Lampert's puffed, cracked lips had burned him. She was clutching him as she controlled her sobs, and he looked from her around questioningly at the others.

"Listen," he heard her say to him. "Long ago I had a little boy—a baby, two years old. My husband was a naval officer—Lieutenant Arthur Cord. That is your name too—Arthur. He was on his ship off Porto Rico. You don't know where that is; it doesn't matter. The fleet was having gun-practice, and there was an explosion of a gun, and afterward of ammunition; and many men were

hurt, and he was too. I wasn't in Chicago when they told me; I was in New York with you, my dear, and no other of my family with me. I had to go to him—to your father, and I sent you in care of your nurse here to Chicago to my family. The train was wrecked, on the Lake Front; the car that you were in was burned, and the body of your nurse was found with a dead baby whom the train had made unrecognizable clasped in her arms. We thought, of course, that it was you, my dear. My husband said I thought I'd lost you both at once."

**H**E was commencing to understand her. "I'd brought back with me, dear, your father's things—even my own letters to him, which he had saved. I'd kept them all these years. Thank God for that, for one of them there were the printmarks of your baby fingers. Except for those, we never should have known. She raised her eyes, bright with tears, toward Beman. "And except for you," she said to the old man, "I never should have found him."

Peewee was adjusting himself; Beman comprehended, was not related to her or to him; the woman who had been with Walter was Mrs. Markyn.

"It was the likeness," Beman said. "Inquiry about the woman led me to the coroner's man. When he told me she had never had a child, the boy's likeness to Walter became inexplicable. Then the boy's record showed the coincidence of dates. It is no more remarkable for him to look like his uncle than if he had looked like his father."

"How much about the boy does Marion know?" Jeffrey inquired.

"Nothing." Walter raised his head; he had been sitting with his face buried in his hands. "She has never even heard of him, I think. We have the boy himself to thank for that." He flushed, looking from his brother to his sister. "A man past rises to strike at him—"

"It's buried now with Helen Lampert," Jeffrey replied. Beman nodded.

The manner of the men toward himself, Peewee perceived, had changed; there was frankness in their look, and tenderness. They were recognizing him the knowledge he had gained of families told him, as of themselves; he was the grandson, he recalled, of Jeffrey Markyn Second, the great-grandson of the older Jeffrey Markyn. He thought of the great houses in which the family lived; he would be free, he understood, to go in and out of those houses. He would have good clothes and ride in motors. He would have the things which he had seen other boys having—bicycles and automobiles. Truant officers and agents of the Juvenile Court would not dare interfere with him. He would never live again in institutions.

He forgot these things, as he looked into the face of the woman; it was Walter, he understood, that he was going to live. He had not been quite sure, now she had told him first, that he had wanted her to be his mother. What he wanted was that she should be as she had always been toward him, and he was not content how a mother was. But what he saw in her face made his throat choke with tears, and he sat still on her lap, gazing passionately at his uncles.

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NOWADAYS one naturally expects the charmingly gowned woman to be an ardent admirer of fairy-fine Luxite and is not surprised to learn that her wardrobe contains only this radiantly beautiful and fine textured hosiery.

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NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

Save the surface and you save all:  
to save the surface. White-Lead it.



# Dutch Boy Flatting Oil and White-Lead

## THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

(Continued from  
page 31)

"It's so—so cheap, Lyn." Lyn exclaimed fiercely: "Cheap? Cheap? Well, thank the Lord it is cheap, Beth Elder! It's lucky there's something that's cheap. Goodness knows, I'd never have any fun that wasn't cheap, the way you and Father—"

Beth's voice was suddenly stern: "Lyn, I'll not let you talk so. When Father and I both work all the time, and you do nothing but spend. You're ungrateful!" "Ungrateful?" Lyn's voice was like a scream. "What have I got to be grateful for? I'm a thin, scrawny, sickly, coughing little fool, not fit to do anything except play around and have a good time, with no money to do anything else if I was fit, and you call me cheap and ungrateful. You old pig! You sneaking, lying old—"

Beth had sought to quiet her; it was too late. Lyn's very anger had overpowered her. She broke into a fit of coughing. Beth, her arm about her sister's shoulder, could feel the frail body twist and writhe as though it would be torn in pieces by the torment it endured. Lyn, still speechless, brushed her sister's arm away, flung herself down on the bed, buried her face in her pillow. Her coughs were muffled. She muttered brokenly: "I hate you, Beth. Hate you. Get out of—my room! Get out—of here!"

Beth knew her sister, knew the futility of further words when Lyn had given way to such a fury as this. She went toward the door, stood there for a little, till her coughing ceased. After a little Lyn hid from the darkness:

"I see you there. Go away."

Beth said softly: "Oh, Lyn, if you'd only see! You're not only bringing sorrow on yourself. You're bringing it on others!"

Lyn laughed maliciously. "You take precious good care I'll never bring any sorrow on you, don't you, Beth dear?"

Beth went quietly to her room. After a long while she fell asleep.

## CHAPTER III

THE early morning sun woke Beth, when it rose high enough above the eaves to strike in through her windows. There was an alarm clock on the floor beside her bed; she reached down for it and found that it was almost five o'clock. The alarm was set for five, and Beth tapped on the "silent" catch, and thought that it was lucky she had waked. "If I didn't, the alarm would have disturbed you," she reminded herself.

She was accustomed to rise at five, for her father always planned to be at his store by six, and there was no hired girl to get his breakfast for him. Lyn was too strong enough for the steady drain of early rising coupled with late hours; consequently it fell to Beth to prepare her father's breakfast, and Lyn's, and her own. She got slowly out of bed now, and went to the window to look out, and that the day would be fair. "But

it's going to be terribly hot," she told herself. "The lab will be like an oven."

She went through the hall to the bathroom; and when she emerged, the shock of the cold water had put color in her cheeks and cleared her eyes. There was nothing in her appearance to suggest the vigil of the night before, nor the unhappiness that weighed upon her now. When she was fully dressed, she went to her father's door and looked in. Jim Elder was fast asleep; and Beth smiled a little as she looked at him. Her father seemed, sometimes, singularly like a child. He was sleeping now as peacefully as one, his breath coming softly. Beth called to him: "Father! Oh, Father!"

He stirred, and grumbled, and chewed air after the fashion of waking men, and opened his eyes and looked gropingly about, as though trying to find some anchorage to which he might cling.

"I'm going down now, Father," said Beth; and at the sound of her voice he became awake, and waved his hand to her and said cheerfully:

"That's right, Beth. I'll be down before the coffee boils. A fine night to sleep, wasn't it, Beth. I'll tell you, I feel like a spring lamb this morning. A great night to sleep!"

BETH smiled a little wistfully as she went down the stairs. Sometimes she was a bit impatient with her father for being so blind to so many things.

The kitchen, having been shut up all night, was hot and stuffy. She opened the windows and the doors, and the cool air of morning crept in from beneath the plum trees beside the back porch. These plums were ripening, and Beth delayed her work long enough to go out and pluck one or two and eat them, tossing the stones toward a bed of parsley.

When she went indoors again, the kitchen had had time to cool a little, and she began preparing breakfast. A few minutes later, coffee, eggs, bacon and toast were simultaneously ready for the table. At the same time she heard her father coming down the stairs; and she passed the hot plates and the viands through the slide from pantry to dining-room while Jim Elder received them on the other side and set them on the table. Then Beth took off her apron and went in to pour his coffee for him, and they had breakfast together.

Her father had begun talking to her as soon as he came downstairs, bending to look through the slide, amiably discussing the beauty of the morning, the prospects for a hot day, the disappointing spatter of rain during the night. "I was hoping we'd have a shower," he said. "Flowers need it. Don't seem right to have to sprinkle them with the hose, all the time. We always had flowers when your mother was alive, Beth, and no hose nor water-works then, either. Guess there was more rain then than there is now. Looks like the Lord figures if we're so smart with our water-works, we don't need His rain. I tell you, Beth, there's such a thing as

being too uppity about improvements and such truck."

Beth laughed cheerfully. "Mother used to have a sprinkling-pot, though, didn't she? I'll bet she did!"

"Sure," said Jim Elder. "I can remember in the evenings after supper, she'd get it out, and I'd fill it at the pump and carry it for her, and she'd sprinkle all the beds, till the flowers were just drooping with the drops that hung on them. And I'd smoke my pipe and watch her."

"The hose is so much handier than a sprinkling-pot; don't you think it is?"

Her father shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about that. Flowers don't seem to take to the water when it comes that way. Don't have such flowers now as we used to have. Trouble is, folks are getting too independent. Always figuring out short-cuts and new ways of doing things. The old ways are good enough, Beth. Give them a chance. I've kept store right here in town for more than thirty years, and there aint a mite of change in my store now from what it was in the beginning, before I bought out Bartlett. He died right after that, too. He figured he'd sit back and chew his tobacco and take things easy, but he up and died, Beth. Weren't meant to take things too easy, we weren't. That's why I don't like all these short-cuts we're getting, all the time—hoses, and things." He had been eating placidly while he talked; and his food did not in the least interrupt his words. "One thing's just the same, though, Beth. You cook bacon and eggs and make coffee just like your mother used to. I declare, eggs taste like the same hen laid them."

"You never get tired of bacon and eggs, do you, Father? I suppose you've eaten bacon and eggs for breakfast ever since you were a baby, probably."

"Guess I have," said Jim Elder. "I never could see why a man should get tired of bacon and eggs. Guess men don't, for that matter. Noticed, when I went to New York two years ago, they had bacon and eggs on the train, and they had bacon and eggs at every hotel I went to. Long as a man can say 'Bacon and eggs,' he wont ever need to go hungry—not in this country, Beth. There's nothing like them to stand by a man."

He was sopping the last yellow traces from his plate with a half-slice of toast; and Beth watched him, smiling comfortably. She was far too wise to attempt that remodeling of the parent which has become one of youth's national sports. Jim Elder was Jim Elder; and as far as Beth was concerned, he suited her. Lyn sometimes scolded him for his table manners; but then, Lyn seldom came down to breakfast.

When he was done with his eggs, he drained his cup, took the fresh one that Beth poured, filled it half full of cream to bring it to the mild temperature that he liked, and drank it at a gulp, parting his thin mustache with deft fingers. Then Beth went out to the front porch with

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him and saw him start for town. In ten minutes of six; and he would be at the store by six. Other merchants sent boys to do their sweeping and dusting of the building, but Jim Elder always gave his own store, gave the floor a lick and a promise, scattered fresh damp earth where it would do the most good. He considered himself ready for business. There were heaps of dust behind the vegetable-boxes that had not been disturbed in all the thirty years of his keeping.

When he was gone, Beth went into the house, a little wearily. She went upstairs on tiptoe and looked in at the door but Lyn seemed to be still asleep. There were the dishes to be washed, the beds to be made. Beth had almost finished her work after her father's departure, since she was not expected to go to the Furnace before eight. In this time she put her own room and her father's room in order, aired out the house, swept and dusted the sitting-room and washed the dishes. When they were clean and the kitchen was in order, it was half past seven. She wondered whether Lyn was yet awake, and stood in the doorway and called very softly to her sister. No answer; and so Beth decided that the younger girl was still sleeping. She was glad; Lyn needed the rest.

For fear of waking her sister, Beth did not go upstairs again. But before she looked in the mirror on the hatrack in the hall, she studied herself with some care, and then, with a hairpin, tucked a lock of hair into her over her ear, loosed the muslin collar which she wore over her pleasantly fitted shirtwaist and knotted it afresh. A quarter before eight she gathered up the papers on which she had been working the night before, selected half a dozen, folded them and put them into an envelope. Then she put on her hat, looked at the envelope full of papers, and then, after a moment or two, and left the house.

### CHAPTER IV

BETH always approached her work with a certain secret and admitted trepidation. Since her first experiences were performed so close to the fires of Crescent Furnace that it was necessary to raise one's voice to be heard, all, this timidity may not have been surprising. But—it was not the fire which inspired in Beth the reluctance at times oppressed her. She loved the roar and the heat of the Furnace, loved the roar and the heat of it. When she was a little girl, the place had fascinated her. And even when it was possible, she liked to go to the shed at casting-time, to stand against the very foot of the stack where the slag poured from the cinder behind her in a stream of fire, and when the iron was drawn, flowing with docility to its appointed place in the sand. There was an epic element in the struggle, of battle, in the spectacle it never appealed in this wise to Beth. Her the iron seemed always friendly, lending itself so eagerly to the demands of men, yielding itself to tasks that lay before it. Beth knew when she passed a steel bridge



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motor, most highly refined of the overhead valve type, the long underslung spring construction, positive brakes and an unusual ease of control are features of distinction which make the Cleveland a better car.

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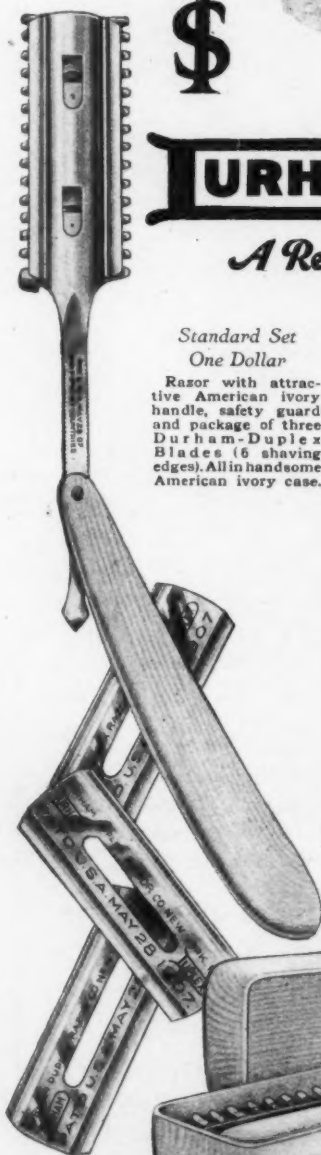
It's the greatest blade ever. You'll say so yourself after a single shave with this real razor.

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like resting her hand affectionately on the cold girders. She wanted to say to them: "Good work, my friends. I know what you've come through. I know you from red ore to cold steel, know your strength and your weaknesses, love your

No, Beth was not afraid of the furnace. She was not afraid of the hammer fires. Her unconfessed trepidation had another source.

Trav Hartley was chief chemist at the Furnace; she was his assistant. They worked side by side, day by day, making their tests and studying the reactions and prescribing the formulas which were allowed in loading the huge charge into the stack's red top. Their shoulders touched now and then; they called, one upon the other, to check and correct each calculation. They supplemented each other's work. Each knew the other's methods, knew the other's ways. They were a good team, efficient, trustworthy, true. And they had worked thus, side by side for almost three years.

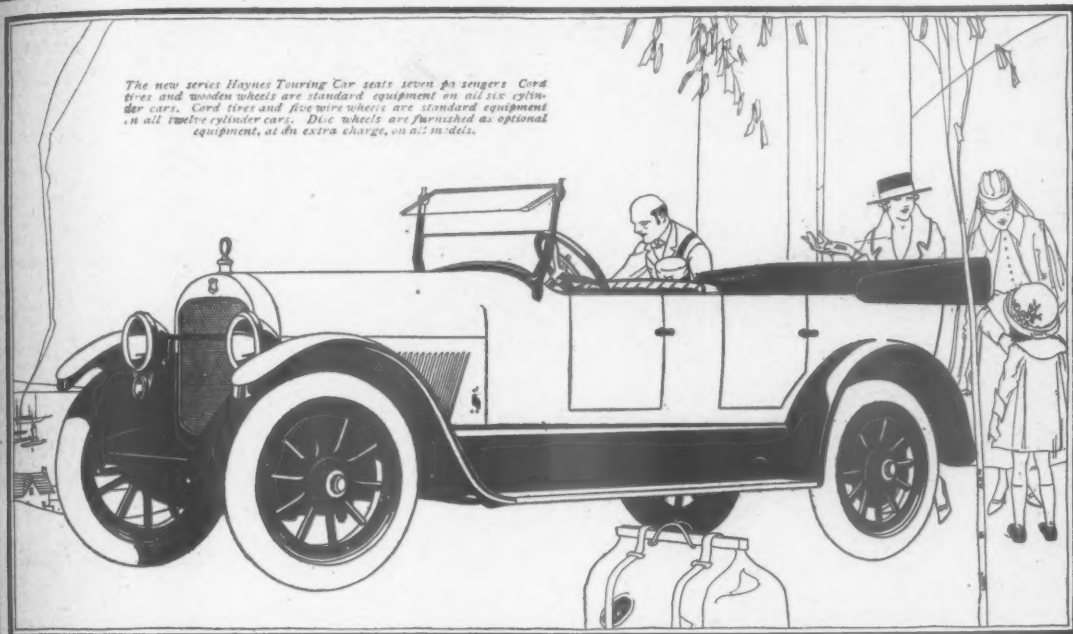
Travis Hartley's father owned the Cent Furnace. Some day it would be long to Trav. In the meantime the young man did the routine chemical work that was required, and learned to know the ways of iron, and took himself for the responsibility that would one day be his. He was a year or two older than Beth; he had been a class or two ahead of her in school, had gone away to college, and come back to find her already holding the assistant's position in the laboratory. She had a natural aptitude for chemistry; it fascinated and enthralled her; and she had made herself fit for the work that she was called upon to do.

Trav remembered her as a high school girl, that is to say, a child. He looked at her a woman, more experienced in her own field than he. She had taught him the practical end of the work; and though it was true that his more adequate training and his more original habits of thought soon carried him beyond her, still deferred to Beth in a way that he found indescribably pleasant—and disturbing. Trav had never asked her to marry him; yet Beth knew he loved her and would ask her if she chose. There had been occasions when it was necessary for her to rear a barrier between them; occasions when he had been close to speech. Beth did not wish him to tell her that he loved her. She was a little afraid, each day, that he would; and she was, by the same token, a little disappointed when she went home each afternoon, because he had not done so.

"But you're a fool, Beth," she told herself on such occasions. "You're a—fool. If he did, you wouldn't have him."

AS she drew near her destination, she could see the ugly black structure of the hot-blast stoves at the Furnace rising themselves ahead of her. And presently she left the street and picked her way between two lofty piles of red, glistening ore, and the roar of the fires folded her like an embrace. She came thus to the laboratory door.

Trav, she saw, was ahead of her. In his shirt-sleeves he bent above a row of test-tubes at the other side of the room; and she paused for an instant



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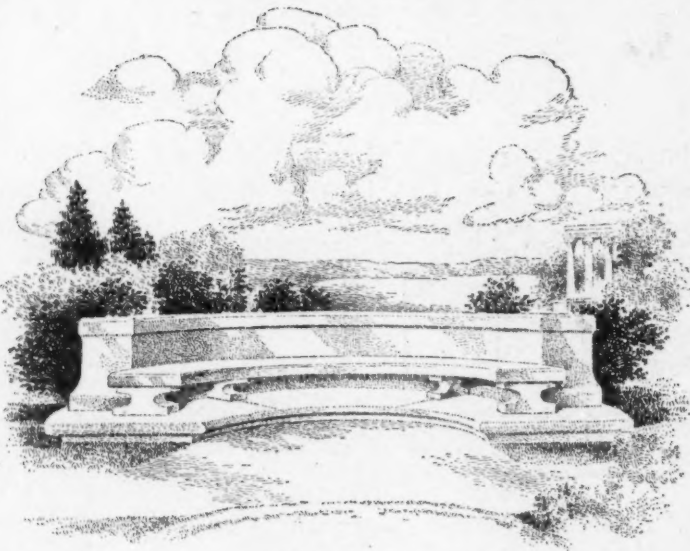
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the doorway, watching him, studying the lines of his broad shoulders. He seemed to feel her eyes, swung around, called, "Hello, Beth! I beat you for once."

She nodded, smiling. "I stopped to watch a robin getting breakfast," she confessed, and put her hat in her locker, where it would be protected from the smoky dust that filled the air about the Furnace. While she crossed to her desk, Trav, watching her, said:

"You look a bit tired, don't you?"  
"I thought I was looking unusually fresh this morning," she told him. "I'm not tired."

"Sleepy, I mean. I'll bet you are working at that stuff that bothered you yesterday. Did you?"

Beth smiled. "A little while. I went to bed as soon as I got sleepy."

He did not say any more; and they plunged into the day's tasks with no further word, but Beth felt his eyes on her now and then, and wished he wouldn't watch her so, and began to feel as sleepy as he said she looked, and wondered if he was sorry for her, and told herself to quit wondering, and pretended to be ever so busy whenever he turned in her direction.

In mid-morning Carl Winsor stuck his head in the door and called to them. "Hello, folks!" Carl, a year or two older than Trav, had gone into the law, like his father before him; and he had been elected prosecuting attorney the year before. He and Trav were close and intimate friends; and Beth liked him. She smiled at his greeting and said, "Hello, Carl," and went on with her work. Trav looked over his shoulder as Carl crossed to his side, and exclaimed cheerfully:

"Hello, old head. Come in and sit down a while. Rest your hands and feet. What are you doing in these parts?"

Winsor lighted a cigarette, seated himself on the edge of the bench, swung his feet. "Talking to a couple of men in the casting-shed that know Madden."

"The chap that—"  
"Yes, clubbed his wife, in one of his blind drunks. His case comes up next week."

"Get what you came after?"  
"Oh, these fellows were his neighbors. I just wanted to find out whether they knew anything. What are you doing with that stuff?"

"Figuring out a charge. I didn't see you last night."

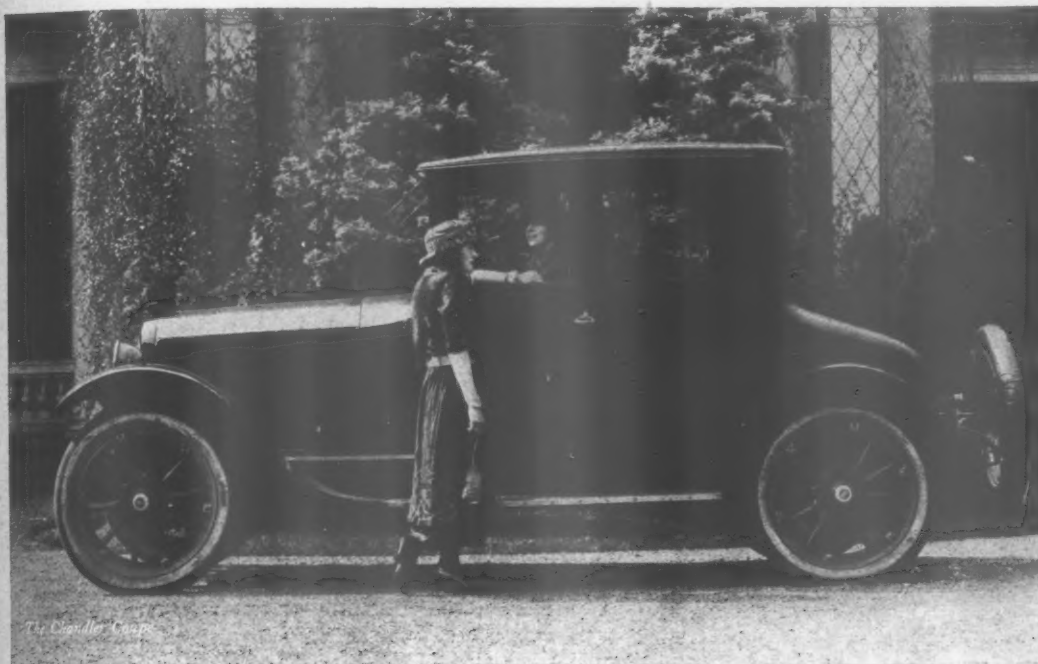
"No; I was tied up."

Beth, absorbed in what she was doing, heard their voices only as a steady, cheerful drone. It was not unusual for Carl or some other of Trav's friends to drop in; and Trav did not mind their talking to him while he worked. Beth had learned the trick of concentration, learned to ignore them.

**A**FTER a time Beth chanced to need a page of notes which lay on one of the tables that stood under the small windows of the laboratory; and when she crossed to get it, she saw through the window a man coming toward the building. The man was Curt Shelling, and for a minute Beth's hand slipped to her throat, and she paled a little. But she was herself again before Shelling reached the door. He was a not infrequent

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itor at the laboratory, since his business was the buying of pig iron for some of the Pittsburgh mills, and they kept him on the ground to maintain relations with the three furnaces in town, and with the others scattered through the district. He was a middle-aged man, with an ugly eye. Beth had always found him singularly unattractive.

He came in with the excessive joviality that his type often affects, took off his hat to Beth, clapped Hartley on the shoulder, spoke to Winsor. Trav turned from his work and watched the man, waiting for him, to declare his errand, but Shelling seemed in no hurry. He called Beth into the conversation by addressing a question or two to her; he told a story at which he laughed alone. Winsor, still perched on the table, his feet swinging, puffed his cigarette and eyed Shelling curiously through the smoke. Trav, decidedly ill at ease, watched his own feet, nodding now and then in response to a direct word. After a while he asked:

"What was it you wanted, Shelling?" The man waved his hand carelessly. "Nothing. All through business for the day. That's the way I manage things. Gives me time to enjoy life. Just been in to see your father—some price adjustments. Thought I'd come over and say hello."

"Well," Trav told him, "you've said it."

Shelling laughed. "Why the grooch?" "I'm not grouchy," Trav replied. "I'm simply busy. My work isn't so fortunately arranged as yours." His tone was exquisitely polite, and by the same token it was patently insulting. Shelling flushed a little, laughed at Winsor.

"I don't believe he wants us around?" he remarked.

"I don't object to Carl," said Trav. "He doesn't talk much."

"Meaning that I do?" Shelling looked angry and a little uneasy.

"Why, not necessarily," Trav explained. "But—I am busy. And after all, your business is with my father."

"There are other men I can do business with besides him," Shelling replied, a faint note of bluster in his voice. Trav nodded cheerfully.

"That's your privilege, of course," he said. "Perhaps you'd better be about it."

The man laughed; he tried to meet Trav's eye, changed his mind about it, crossed to Beth's desk. "You've got a hard boss, Miss Elder," he told her. "Now, if it was you, you'd not send me away."

Trav started toward him with a quick movement that Winsor checked, his hand on his friend's shoulder. Beth only said coolly:

"I'm afraid I should have to, Mr. Shelling."

Shelling, little beads of perspiration on his forehead, backed away from her. He looked toward Trav, grinned. "All right," he said, "I'll run along. Coming, Winsor?"

"Not just now," said Carl cheerfully. When the man was gone, Trav banged his fist on the table, started to speak, looked at Beth and held his tongue. Beth smiled at him; and Winsor asked snidely:

"Don't you like Shelling, Trav?"



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"He's a beast," said Hartley.  
"Pleasant chap, seems to me. I think it would be a joy to do business with him." Carl winked at Beth. Turning back to his work, said in a undertone that was more deadly than an oath:

"I'd like to knock his head off."  
"Why? What's he ever done to you?"  
"Not a darned thing. Just don't like his looks. He makes me mad."  
"He isn't very amiable," Carl agreed.  
"But it's a lot easier to laugh at his son than to get sore at them."  
Trav said uneasily: "Some one's going to take a cowhide to him, one of these days."

### CHAPTER V

**O**N Thursday of that week Trav Hartley came back from lunch with word that he must go to Chillicothe that afternoon. His father was accustomed to send him, now and then, on such missions. "I'll go over in the car," he said, "—get back tonight sometime. Don't want to go along for a ride, do you?"

Beth said she thought not. There was work that would keep her busy through the afternoon. Trav knew this was true and declared it was tough luck. "I'll probably have dinner with Joe Barnard and Elsie," he said. "You remember Elsie Pater. They were married two or three years ago."

"Yes, of course," Beth told him. "I remember her." At something in her tone Trav laughed, and said:

"Oh, I know. Elsie's an awful little gossip. But she's a good sort."

"Of course," Beth agreed again; and Trav said a little impatiently:

"That's right, get sarcastic. Just the same, Elsie's a good fellow."

"Of course she is," Beth told him, for the third time; and he groaned in mock despair and held up his hands in token of surrender.

His absence left Beth alone in the laboratory that afternoon. It was one of those pleasantly cool days which summer occasionally brings; and Beth enjoyed the walk home when her work was done. Lyn came whirling to meet her in the front hall, wrapped from chin to toe in an attractive belted coat of light tan, and the girl's eyes were dancing. Lyn was always happy when she had new clothes, and Beth was happy when Lyn was happy.

"It just came, Beth! It just came!" Lyn cried. "Isn't it a beauty, Beth? Isn't it lovely?"

Beth made her sister turn and twist before her; she admired the coat till even Lyn was contented. "But it's too warm to wear in the summer-time, Lyn," she said. "Anyway, it would be too warm for me."

Lyn shivered prettily. "Not for me, Beth. You know I hate being cold. Besides, I—" She laughed. "I'm going to wear it tonight, Beth. Going out with Curt. He drives so fast I'm always half-frozen."

Beth, her smile fading, said: "You hadn't told me." And Lyn flashed angrily:

"Why should I tell you? When I do



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tell you, you just fuss. I don't have to ask permission, I guess."

"Of course not, Lyn," Beth agreed. She put her hat away. "Did you order anything for supper, Lyn?"

"Dad's bringing chops," Lyn said. "I'm sick and tired of Hamburg steak."

Beth nodded. "I'll put some potatoes on." She left her sister posturing before the mirror and went into the kitchen. When Jim Elder came home, half an hour later, vegetables were ready; and it was a matter of a few minutes to prepare the chops. Lyn ate very lightly, barely tasting the food on her plate, and skipped away from the table almost at once, running up to her room to dress.

Beth said, a little huskily: "Lyn's going out with Curt Shelling tonight, Father."

Elder picked a chop-bone clean of the last crisp shreds of meat, nodded, and chuckled. "Lyn leads them all a dance," he agreed. "She's a gay little thing, Beth. House would be pretty sober, sometimes, if it wasn't for Lyn. Don't know what I'll do when she gets married and goes away somewhere."

Beth heard Lyn coughing faintly, upstairs; and she said slowly: "Maybe she'll never—marry, Father." Her eyes were abruptly filled with a warm flood; but her father laughed cheerfully and declared there was no fear of that.

"Lyn's the marrying kind," he said. "She can have any boy in town, Beth. Oh, she'll be leaving us, one of these fine days. You'll see, Beth. Make some man a mighty cheerful, singing little wife, too, Beth. She's the sort to—"

He was still talking when Beth rose and began to transfer the dishes from the table to the pantry slide; but he sought the front porch while Beth went to the kitchen to wash them. When she had finished, and came to the porch, he was gone—up town to the store, she knew. She went back into the house and called Lyn, but her sister did not answer, so Beth guessed Shelling had come while she was in the kitchen. She wondered where they had gone, wondered how late Lyn would be.

**A** LITTLE after nine, Beth's father came home and found her sitting on the front porch in the shadow of the vines. Boys were playing "Go sheep, go," under the arc-light on the corner. He sat down on the steps and watched them for a while, telling her how he had played that game in his day.

Beth, though she seemed to listen, hardly heard him at all. While she was alone there, a slow oppression had settled down upon her; she had a sense of crisis, a sense that events were brewing this night a dreadful cup for her to drink. She was always unhappy when Lyn was out with Shelling; this was a mood she expected. But tonight there was something more. She was conscious of the mumble of her father's voice, conscious of his going when he rose and stretched himself and yawned and climbed the stairs to bed; but she paid him no heed.

After he was gone, Beth sat a little longer on the porch. Then the boys gave up their game and drifted homeward; and she felt a little lonely and went indoors and settled herself to read.



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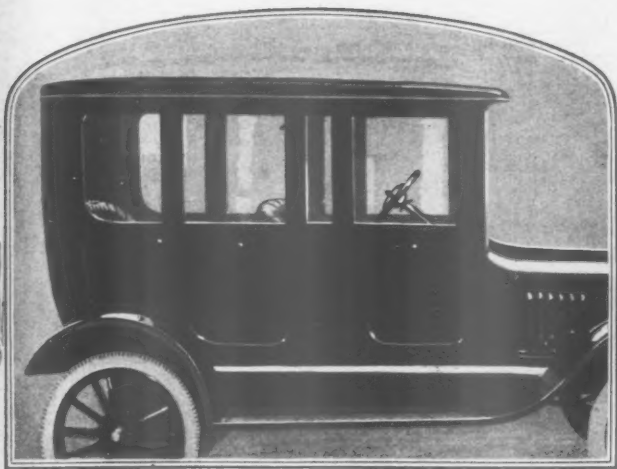
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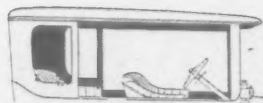
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Sometime after ten o'clock she was conscious of a muttering of thunder at the distance, and came out and saw the night skies to the west flickering with far lightning. She guessed the storm was over near Chillicothe, and remembered that Trav Hartley was there; her eyes softened a little as she thought of him. She stood at the end of the porch for a while, listening to the distant storm, then went indoors to read again.

She was still sitting quietly, a book in her lap, some two hours later, when Shelling's car stopped before the house. Beth did not leave her chair at the sound, but she heard Lyn come running toward the steps almost as soon as the car stopped, and knew there had been a long farewells this night. Lyn jerked open the screen on the front door and came into the hall, and appeared for an instant in the doorway of the sitting room. Beth saw that her sister had been crying; then Lyn was gone, the new coat billowing behind her as she darted up the stairs. When Beth rose to follow, she heard a low burst of sobs, broken by a fit of coughing, from the room above.

THERE was a curious beauty about Beth as she put out the light and started to go to Lyn. Her face was calm, her eyes were gentle and kind. But her heart was sick with fear. She found Lyn flinging off her clothing recklessly, jerking at her hair, tears running down her cheeks. Beth went in, took her sister's hands, held them for a minute.

"Let me fix your hair, dear," she said. Lyn cried: "No, no, don't touch me. Don't touch me, Beth."

But Beth gently insisted; and as always, Lyn yielded to the stronger will. She sat down while Beth brushed her hair and braided it, watching Beth's face in the mirror, saying nothing. Beth asked no questions; there was no condemnation in her eyes. So, when Lyn was ready for bed, the younger girl cried desperately: "Oh, Beth, I'm in the most awful mess. The damnedest mess, Beth!"

Beth put her arm around her sister's shoulder. "Well, that's all right, Lyn. Everybody gets into a mess now and then. It will look differently in the morning."

"The morning?" Lyn laughed harshly. "Elsie Pater won't wait till morning. I bet she's telephoning right now, to Ed Wells, or Annie Norton, or somebody. Getting them out of bed, just to tell them." She began to cry again.

Beth led her toward the bed, made her lie down, covered her over. "Go to sleep, Lyn," she said. "Go to sleep. Things always look worse at night."

"I tell you, this is awful, Beth. I couldn't look any worse! And it can't look any better."

Beth hesitated, asked gently: "Do you want to tell me, Lyn?"

"I've got to tell somebody," Lyn said sullenly. Beth stroked her sister's forehead, and sat down on the edge of the bed, and waited. Lyn did not speak for a little while, so that Beth asked at last: "Where did you see Elsie?"

"In Chillicothe," Lyn told her shortly. "Oh! Over there? They had a thunderstorm over there, didn't they, Lyn?" Lyn nodded. "Yes. That made all the trouble." She sat up in bed, inclining



clock she was of thunder and saw the flickering with the storm and remembered where; her eyes thought of the porch for a distant storm again. A book was later, where the house at the sound of running water as the had been in Lyn's front door appeared for a moment of the sitting sister had been the new coat she darted off to follow the obs, broken in room above.

beauty about the light in her face was calm and kind. But she found her reckless running down took her sister for a minute or a minute more," she said. "I can't touch me; and as she stronger with her brushed her hair. Beth's face was ready for condemnation. She was ready to be desperately: the awful moment and her sister right, Lyn now and then the morning. She knew Lyn, knew that under the child's recklessness was a foundation of pride, knew that this pride was Lyn's strongest safeguard. Thus far there had been no gossip about Curt Shelling and Lyn. But now! Beth knew Elsie Pater, Elsie Barnard—knew her malicious and prattling tongue, knew that the tale would lose nothing in the telling. And if Lyn were ever touched by such an ugly flood of whispers, she would be capable of any madness.

When Lyn was asleep, Beth drew the covers over her; and she stood for a little while looking down at the younger girl. She knew Lyn, knew that under the child's recklessness was a foundation of pride, knew that this pride was Lyn's strongest safeguard. Thus far there had been no gossip about Curt Shelling and Lyn. But now! Beth knew Elsie Pater, Elsie Barnard—knew her malicious and prattling tongue, knew that the tale would lose nothing in the telling. And if Lyn were ever touched by such an ugly flood of whispers, she would be capable of any madness.

Beth was wearied and sorrowful; but even before Lyn was asleep, she knew what she meant to do. It was so fortunate that the coat was new, that Lyn had never worn it before—so fortunate that the two were alike in stature. The coat would fit her as well as Lyn. The coat might be enough, in itself; if not, she could let drop a careless word.

She picked up the garment, where Lyn had cast it upon a chair; and with the coat over her arm, she turned out the gas and went quietly to her own room.

(To be continued)

to Beth, broken and frightened. "Beth, the whole town will be talking about me tomorrow. I can't stand it, Beth!"

Beth hugged her close, saying nothing; but the older girl's eyes were weary.

"It wasn't really anything, either," Lyn protested. "It's not fair, Beth. It's not fair."

"What was it, Lynnie?" Beth asked quietly. "You'd better tell me."

"Why, we went over there to supper," Lyn said, in a rush of confession, "to dance, you know—at the new inn there. They've a wonderful orchestra. And just when we were starting to leave, it began to rain. I got a little wet; so we went back in, and Curt sent me up to a room to get dry. He takes such good care of me, Beth."

Beth smiled a little, wistfully.

"Well, it was after ten o'clock when I started to come downstairs," Lyn told her. "And Curt helped me into my coat. He said there were some people from here in where they were dancing, and so we came out the side door, where they wouldn't see us. His car was there. And just as we came out, Beth, they came along—saw me and Curt, coming out of the Ladies' Entrance, Beth. Oh, it was ghastly."

"Who came along?" Beth asked gently.

"Trav Hartley and Joe Barnard and Elsie. And they saw us. I whipped my collar up in front of my face, Beth. But I know Elsie knew me. She'll know my coat, anyway. And she'll tell everyone. Beth, I just can't live in this town any more. I won't, Beth! I'm going away. I told Curt so; and he said he'd take me. He said he'd fix it all right. He—"

Beth, hugging her sister in her arms, soothed her to silence. She asked a question or two. Lyn said the new coat had been around her, that she had hidden her face in its folds. And her hat covered her hair. As she answered Beth's questions, she was sobbing, exclaiming, trembling. But under the compelling magnetism of the older girl's stroking fingers, she quieted at last, drifted off to sleep.

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## GREEN GLASS

(Continued from page 41)

He studied her carefully—the spare figure, the sandy hair drawn plainly back from her forehead, the manner in which she averted her face from him and held her pale bleak eyes cast down. She was evidently exerting all her powers of repression, and this only betrayed her extreme agitation.

He had seen this woman before,—never at Fenwashe's; of that he was certain,—but where or under what circumstances he could not for the moment remember.

"Hannah," he said abruptly, "were you aware that the pendant Mr. Fenwashe gave his wife this evening has been stolen and an imitation substituted in its place?"

If she was acting, it was extremely well done. The news appeared to affect her like an electric shock.

"No! Not really, sir!" She recovered herself in a measure. "Stolen?" she repeated. "It doesn't seem possible. She was wearing it. I fastened it myself around her neck."

He noticed that even in this moment of surprise and seeming consternation she still kept her face turned from him.

"When did it happen, sir?" she asked in a voice that she struggled to make more composed and natural.

"It probably happened before she went down to dinner." He spoke with stern distinctness, emphasizing the word "before."

SHE fell back limply in her chair, her sallow skin turning a sickly white. He thought that she was going to faint, but by a desperate effort she managed somewhat to rally. In that moment of self-forgetfulness, though, she turned her face toward him, and Achison then remembered—a gleam of recognition showing in his eyes—just how and where it was that he had seen her before.

"But that couldn't be!" the woman was insisting wildly. "The pendant was on her dressing-table when I went in just after Mr. Fenwashe came out. She showed it to me, and I fastened the clasp, with her sitting before the mirror watching me."

"You forget that while the jewel was on the dressing table Mrs. Fenwashe left the room—only for a moment, but long enough for the exchange to have been made."

"Oh!" She put her hand against her open mouth. "Oh, you're trying to fasten it on me!" She rocked back and forth, beating her hands on her knees. "I wouldn't touch it. It'd be too dangerous. She knows I'm honest. I've taken her jewels to the bank time and time again, and I've had charge of them traveling. Oh, don't let them put anything like that on me. It would ruin me for life."

"Then if you know anything about this, you'd better tell it at once—Ella Stairs! You see, there's no possibility of getting away with it." He was hammering at her in the tone that had frightened many a crook into a confession.

"Yes,"—as she stared at him with

scared, trapped eyes—"I remember perfectly, and you'll have mighty little chance before a jury if I testify to years ago when I was district attorney in a Middle Western town I convicted you on the charge of stealing a diamond from your employer, and that you were up for a term of three years."

"I swear on the Bible, Mr. Achison, that I never took this pendant," she said solemnly. "But what's the use?" She huddled down in utter dejection. "No body'll believe me." She covered her face with her hands and broke into hysterical weeping.

"Now, now!" Achison spoke firmly but not unkindly. "You are not arrested. You're under suspicion, though, and the best way you can clear yourself, if you are really innocent, is to help us discover the real criminal."

"I'll do anything, anything," she said fervently. "I won't leave a stone unturned. You don't want to hold that charge against me, Mr. Achison. I've gone straight ever since, except for— She broke off sharply, looking as if she wished she had bitten her tongue before she spoke.

"Except for—what?" His steady, commanding gaze coerced her. "Better make a clean breast of it, if you want me to help you."

She twisted her hands together and writhed.

"Well, except for those rings in Paris and I wasn't alone in that. What do they mean to Mrs. Fenwashe, except that she's got plenty of better ones, some of them. And I've got to look well in my old age. I'm getting along, and ladies don't want my kind around, they like young, pert faces."

"Who was in that job with you?" he interrupted her excuses.

She shut her lips firmly, an obstinate, almost fanatical look in her eyes, and suddenly shook her head.

He shifted his ground. "Tell me this. Is there a love affair between Mrs. Fenwashe and young Ramsey?"

"What makes you think that?" she parried.

"I saw them together on the stairs when they went down to dinner tonight, and they did not see me. They seemed rather interested in each other."

Hannah smiled scornfully. "It's all on his side, I tell you; he's crazy about her. Oh, she likes him, too, but that's as far as it goes. That is as far as it goes with her. She's vain, and she has admiration, but she never loses her head. She likes her fine clothes and her berth too well to run any chances, and then she's fond of Mr. Fenwashe in her own way. Not much heart to let, but she's pleasant and easy to get along with."

"Has there been any correspondence between Ramsey and herself?"

"Yes, from him—love-letters. I don't if she ever answered them."

Achison tapped thoughtfully on the arm of his chair.

"Get them," he said briefly, "and give

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them to me. Now, listen; where is your room?"

"Just across the hall from Mrs. Fenwashe's."

"Good! After you leave her tonight, I want you to undress as usual, turn your bed down, and so on, and then put on your dressing-gown and seat yourself beside the door. Let it seem to be closed, but leave it sufficiently ajar so that you can see into the hall. Then for the rest of the night you are to keep watch on Mrs. Fenwashe's door."

Hannah gave a clicking sound indicative of amazement, but was too cowed to make any comment.

"Can you keep from nodding?" he asked.

"No danger of my nodding tonight. I wouldn't be able to close my eyes, even if I went to bed."

"Very well, then. If Mrs. Fenwashe comes out of her room, you are to follow her without being seen, and find out where she goes. If she talks to anyone, try and overhear what is said. If anyone comes to her door, you are to make sure who it is, and also try to overhear anything they may say."

"Yes sir. Nothing shall escape me."

"See that nothing does—for your own sake. Now you may go. Send the butler in, please."

BUT neither from the butler nor from any of the other servants did Achison elicit any fresh information to shed light on the situation. By the time he had finished the somewhat monotonous task of interviewing them, Fenwashe returned and began eagerly plying him with questions. But the lawyer's replies were largely non-committal.

He explained that he had really gleaned nothing in the way of direct evidence, but had obtained some corroboration for certain surmises of his own which he wanted to turn over in his own mind before confiding them to anyone. And with that, he bade his host good night and went up to his own room.

The next morning none of the women were down to breakfast. Of the men Ramsey was one of the first to appear. In view of the fact that by some sort of subtle telepathy he had become a subject for speculation with everyone present, the situation was a rather difficult one; and neither Fenwashe, Ayres or Ward was very successful in concealing that they felt it so. Achison, however, met it with his customary aplomb.

At the conclusion of the somewhat silent meal Fenwashe spoke up awkwardly, turning a deeper brick-dust color than usual.

"The detectives are due about eleven," he said; "so it might be well for you all to stick around. Never thought anything could bring me to having my guests questioned, but you fellows have insisted on it."

"We surely do." Rupert Ayres shot a glance toward Ramsey as he spoke.

If Ramsey saw it, he ignored it; but as they all moved toward the door, he lifted up his voice for the first time.

"There's something else you ought to do, Mr. Fenwashe, if you'll allow me to suggest it; and that is to examine the mail before it goes out."

The others stared at him in almost open-mouthed astonishment; they hadn't expected anything of the kind from him. Fenwashe seemed even more taken aback than the rest.

"Hahn't thought of that." He glanced uncertainly toward a pile of letters on the hall table.

"Ramsey probably doesn't mean that you are to open them and acquaint yourself with the contents," Achison put in. "It will be well enough if you run your fingers over them and make sure that none of them contains a suspicious enclosure."

"I see," said Fenwashe with an expression of relief. "Well, I suppose there's no precaution we ought to overlook."

He approached the table, picked up the letters one by one, and rather shamefaced at the proceeding, pressed them with his fingers. Most of them were addressed in feminine handwriting, but there were several written by the men.

"That's mine," volunteered Tracy Ward. It's to my dentist asking him to switch my appointment."

"Feel it carefully, Fenwashe," joked Ayres. "That next one's mine."

"No question about that being mine," Achison remarked smilingly, as Fenwashe took up a stout manilla envelope, the big, red seal stamped with a scarab. "Papers in the Castleman case."

"Classy!" commented Ayres, taking it from Fenwashe and looking at it, while Ramsey gazed over his shoulder. "In another incarnation, Achison, you were probably the herder of the sacred cats in some old Egyptian temple."

"I shouldn't wonder," Achison had picked up the Persian which was always purring at his heels, and was scratching it under the chin, to its manifest enjoyment.

Meanwhile Fenwashe, having examined the entire pile of letters, thrust them into the leather pouch which was used for conveying mail to and from the post office.

"A clean bill of health," he announced. "It's certain that the emerald isn't in any of them."

"I'll tell you, though, Bailey," broke in Tracy Ward with the air of one who has just evolved an important idea, "the skipper of your launch is probably all right, but I'd give no one any chance to slip a package into that mail-bag. If I were you, I'd carry it to the post office myself."

"He's right, Bailey. I would do that," urged Ayres.

"It means an hour's wait over on the other side," grumbled Fenwashe. "These letters ought to go right away if they're to catch the morning mail, and then I'll have to stay there until those pesky detectives show up."

"I'll go along and keep you company," offered Ayres.

"And I," put in Ramsey. "I have some shopping to do."

There was almost an audible gasp at this. Whether he knew it or not, Ramsey had exploded a small bomb. It looked for a moment as if Fenwashe would flatly refuse the request; but the atmosphere cleared, as Ramsey added, turning to Ayres:

"I hope, if it's not too much trouble,

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you'll stick around with me on my errands. I don't know just where to look for the things I want."

"Glad to," assented Ayres with unaccustomed heartiness; and with Fenwashe jealously clutching the mail-bag, the three accordingly set out.

AT the dock they found old Hiram, the skipper, folding up and putting away the tarpaulin covering of the launch, and as he assured them that he was ready to start at once, they all clambered aboard and took their seats, Ayres and Fenwashe a little forward, Ramsey close beside the engine.

Unnoticed by them, and apparently absorbed in watching the maneuvers of a speed-boat which Ayres had pointed out, the young man reached down and with one hand gave a surreptitious twist to the screw regulating the flow of gas to the carburetor. It would not put the engine definitely out of commission, he knew, but he banked on it as something that would keep old Hiram guessing for an hour or more before he discovered where the trouble lay. And Ramsey's object was to keep the launch from meeting the mail-train.

Nor was he disappointed. A moment later Hiram cast off, and leaping aboard, proceeded to start her up. But although she responded gallantly for a revolution or two, the diminished flow of gas caused her speedily to die. Hiram fussed and explored among his valves and pistons, but never suspecting where the real trouble lay, of course was powerless.

Fenwashe and Ayres joined him, prolific with suggestions and advice. Even Ramsey deceitfully offered counsel. But still the engine steadily balked, and the minutes sped away. At last as by an inspiration Ramsey discovered what was wrong; but it was then too late to catch the mail.

"No use going over now until the detectives are due," said Fenwashe, "unless you fellows are keen for it."

But Ayres and Ramsey both protested against putting him to any inconvenience; and so, with Fenwashe still carrying the mail-bag, they all returned to the house.

When they reached there, they found Achison still seated in the hall and talking to Mrs. Fenwashe and Eileen Ayres, who by this time had come downstairs. They glanced up startled at the three men.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Fenwashe nervously. "I thought you had gone with the launch."

She looked wan and haggard in the bright morning light; there were dark shadows under her eyes, and her delicate features were pinched.

"Engine-trouble," explained her husband shortly. "Before we got it fixed, it was too late to make the mail."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Achison lightly. "I see you've brought the letters back with you, and that gives me an opportunity to add some rather important notes to those papers I was sending down." He stepped over to where Fenwashe stood with the mail-bag. "If you'll give them to me, Bailey, I'll take them to my room, put in the additions I want and have them ready for you by the time you are starting again."

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"Thanks." He took the envelope as Fenwashe drew it out for him, excused himself to the women, and tucking the cat under his arm, went upstairs.

THREE minutes later Ramsey knocked at Achison's door. There was no answer, and he knocked again. Then footsteps crossed the floor, the bolt was drawn and Achison appeared.

"Ah, you, Ramsey?" An expression of surprise, not altogether pleasant, crossed his face as he saw his visitor. He held a thick digest in one hand, his finger thrust in it to mark the place. "What is it? Those excitable women trying to calm their nerves by sitting down to a game of bridge? No use calling on me this morning. I've got a dozen or more references to look up."

Ramsey was gifted with a most engaging and persuasive smile. He used it now.

"I know I'm intruding," he said, "but I've got to get my interview with you off this evening or it won't catch the boat, and there are one or two points that I'm not exactly clear about. I won't keep you five minutes, and then I can put in the rest of my day getting my stuff in shape—that is," he added, his mouth twisting wryly, "unless these detectives nab me, as everyone in the house seems to hope they will."

Achison opened the door a little wider. "Come in," he said unwillingly. "I'll give you five minutes' sharp, no more. Sit down."

The room was large and cheerful, with a big table drawn up before a long French window opening on the porch. Although Achison was spending but a few days at Isle of Rest, he had succeeded in investing the luxurious guest-chamber with his own atmosphere. The air was heavy with the fragrance of fresh roses; they were placed in vases about the room, and a bunch of them bloomed in a rare old bowl of Japanese powder-blue on the table which Achison was using as a desk, with his own desk-fittings of bronze in Egyptian design spread out upon it. The cat was curled up asleep beside a tray of loose scarabs. Over one or two of the chairs was thrown a length of rich brocade, and a water-color recently purchased by him rested on the mantelpiece.

The lawyer seated himself at his temporary desk, and looked across it at Ramsey, who sat facing him.

"Now," he said, drawing out his watch and laying it in front of him, "fire away."

"It's this way," began Ramsey. "In spite of all this excitement in the house, I've been thinking a good deal over this interview with you. You've given me such corking material. Wonderfully interesting career, yours—just the sort to fire the imagination of the reader. Boy born in humble circumstances, practically a waif, and yet before middle life becoming one of the most eloquent and convincing pleaders at the bar. Of course I've touched principally on the high lights, and the contrasts afforded by the different stages of your evolution. Your feeling, for instance, that you had reached the height of your ambition, when as a boy you became one of the Quartette of Juggling Quinbys, doing big time on the vaudeville circuit, and yet always seeing

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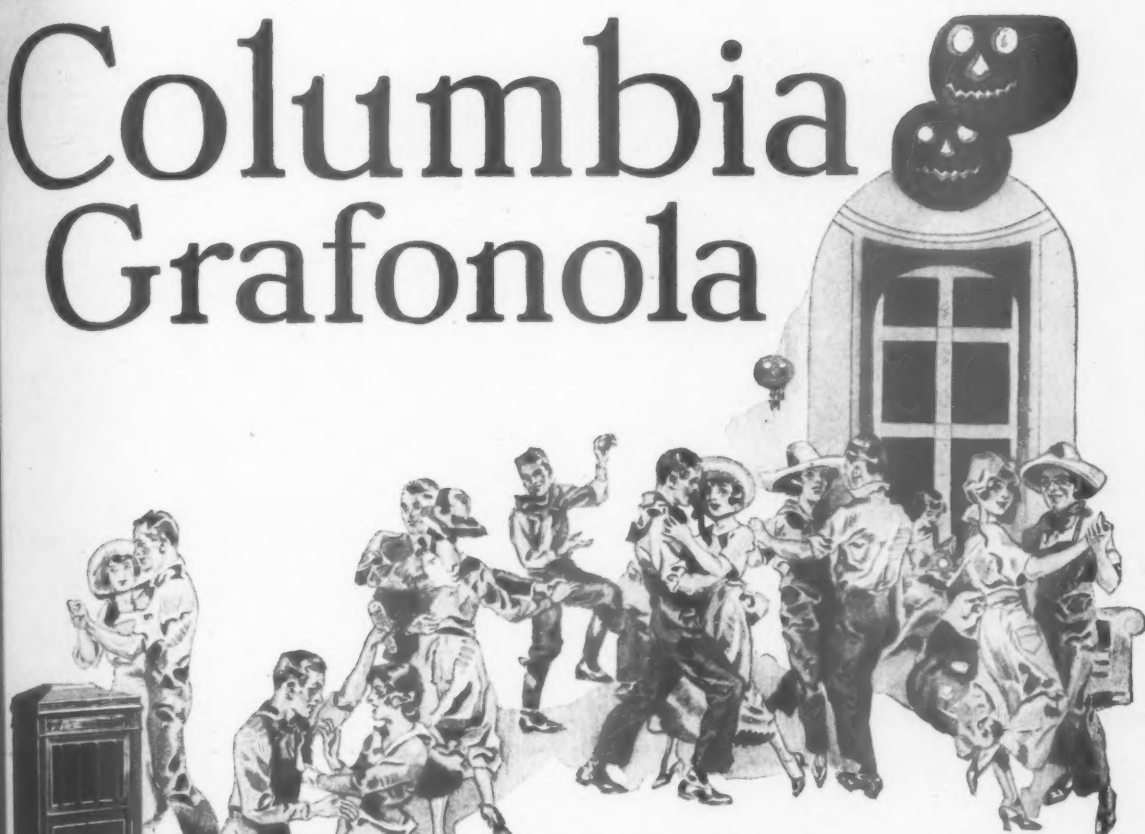
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Prizes will be awarded before January 1st, and winners will be announced in an early 1921 issue of various magazines. In case of a tie, each will receive the full value of the prize tied for.

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something beyond it. Then I've played up two or three of your most spectacular courtroom stunts, as when in your defense of a murder-case you picked up a half-empty vial of poison which had been brought into court by the prosecution as Exhibit A., and in the face of judge and jury drank it off."

ACHISON had been leaning easily forward in his chair. He did not change his attitude now, but the cigarette which he had been lifting to his lips remained poised. He was not looking at Ramsey, and yet the latter knew that his whole attention was focused on him. The next moment he had inhaled a puff of the cigarette, and blowing the smoke out in a succession of rings, lazily watched them float away.

"Yes?" he said.

"That trick has been done before," Ramsey continued; "but I believe the lawyer who attempted it was immediately whisked away to a doctor and a stomach-pump. That was not done, you said, in your case?"

"No."

"Why not?" asked Ramsey, jotting down some notes on his pad.

"That," returned Achison blandly, "is one of my professional secrets. I am afraid I shall have to leave you and your readers in the dark about it."

"Still, you would have no objection to my trying to puzzle it out, and writing my own conception of how it happened?"

"None whatever. Go as far as you like."

"I have an idea that I have hit on the right solution," Ramsey spoke slowly. He leaned his arms on the table and looked steadily at the other.

"Mr. Achison, the man who was clever enough to put that thing over is clever enough to find the Holmescroft emerald—or to have taken it."

At this unveiled insinuation the change in Achison was unmistakable. He had been merely wary before, but now he was like a tiger about to spring. His hands stretched out as if to clutch at Ramsey's throat.

"How dare you say such a thing to a man of my standing?" he cried hoarsely. And then, his anger fading, a flicker of amusement crossed his face. With a gesture of contempt he resumed his seat.

"You're an ingenious lad and a desperate one, but you should have thought of something more plausible. The fact is, young man, that before I ever saw that pendant, the original had disappeared, and you know it. It happened before dinner last night on the stairs, when Mrs. Fenwashe unclasped the emerald from her neck and handed it to you."

Ramsey started violently. He was not so completely the master of his nerves as was his opponent. The blood rushed to his face, but he made an effort to control himself.

"May I ask," he said thickly, "who was the witness of this alleged occurrence?"

"An irrefutable one, to me at least," Achison showed his teeth in a wide smile. "Myself! I had just come out of my room, and I observed the little scene from the end of the corridor. I doubt if either you or the lady will venture to

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# The Valley of Silent Men

contradict me. I am sure she will not, under proper questioning."

Ramsey's jaw was set, his eyes balled and furious; but he tried to keep his voice cool.

"Possibly not, but I don't think anything of the kind will be required. Something tells me that the missing pendant is now here in this room, so near that it is within reach of our hands."

Steel-hard eyes looked into steel-hard eyes. It was a duel to a finish between them, and they both knew it. Achison was the first to speak.

"That means that you are ready to confess and return the jewel, eh? I congratulate you. The matter can be hushed up. Fenwashe wants no publicity. It is the only wise and safe course for you to follow. You are too shrewd not to know that your position is a most precarious one."

"I do," returned Ramsey grimly, "especially if you keep edging that revolver out of the drawer at your elbow. You may observe, also, that my hand is in my coat pocket. I don't want to boast, but I am a fair shot."

Achison laughed a rich, hearty untutored peal, and pulled out the drawer.

"What a crude fool you are!" he said scornfully. "I've got a better silencer than a pistol, and no damage done. Only a small package of letters, my dear boy, written by an ardent young man to a beautiful lady."

RAMSEY stared horrified and incredulous as Achison held them up before him, and then hurled himself across the table, upsetting flowers, cat and tray of scarabs, and seizing the letters tore them from the other's hand. Achison really made no effort to prevent him.

"Only the envelopes," he jeered. "The letters are safe. And now," he went on authoritatively, "sit down and listen to me. I know your kind, Ramsey; you're an old story to me; so I'll put it clearly before you where you stand. I dislike to use names if I can help it, so I will frame up your indictment in a hypothetical case."

"Frame up," is good," muttered Ramsey. "However, I am curious to learn just what a mind like yours is capable of concocting. Go ahead."

Achison joined his finger-tips together, a touch of amused triumph in his expression.

"Let us say that a certain young rascal, one of a group of high-class European thieves, meets in Paris under propitious circumstances a charming American woman. She is the wife of a very wealthy man who loads her with costly gifts. The rascal is well educated, good-looking and accomplished, and she finds him a fascinating companion. He makes the most of his opportunities, and succeeds in winning—well, let us say her regard. . . ."

"No interruptions, please!" as Ramsey broke in hotly. "During the time that they were much together, the lady lost some valuable rings. Some effort was made to recover them, but it ended nowhere. Eventually she returned to America to her doting husband. You know how jealous these elderly husbands are apt to be—but she continues to correspond with the young rascal, who covers





## If fire drills won't do — What ?

I CAN'T believe it—a fire in *one* hospital out of every eight, each year" said the famous surgeon. "That shows the need for radical action."

"Frankly, I'm puzzled," he said earnestly, "we've tried drills again and again, of course. But they are unwise for hospital use."

"Even when the patients are told several times that a fire drill will occur at a certain time, even with low-toned gongs and the drills executed in the quietest way, often we have had very serious set-backs to some of our more nervous patients, because they were afraid that it might be a real fire. What are we going to do?"

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Pyorrhea, which afflicts so many over forty, has passed her by. In its blighting touch, Pyorrhea is akin to age. Its infecting germs deplete vitality. They cause the gums to recede, the lips to lose their contour, the teeth to loosen and decay.

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**FOR THE GUMS**  
Checks Pyorrhea

his tracks by a pretense at journalistic work.

"Oh, I know,"—as Ramsey again strove to interrupt,—“there are none of the lady's letters in existence, but she is fortunately was not so discreet in respect to the rascal's.

“Let me continue. Within a few months the rascal follows the lady to this country. He is welcomed, becomes a frequent visitor at her home, and is introduced socially by herself and her husband. Then he learns, either through her or by means of the customary underground wires, that a famous jewel is about to be sold and that the husband is negotiating for it. His confederates promptly have a replica made of the jewel, and it is turned over to the rascal with the understanding that he is to use his wits in substituting it for the original. Fate throws a fair opportunity his way, and he is quick to make the most of it. The pendant he fastens so tenderly and caressingly about the lady's throat is not the one she took off.

“But he failed to reckon with circumstances. It is unexpectedly and inopportunely disclosed that the jewel is a replica. He is marooned on an island. The guests, all old and intimate friends of the family, naturally direct their suspicions toward the stranger among them. The lady learns this, and she is greatly perturbed. That same night she goes to the rascal's room after midnight, and remains there with the door closed for some time.

**A**GAIN Ramsey started violently; but this time he resolutely kept silent, although the tense lines about his mouth betrayed the effort it cost him.

“If that were known,”—Achison tapped the table impressively,—“the husband would not overlook it. He is—I know him well—not unlike Caesar in his demands that the wife on whom he lavishes so much must be above suspicion. In addition to these compromising letters which I hold, her maid will if necessary swear to many corroborative details—times and places of meetings, conversations overheard, tender scenes. In short, the lady would be deprived of home, friends, husband, and left without a single financial or social anchor.”

He paused a moment, and then said significantly: “Her fate is in your hands.”

Ramsey breathed hard: there were beads of sweat on his brow. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them off with a hand that trembled.

“Pretty black,” he muttered; “but I'm not done yet. You put up your hypothetical case; now listen to mine.” He was rapidly recovering his confidence, and his voice grew steadier.

“The ‘master mind’ has become a commonplace phrase,” he said, “almost a joke; but I see now that it exists. You have already outlined the plan it evolved for stealing the jewel of its friend by substituting a counterfeit, and I will add another leaf from your book by saying that opportunity sometimes comes sooner than expected. In this case it led to a bold stroke.

“The possessor of this mind had once been an expert juggler and sleight-of-hand performer; so when the emerald is passed

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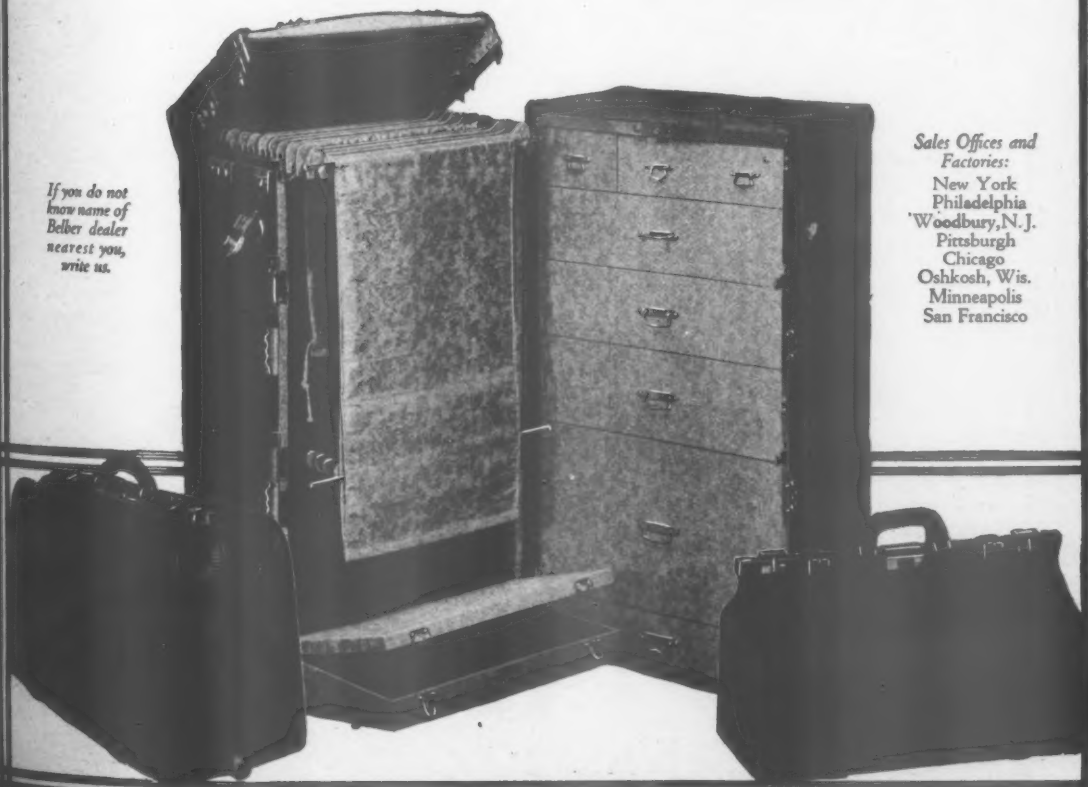
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## The Fortune Teller

"I see a man—a dark man. He is talking earnestly to a young girl. She is trying to avoid him. He seizes her by both arms. They struggle. He has his hand at her throat. She falls. He strikes her. He goes—I cannot see where he goes. It is dark—dark—"

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from hand to hand after dinner, he takes the chance while attention is momentarily diverted of palming it and substituting his replica, just as in the crowded courtroom he palmed the vial of deadly poison introduced in evidence and substituted for it a similar vial containing colored water.

"This accomplished, he deliberately sets to work to manufacture suspicion in another direction, and spins, I concede, a fairly deceptive web. Still, he dares not keep the jewel in his own possession; so in order to get it out of his hands, he places a lot of papers in a stout envelope, first making a perforation in the flap of the envelope just the size of the emerald, and fastening the pendant with gum to the inclosed papers in such a way that the stone will protrude through the hole in the sealed flap. All then that remains is to cover the emerald where it shows through the flap with a great blob of sealing-wax, and he can pretty safely defy detection. With the pendant held firmly in position just under the flap, the thickness of the papers and the envelope will prevent anyone from discovering even with pressure that there is anything under the sealing-wax.

"And that," concluded Ramsey, "is just the method this 'master mind' attempted to follow, and he stamped the warm sealing-wax with his scarab signet. A bit risky, perhaps; but he had to take a chance."

ACHISON'S lips were white; his narrowed eyes showed points of fire; but his voice lost none of its silken smoothness.

"Again your ingenuity compels my admiration." He bowed as to an opposing barrister. "You'd go far, my young friend, if I were not going to land you in prison for probably the best part of your natural life. But just how did you arrive at these fantastic conclusions?"

"Oh, I don't mind letting you know. When Mrs.—that is, when the lady came to my room last night to tell me how you had diverted suspicion toward me, and to beg me if I had the jewel to return it,—for that," Ramsey broke off to say, his mouth twisting bitterly, "is why she came,—I naturally began to question your motives. I couldn't understand what was back of it, or why you should pick me out as a target.

"I was still awake, puzzling over the matter, when about three o'clock I became conscious of a strong, acrid odor like smoke. At first I thought something was burning, and I set out to investigate. My nose led me directly to your door, but as there was a light showing over the transom and I could hear you moving around inside I did not trouble to make any further inquiry. For I recognized by that time that the odor I smelled was merely that of melting sealing-wax.

"I could not help wondering, though, what you were doing with so much sealing-wax at so late an hour, and pondering over it, I finally hit upon the solution, although at the time it seemed to me almost incredible. This morning when you went down to breakfast I was watching, and the sight of that letter in your hand with its great mat of wax upon the back confirmed my suspicions. Then I



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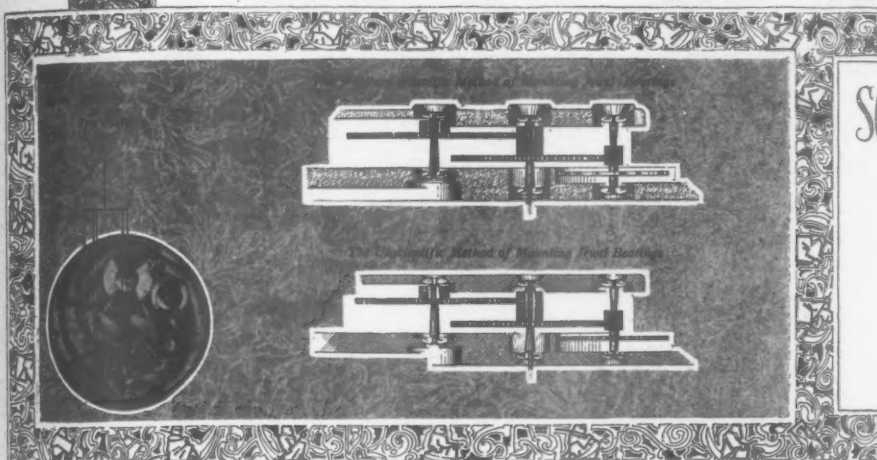
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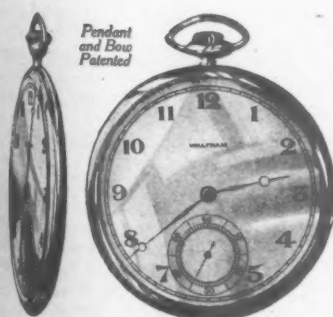
after years of painstaking development, created a scientific method of jewel setting which made it easy for the jewels to be so removed and reset without affecting in any way the original time-keeping quality of the watch.

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The special tools invented by Waltham so expand the jewel setting in its aperture that it becomes rigidly located. This eliminates the method of using holding-screws and greatly simplifies the work of the watch repairer whenever it is necessary to replace a jewel bearing.

The Waltham Scientific Method of mounting jewel bearings is a distinctive and better way of securing the jewels in the setting, and also of the setting in the plate. It provides the easiest and safest way for the repairer to handle your watch. It protects the original time-keeping quality of the watch. It reduces upkeep and insures a continuous satisfaction because of dependable time-keeping service.

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went into your room and secured these corroborations from your wastebasket."

He reached into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a number of little disks from the manila envelope and the sheets of thick paper which formed its contents.

Achison scowled. "I'd better take an inventory of my belongings," he said sulkily. "Perhaps those scraps saved all you carried out."

Ramsey went on unheedingly. "I was determined that your letter should not leave the island. I was not certain of my ground that I dared accuse you, but I tried to put Fenwashe in the way of showing you up. He failed me, though, and then my only recourse was to delay the launch."

"When we came back with the mail bag, I never took my eyes from your face. If ever a man showed blind fear, you did then, until you saw you were still not suspected. But that was all I needed. I was ready then to act."

"Act?" Achison sneered. "You're too hand and foot, you poor fool. However, babble on. What's your next step?"

"The next step is—hands up!" Ramsey suddenly rose, and drawing his revolver, leveled it across the table. "I shall now take that envelope addressed in your hand and still sealed with your seal, and shall ask Fenwashe to open it."

"And if you do," countered Achison softly, "I will simply go to Fenwashe and tell him that the envelope was taken from my room and cleverly doctored to fit the exigencies of a desperate thief. I will explain that it could easily have been opened, had the pendant inserted, and been sealed as before with the aid of one of the loose scarabs on my tray. What do you think Fenwashe will believe—especially when I shall feel it my additional duty to inform him of the clandestine love-affair going on beneath his roof and call in the maid to corroborate me with your letters?"

FOR a moment Ramsey's finger trembled on the trigger; then with a gesture of surrender he thrust the revolver into his pocket.

"You've got me!" His voice rasped in his dry throat. "I can't do a thing. I'm bound and gagged. Still, I'm not down even yet. You'll not get away with that emerald. If I pay, you pay too. You've put me under suspicion and blackened my reputation. You've got all the weight of your reputation, and this lying maid to back you up; and I am a stranger here and caught in a net of circumstances. But let this affair between us be honestly sifted, and where do you come out? I am a writer of good standing, with an independent income and a lot of influential friends. In the face of the real facts, your trumped-up story of my being an associate of thieves wouldn't stand for a moment. There is nothing you can bring against me—absolutely nothing."

"Nothing?" echoed Achison significantly. "Do you think an American jury would regard you with favor if it should be shown that you had accepted a woman's hospitality merely to pursue his wife?" "It isn't true," protested Ramsey hotly. "I've been a fool, but I'm not that kind. I did fall in love with her, I wrote her



secured these mad letters; but I soon learned that her feeling toward me was only that of a friend. I accepted that, and asked no more, expected no more."

The young man's sincerity was plain upon the face of it; but it pleased Achison to be skeptical.

"You may lie like a gentleman, Ramsey, and the lady may weep and explain and implore; but I am not exaggerating when I tell you that one whisper against her means her ruin. Fenwashe is a jealous, suspicious, obstinate old man. When his faith's gone, everything is gone; and he'll show no mercy."

"I have only one thing to say," Ramsey replied stubbornly: "the emerald goes back to him. That's where I stand. Unless it is returned by noon, I will tell my story, let the results be what they may."

Achison's face was gray with fury. He had not studied men all these years without realizing that here was a determination that could not be swerved. If looks could kill, his would have stabbed Ramsey through the heart. The other merely folded his arms and waited. So they sat, while the clock ticked away the minutes.

Suddenly Achison relaxed. Lighting a cigarette, he attempted to speak with his customary suave utterance.

"I esteem Fenwashe highly," he said, "and for his sake I am willing to save his happiness and his wife's reputation, although I feel that in giving you an opportunity to return the jewel undiscovered, I am unduly generous."

Ramsey gave him a glance of ungrudging admiration.

"Even now you won't admit that you have it, eh?" he murmured. "Very well—just as you choose. The main point is the return of the jewel. How do you propose to manage that?"

Achison went on as if unconscious of the interruption.

"To spare you the unnecessary humiliation of producing the emerald before me, I suggest that we shall each be entirely alone in this room for two minutes. I shall then expect to find the pendant in the drawer of the table, and will have the maid replace it on Mrs. Fenwashe's dressing-table, where it will later be found either by the detectives or the lady herself, and—"

Ramsey broke in with an impatient gesture.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he exclaimed roughly. "You know as well as I do that Fenwashe never would be satisfied to let things go at that—to say nothing of the detectives. The replica proves the existence of a deep-laid, elaborate plot; they are bound to get at the bottom of it. This scheme of yours would only serve to strengthen the suspicion you have already built up against me, possibly as in collusion with the maid. Did you think for a minute that I would walk open-eyed into such a trap?"

"No need to get so excited," Achison raised his hand. "There is probably some other way to save your face. And what you say about the replica does carry a certain measure of force; that undoubtedly presents a difficulty." He spoke almost as if he relished the opportunity of pinning his wits against it. "Let me think. Let me think."



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For a few seconds he sat in absorbed reflection; then with a quick nod he leaned across the table and briefly outlined a new suggestion, to which Ramsey, listening warily, finally gave his reluctant consent.

"And now," the latter added gruffly as he arose, "let's get through with this hocus-pocus that you're insisting upon. Each of us is to have two minutes alone in the room, as I understand it. How shall we decide who goes in first? Toss for it?"

"No. I shall request the first two minutes, if you don't mind. Where do you prefer to wait? In the hall or my bathroom?"

"The bathroom," said Ramsey.

At the end of four minutes the two men met in the room and opened the drawer of the table. There the great jewel blazed before their eyes.

They were still gazing at it, when a knock sounded at the door. Hurriedly closing the drawer, Achison stepped over to see what was wanted. One of the servants stood outside.

"Mr. Fenwashe says that the detectives have arrived now, sir, would you please come down."

"Tell him I'll be there immediately."

He closed the door, and stepping back to the table, took out the emerald, and for a moment looked at it thoughtfully as it lay in his hand. Then dropping it carelessly in his waistcoat pocket, he gave a jerk of his head as a signal for the other to follow him, and moved toward the stairs. Ramsey was unable to detect the slightest hint of nervousness in his manner, or any change in his usual calm self-possession.

In the hall below they found Fenwashe, manifestly ill at ease, and two obvious detectives, derby-hatted and trying to look crafty. Achison, however, promptly took charge of the proceedings.

"We're going to clear this thing up now, Bailey," he said briskly. "Have the members of our party rounded up, will you, and get them in here."

THEY were not long in assembling; for the coming of the detectives had been heralded throughout the house with almost telepathic swiftness, and they were all lingering practically within ear-shot.

When Mrs. Fenwashe, who was the last to appear, had entered the hall, Achison advanced and took his stand in front of the fireplace, where he could face the irregular circle into which they had grouped themselves.

"You have the bogus emerald, I suppose, Bailey?" He turned to their host.

"Give it to me a moment, will you?" As Fenwashe complied, he took it, and gripping it between his thumb and first two fingers, held it out twinkling and flashing, so that all could see.

"Looks like a million dollars, doesn't it?" he commented satirically.

Then with a sudden change of tone he turned again to Fenwashe.

"Bailey, do you remember a discussion that you and I had at the club one afternoon about three weeks ago?" he asked. "It was upon the subject of suggestion, and I maintained that under proper influence any man could be deceived even against the evidence of his own senses, citing as an example the feats of the fakirs of India,—the basket trick, the growing plant, the rope thrown into the air and ascended out of sight,—whereby whole audiences are deluded, and which are admittedly performed by the aid of hypnotism. You, I recall, scoffed at the whole idea and declared you'd like to see any man fool you that way."

"Last night, in agreement with an abrupt and very positive statement on my part, you asserted that this jewel I hold in my hand was a replica, a counterfeit. Look at it now!" He thrust it quickly toward the other. "Look at it in the clear light of day, and tell me what you see."

For a moment, Fenwashe stared at him as if hardly comprehending. Then as he looked down at the pendant which had been placed in his hand, he gave a low, startled exclamation.

Quickly carrying it to a window, he examined it with minutest care.

"Why," he stammered as he raised his head, "this is the real thing. It is the Holmescroft emerald—no mistake about that."

"Exactly." Achison nodded with a satisfied grin. "And it has been the Holmescroft emerald all the time. You called it a counterfeit, because I made you believe so. I could as easily have made you believe it a ruby, a sapphire or a lump of coal."

The others, relieved from their first tongue-tied amazement, began a babble of eager, curious questions. Even Ramsey, forewarned of what was to be expected, and watchful of Achison's every movement, was hardly less startled than the rest; the substitution had been so delicately accomplished that it had utterly escaped him. Fenwashe roused from his first stunned stupefaction to mumble some halting excuses.

"Of course," he said, "I had only the lamplight to go by, and—"

Then as he glanced toward Achison, an angry flush swept up into his face, and his brow clouded with resentment.

"Don't you think you carried things a little far?" he asked sharply.

"Well, you see I was resolved that you should have no loophole to wiggle out of." The lawyer spread out his hands. "After turning your house upside-down, and casting suspicion on your guests, and bringing these detectives in the way up from New York, you can very well claim, you know, that you know the truth all the time and were merely playing out the game."

"Nevertheless—" Fenwashe began. But his wife swiftly interposed.

"Oh, let's be good sports, Bailey." She gave a radiant laugh. "I'm so happy to feel as if I could forgive anything."

## "COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"

That is the title of the next story in this series recounting the exploits of Achison. It will appear in the November issue.

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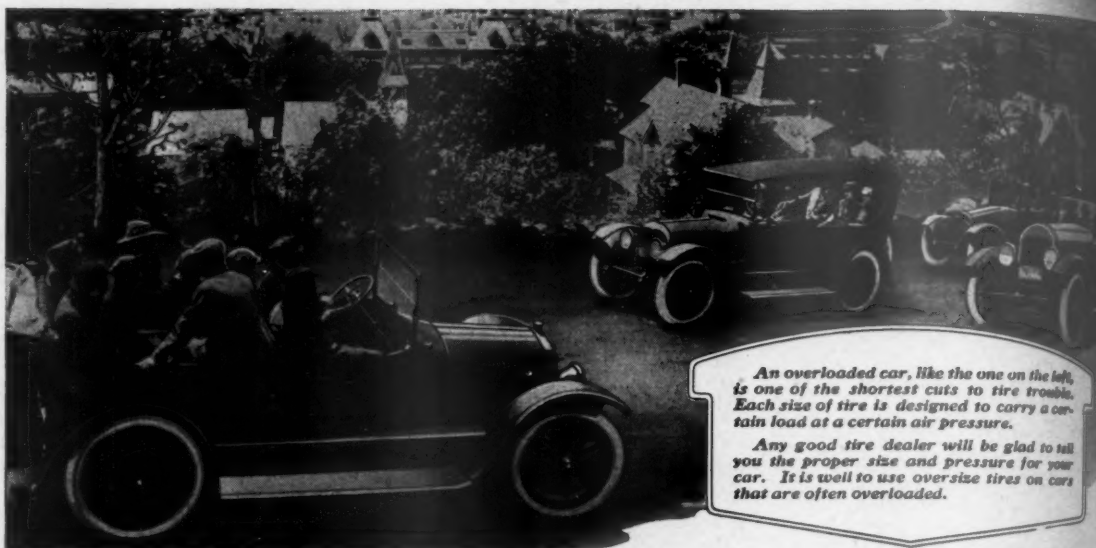
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## TWO HOURS TO TRAIN TIME

(Continued from page 67)

“Very slightly,” he declared. “She comes into the shop sometimes with him, when he’s selecting suitings—”

“A man who brings his sister to his tailor’s! Why, he ought to be in a museum of some kind.”

“We’ve made several suits for her too,” Travers explained hastily.

“Oh—I see,” she said. An instant later she added: “Hadn’t we better be going back?”

Now that, thought Travers, with wholly unreasonable heat, was just what he had expected she would say. So long as she thought he was a friend of Travers or even so long as she had believed he was stopping at the Inn, with all that connoted, she had been willing to be unconventional. But the moment she had learned that he was only Travers’ tailor, she wanted to go ashore. So far as she was concerned, romance promptly withered.

“I think,” she explained, “that the young man wants his canoe back.”

TRAVERS turned and glanced shoreward. There could be no question but what the owner of the canoe missed it badly. Travers, however, was determined not to let her use this as a pretext. Let the issue be defined!

“I’m in no hurry—are you?” he demanded deliberately.

She surprised him. “Not particularly—but what are you going to say to him when you do go in?”

“Say? Oh ‘The woman tempted me.’”

“The idea!” she scoffed. “I didn’t tell you that I was looking for romance and invite you—”

“You,” said Travers, “are a standing invitation to romance.”

It took her unawares, as he had intended it should. He expected she would say, “Sir!” or—freezing: “Please take me ashore at once.” And to him this would be proof that Travers’ tailor was not to be permitted liberties for which Travers’ friend might be forgiven.

What she actually said, however, was: “He’s shouting something—can you hear him?”

“No—can you?”

“I can’t—isn’t it fortunate? Because probably he’s saying that if we don’t come in, he’ll notify the police.”

It occurred to Travers that this was highly probable, but he had no intention of returning until she met the issue. As he had repeatedly assured Evelyn, he could do this sort of thing perfectly well if he wanted to. In the past he hadn’t felt it necessary to demonstrate his natural abilities—

The girl spoke suddenly, under her breath: “Heavenly days!” it sounded like to him. She was staring shoreward. He looked around. The bereft youth had been joined by an older man, who, making a trumpet of his hands, was calling to them.

Travers met her eyes. “Perhaps it’s the chief of police wants me,” he suggested.

“Please sit in the middle,” he advised. She obeyed, without being even momentarily diverted from her topic.

“But he would never even come to a dance. Over and over again he’d promise to, but he’d always duck it at the last moment. Evelyn would positively rant at such times. I wish you could have heard her.”

Travers had—afterward.

“And whenever Evelyn had one of us visiting her, he always disappeared. We joked her about him—her vanishing brother, we called him.”

“He’s very busy—”

“Very slippery,” Evelyn called him. I’ve always had a mad desire to see him.”

Travers said nothing to that; the handling of the canoe apparently engrossed him, and for a moment there was silence. Then something seemed to amuse her, for she smiled reminiscently.

“One of the girls did see him once,” she remarked. “She was visiting Evelyn and peeked over the banisters as he came in. He was just taking off his hat when they giggled out loud, and he gave one look at them and just slammed his hat on again and simply dived out the front door.”

The dimple at the corner of her mouth danced most deliciously—though that was not the adjective that occurred to Travers.

“Somebody asked her what he looked like,” she went on, “and she said: ‘A scared rabbit.’ ‘You don’t mind my speaking of him so, do you?’”

Travers cleared his throat. “Not at all,” he assured her.

She eyed him reflectively. “Are you in the bond business too? Evelyn says that David’s ability to charm money out of old rich women who live on Beacon Hill is positively uncanny, considering he can’t even say boo to younger women—”

She broke off abruptly. “I suppose I shouldn’t speak so about your friend. Men are so much more loyal that way than women—”

“I’m—I’m not his friend,” declared Travers. “I’m his—his tailor.”

The effect of this on her was not lost on him.

“His—his tailor?” she gasped, wide-eyed.

Travers nodded.

“But you said you came down for the day to see him—”

“There was a suit he wanted specially, and I brought it. He asked me to bring my bathing-suit and have a swim—”

“A suit he wanted specially,” she repeated. “That sounds like business in the suit—Evelyn will be interested.” She glanced up at Travers. “But you said you knew Evelyn—”



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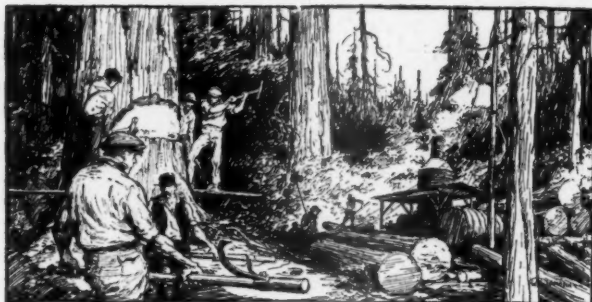
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She smiled—ruefully, he thought. “It’s me he’s calling.”

“You?” Travers was puzzled.

“Yes. It’s my—my husband,” she explained. And added she sweetly, “Please, please sit in the middle.”

“Your husband!” Travers repeated, as if he had never heard of such an institution as marriage.

Her eyes met his guilelessly. “Didn’t you know?”

“Know? How should I?”

She twisted a narrow gold wedding ring and a gorgeous solitaire which adorned one slender finger. “Men are unobservant,” she remarked. “A woman would have noticed at once.”

Her eyes studied his face, which revealed his emotions, if not his thoughts. He was thinking that she certainly was unconventional, and he wasn’t raising that quality as highly as he had a while back.

“Don’t look so—perturbed,” she begged. “You don’t really mind, do you?”

“No,” said Travers, and this was doubtfully untrue. “But he may.”

“Oh, he will—fearfully,” she assured him. “You see, he’s so much older than I am, and terribly tyrannical. And jealous too! I think older men are apt to be, don’t you?”

Travers had had no personal experience, but it was his impression this was so.

“That”—her teeth came together for an instant—“is why I came out with you. I had to do something to assert my independence. Besides, I’d begged him to take me out in a canoe, and he told me it couldn’t be done with two people. And you said it could be—so I came.”

It was evident that she thought this was a full and adequate explanation. Travers had his doubts, however.

“**WHAT** do you plan to tell him?” he asked grimly.

“I haven’t decided yet,” she replied serenely. “I always wait and then explain on the spur of the moment. That’s my way. And there’re so many people on the beach that he—well, he can’t be violent, can he?”

Travers wasn’t so sure of this. “Hadn’t we better go in?” he asked.

“Perhaps you had,” she agreed. “It isn’t well to try him too far.”

He turned the canoe with deft skill and started in. As they approached the point where the combers began, he began paddling furiously, maneuvering for position.

“You—you aren’t going to tip me,” she said quickly.

Travers glanced over his shoulder. “Not if I can help it,” he assured her.

“Perhaps it wouldn’t be such a bad idea,” she hazarded. “He’d be so awfully scared that he’d forget to scold—”

The onrushing comber seized the canoe, and it hurtled shoreward, gripped in that irresistible surge. The water boiled along the gunwales and seethed about the paddle-blade, but he would have made perfectly, if she hadn’t moved.

“Keep—” he began, and then a solid mass of water silenced him.

He rose to the surface and shook the water from his eyes. She was already several feet away, swimming.



thought "strongly toward shore. She caught the surprise in his eyes and smiled mockingly. There was no doubt but what she would take care of herself. He turned and considered the canoe.

"I'll have to get this ashore somehow," he thought.

It was waterlogged, but the owner swam out and lent a hand. He did not seem angry; indeed, he grinned cheerfully at Travers.

"Lose anything?" he asked.

"My coat," retorted Travers. He might have added: "And my faith in women." He knew that she had deliberately capsized him and that she had been deceiving him all along about her ability as a swimmer. "But it's gone," he added, referring to the coat, "and if you'll take the other side of the canoe, we'll put it ashore."

They achieved this, and when they had turned the water out of it,—his companion and her husband had already disappeared,—he surrendered it to its owner, offering belated apology.

"Pretty cheeky of me to take it—" he began.

"Oh, that's all right," the youth retorted. "I thought you'd get a dump before you got in—you have to get the knack of it."

This Travers suffered in silence.

"I guess I'll take another whirl at it," added the expert.

Travers helped him launch the canoe and watched him take the first rollers as one who has the knack can. Then he turned toward the Inn. Many curious glances followed him, but for once he didn't give a hang. He'd change his clothes and get the first train—

"Sent your bag up to your room," said the clerk at the desk with a smile. "Thought you'd want it again. And there's a letter for you."

It was from Evelyn. Travers ripped the envelope open and read:

Dear Davy-Boy:

This is just a wee line to tell you—if you are still there—that Emily Ware, of whom I am quite sure you have heard me speak, is going to be at the Inn for a time. She has just returned from South America with her brother Billy and her father—

Travers paused—the clerk was speaking. "Beg pardon?" he said. "I just suggested that you can just make the train if you hurry," repeated the clerk.

"Er—thank you," said Travers, and moved on upstairs.

Nevertheless he did not make the train. He did not even change his clothes until he had finished Evelyn's letter.

He—her father had to leave South America, as the climate there is too much for him. I happened to meet her in town and when she told me she was looking for some seashore place, I suggested the Inn.

Kiss her for me, when you see her.

THE body of the letter made several things plain to him—one of them being that Emily Ware had deliberately made a fool out of him—and its conclusion made him blush. He assured himself, sternly, that he hoped he wouldn't en-



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counter her again. Accordingly, when she did not appear for lunch, he should have been happy. Nevertheless, he wasn't. He hovered about the lobby, still fortune smiled upon him. She whom he preferred not to see remained invisible.

Eventually, however, Billy appeared. He, as Travers had already suspected, was the one with authority on deep-sea canoeing.

"Say," he announced. "I've just dropped it out that it was you that Emily wished the mustard plaster onto at four G. M. this morning."

"What's that?" demanded the startled Travers.

"Your room is right under Dad's," explained Billy. "That's how Emily got in wrong. Dad had a tummy-ache during the night,—he has them every now and then, as a result of living down in spiggoty-land so long,—and Emily went down to the kitchen to make him a mustard poultice. She'd made arrangements to do that if he needed one, you see."

Billy's grin widened.

"The elevators weren't running, and instead of keeping on up to the fourth where we are, she got switched off onto the third and landed in your room. Oh, Lord, I wish you could have seen her when she finally got to Dad's room. She was absolutely petrified! She wanted to leave the first thing this morning, but we joshed her out of it—"

"Does she know that it was me?" demanded Travers hastily.

"Not yet. Just wait until I break the news to her."

"I wouldn't tell her if I were you," Travers broke in.

"Why not?" demanded Billy.

"Why, it will embarrass her awfully—"

"Serve her right. She embarrasses me whenever she gets a chance."

"But—" began Travers weakly.

Billy had suddenly lost interest in him, however. A passing flapper had smiled brightly at him.

"See you later," he said, and departed.

The clock which hung in the lobby suggested that if Travers were going to take the three-twenty he ought to be moving. Instead, however, he stood and glowered at Billy, now engaged in animated chatter with his seventeen-year-old but very adept charmer.

"Confound him!" he mused. "I'd like to choke him."

Why, he did not explain, even to himself. And when, later, he had a chance to speak to Billy, his manner was mild—gratifying, almost.

"Your sister—is she all right?" he asked.

Billy looked puzzled. "Emily? Of course she's all right. Why shouldn't she be?"

"I thought perhaps the upset—"

"The poultice—or the canoe?" demanded Billy with a grin. "If you want the canoe, a mere ducking wouldn't hurt Emily. She's strong as a horse. But the poultice is something else again. Just wait until she gets back and I point out her victim to her—"

"Has she gone somewhere?" asked Travers.

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"Do you mean Whitney of Lyman and Whitney?" demanded Travers.  
"I guess so. Do you know him?"  
Travers did, though hardly well enough to call uninvited. As he strode along the road toward the Whitneys, devising an excuse for his intrusion, it did not occur to him that he was behaving in a most inexplicable and unprecedented manner. He had demonstrated all that Evelyn had demanded he demonstrate, but instead of taking immediate advantage of his future immunity from pretty girls, he was in active pursuit of one, conscious only of a consuming desire to see her before Billy should, and so embarrass her with his discovery that she would probably flee the Inn.

Somehow it did not occur to him that he might relieve her of this embarrassment by simply fulfilling his original intention and fleeing the Inn himself.  
"I'll just tell Whitney I had heard so much about his place I couldn't resist the temptation to drop in and see it," he assured himself.

EXPLANATIONS were not needed, after all. The moment he turned into the Whitney drive, he saw Emily. A pergola had been built on a little point overlooking the sea, and there she stood, quite alone. He went to her, straight as the steel to the magnet. He startled her, but she recovered instantly.

"Oh," she said, "you are still here?"  
Then, very innocent of eye, she added: "Is Mr. Whitney a customer of yours too?"

Travers stood before her, hat in hand. "I've come," he blurted, "to tell you that that brother of yours has discovered who it was you—you put the poultice on—"

She crimsoned. "Oh," she gasped. "Who—who was it?"

Travers swallowed hard. "It—it—he stuttered, and stuck there.

She gave him a horrified glance. "It—it wasn't you!" she exclaimed.

He nodded, and she dropped her eyes. "I—I'm sorry," she murmured.

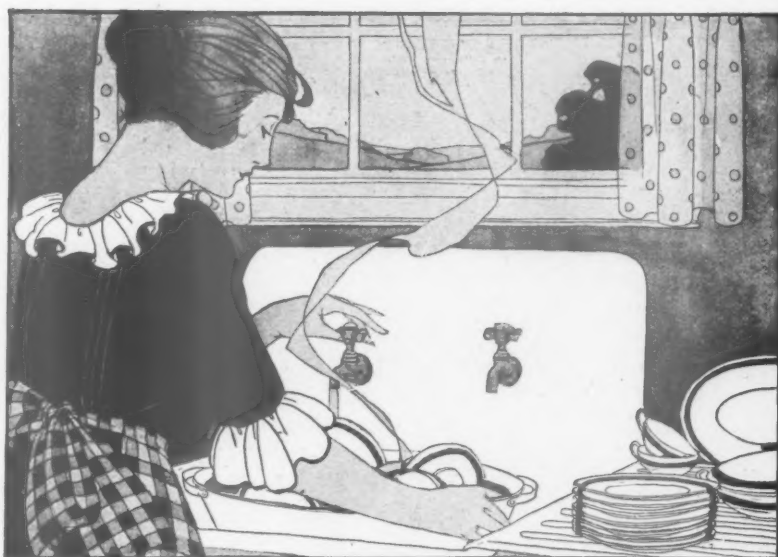
"I'm not," he declared surprisingly—very surprisingly, considering the emotions he had experienced at the time.

She did not ask him why. She simply stood there, the prettiest picture of confusion one could imagine.

Travers took a simply prodigious breath. "Why did you tell me you were married?" he demanded without preface.

She looked up at him. "Why did you tell me you were a tailor?" she retorted. Then, with the feminine lack of fairness that annoyed him in Evelyn but somehow did not annoy him now, she managed to put him on the defensive. "Weren't you ashamed of yourself? Telling such lies—"

"Weren't you?"  
"No," she assured him firmly. "You told the worst ones, and you told them first. It was your bad example. Anyway," she added illogically, "I don't see how you could be so silly as to believe that—that—"



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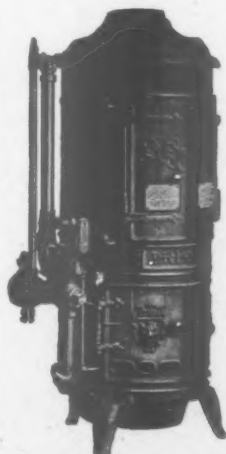
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"That you were married? But you wore a wedding ring—"

"On my right hand. I should think that that would have made you suspect it was my mother's."

It was quite apparent that she was without shame. But somehow he didn't care. There were other matters of more importance to be threshed out.

"Did you know all the time who I was?" he asked.

She nodded. "And I flattered myself, for an instant, that you knew who I was."

"But I've never seen you," he protested.

"You must have—that time Evelyn and I peeked over the balustrade and giggled—"

Travers blushed. "You were the girl!"

"I was. And I had been invited especially to meet you. And you ran—"

"Like a scared rabbit?"

"Exactly. And it wasn't very complimentary."

"But I didn't know you then."

"No, and it was plain that you didn't want to, either." She glanced about and added: "I wonder what is keeping Father and Mr. Whitney—"

"I don't know," said Travers. "But I hope it will keep them some time."

This she chose to ignore, and for an instant there was silence, broken only by the roar of the surf.

"You—you wont hold that other time against me, will you?" he ventured, hopefully, yet curiously agitated.

"It was humiliating—very," she said sternly. "I made up my mind I'd get even with you some day—"

"You have—already," he broke in. "I—"

She gave him a glance in which were mingled apprehension and defiance.

"If you say a word about that—that poultice—" she warned.

"I didn't mean that at all," he assured her hastily. "I meant that—that—"

There he halted. She looked at him inquiringly and then dropped her eyes. Here, perhaps, was the time and place for him to pause and consider how sadly romance had degenerated. She had known all along who he was, and there was a question, at least, if she would have suffered him this long if he were a plumber or a coal-heaver—or a tailor.

Nevertheless he indulged in no such reflections. And if he had, it wouldn't have made the slightest difference. The afternoon sun was glorious; the sea was beautiful; the world was a good place to live in, because she lived in it too.

On the inspiration of the moment he leaned a little toward her.

"B-boo!" said he.

And that is all, except that Evelyn, who was matron of honor, assured him that Emily was the girl she had always intended him to marry.

## DOOM

(Continued)

murmured Hecker as gently as if he feared to awaken a sleeping person.

"The hyacinth closed over his face," was the instant response.

"De watah-hyacinth!" wailed Uncle Jarvey. "Once it close ova you, it nevah give you up."

"But the river was red," said Charlton, lifting his face and staring directly in front of him with blank, unnoting regard—"red in the light of the flash."

"Red, honey?" The old negro's voice was tremulous with awe. He thrust his wizened face close to Charlton's. "Doom River red? Don' say dat, Mist' Charlton, honey."

"Red, red, red," retorted the other with a touch of petulance. He drummed on the table for a moment with clumsy fingers, then potted off:

Doom River clear,  
Naught to fear.  
Doom River red,  
Spews its dead.

Upon the black ancient this doggerel produced a shocking effect. "Oh, Gawd a mussy!" he moaned, pressing his head between his hands. "I ain' heard dis sence de bloody days."

Professor Rainey took him by the shoulders and shook him gently. "An' old song, Uncle?" he asked eagerly.

"Yassuh. An' ol' sayin', an' a bloody one. Time o' de slave-hunts! Don' no-buddy remembah it, I didn' reckon, but a few poh ol' niggahs like me, an' de trash-whites dat hunted 'em foh de wa'd, dead or alive."

"That's very curious," mused the Professor, gazing speculatively at Charlton's dream-bound face. "Where, I wonder, could he—"

"What does it matter?" broke in Hecker peremptorily. "We've got something more serious to consider than folklore." He bent over the entranced man. "Where is he?" he murmured. "Is he in Doom River?"

"Yes. Under Hanging Bridge," was the prompt response.

"How do you know, Charlton?" The words came in a roar from Hecker's working throat.

Charlton's head snapped around. He straightened up. His eyes met the savage challenge of Hecker's. He half turned, lifted his arms with a ludicrous, flopping motion and went over backward. Sylvia Glenn was at his side instantly.

"He's fainted," she said. "Let him lie." Then, to Hecker, in a voice that quivered: "How dare you!"

"I'll prove it to you," he answered. "Suppose we find the body where he said. Will you believe it then?"

"Never," she said passionately.

He turned quite white. "You'll know to. I'm going to Hanging Bridge in the canoe to search the hyacinth for the body."

"I'll go with you," said Gorman Gerner.

"Wont you wait," put in little Mrs.

ROOM

# RIVER RED

(from page 36)

Betterfield, all aflutter, "until we have consulted ouija? It was quite remarkable last night. It kept spelling out trouble."

"It may save you valuable time," urged Betterfield. "It might even indicate the exact spot—"

"Come along," said Hecker.

CHARLTON, revived, appeared to be in a hazy mental condition. He was helped into the sitting-room and put on a lounge before the fire. If he remembered the extraordinary events of the breakfast-table, he gave no evidence of it, but seemed quite content to doze and smile at Sylvia Glenn, who was caring for him, between naps. At ten o'clock he roused himself, demanded a cup of the strongest available coffee, and having swallowed it, declared himself fit, asked if he had been any trouble to anyone and apologized if he had.

"I had a rather bad night," he said ruefully, "—dreams." He shuddered. "They left me muddled when I woke up. Have I made a fool of myself?"

Professor Rainey shook his head. After Hecker's departure he and I held a consultation which concluded with his going alone to the clump of palmettoes near the spring. He had returned, looking thoughtful. Tacitly, Sylvia Glenn and I left it to him to handle Charlton. Why? That would be difficult of explanation. The little man seemed to have developed a sudden unsuspected quality of competency which, without yet really manifesting itself, made itself felt.

"Did Delano get his turkey?" asked Charlton. "Do I lose?"

"No," answered the Professor. "He got none. Mr. Charlton, do you mind answering a few questions?"

"I suppose not. What's wrong? Has something happened?"

"Possibly something serious. You did not sleep in your room last night."

"No—at least, only part of the night."

"Where did you go to sleep?"

"In a hammock which I have strung, in the open."

"Were you—pardon me, but the situation warrants my asking—under the influence of a drug?"

Charlton frowned, hesitating.

"Oh, answer him!" pleaded Sylvia.

"Yes—lethargol—a double dose."

"A powerful soporific, and a teacher-own one. Do you take it often?"

"Only when I can't endure the insomnia any longer."

"Does it leave you in the condition you were in this morning?"

"It never has before. It was the double dose, I expect. My memories of last night are like those of a man in a trance. They're blurred; yet I feel as if I were just on the verge of recalling them. You know that feeling?"

"Very well. You smoked several cigarettes in your hammock, didn't you?"

"Yes," Charlton stared. "How did you know?"



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"About half-past twelve."

"It acts promptly on you?"

"Not very."

"But by one o'clock you would be thoroughly under?"

"No, I wasn't. The headlight of the up-lake boat partly roused me. Both boats flood the road with light when they make the turn. When I did get to sleep later, I suppose the unconscious recollection got into my brain, for I remember dreaming of a sort of pressure of light on my eyes."

"That would be the down-bound boat," murmured his interrogator. "It fixes the time as two o'clock."

"I don't know what you mean. Time of what?"

"You didn't see anything?"

"No. Yet I had a sense of something horrible happening and my knowing all about it, although I wasn't really present. It held me paralyzed for a time, as dreams

will. Then I tried to get away. I think I did get away."

"From your hammock?"

"From wherever I was. Yes, of course, from the hammock in the palmettoes."

"Where did you go then?"

"I can't remember."

"Try," urged Professor Rainey.

"I must have wandered. Then I dreamed of somebody saying: 'Go to sleep. It's all right. Go to sleep.'"

"Who was it?"

A thin flush mounted to Charlton's sensitive face. He was silent. I could hear Sylvia's deep, quick breathing. "I don't know," he said finally.

"And you woke up this morning in your room?"

"Yes—if you can call it waking. Instinct took me into the dining-room. But I was still in the dream—couldn't get out of it."

"And you can recall nothing of what you did after you left the palmettoes?"

"Nothing but that vague ugly dream."



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Professor Rainey looked at a large silver watch. "I wonder how long it would take Mr. Hecker to get there in the canoe?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Sylvia. "They didn't go in the canoe. It was missing when they looked for it."

"Ah!" said the little Professor. "Missing, was it? That explains—hum! Yes—yes," he muttered. "Much quicker that way, with the south wind. What did Mr. Hecker do for a boat?" he added more briskly.

"They were to borrow one at the railroad bridge."

"In that case we may expect to hear from them soon. Now, Mr. Charlton, we psychiatrists, you know, have our own queer way of getting at things. I propose, with your consent, to try a stimulant upon your memory. Please let your mind relax. Now." He recited slowly:

Doom River clear—

An expression of agonized groping distorted Charlton's face. "Naught," he said stumbingly, "naught—to—to fear." Then, more fluently:

Doom River red  
Spews its dead.

"Where did I ever hear that stuff?" he demanded. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"There's been murder done!" he cried. "Who did it?"

"I don't know. How should I? Is it Delano?"

"We fear so. He failed to come back."

"My God! And all this questioning of yours! What does it mean?"

"It may be important that you account for your movements last night."

"Am I accused—"

"No," broke in Sylvia, "there is no accusation. We don't even know that anything has happened."

"I know. It's murder. Delano's been killed."

There was a rush and rustle in the hall outside, and the Betterfields burst in, leaving open the door, around which clustered the awed, eager faces of half a dozen colored servants.

"The ouija—the ouija!" they gasped in a breath.

"If you please," began Professor Rainey in a pained and protesting tone.

"It keeps spelling out 'Murder! Murder! Murder!'" stammered Mrs. Betterfield.

"Naturally! Under your hand, with your mind full of inspired theories."

"Do not blaspheme," said Betterfield solemnly. "Never was a more convincing manifestation of spirit control. And that is not all."

"Indeed it isn't," confirmed Mrs. Betterfield. "When we asked her who was the murderer—"

"Rachel!" interrupted her husband. "Careful!"

"I will speak! The words are not mine. They are ouija's. It gave the initials S. R. C."

She glanced at Sherwood Charlton with a basilisk gleam.

"If you mean me, Mrs. Betterfield," he said calmly, "my initials are S. V. C."

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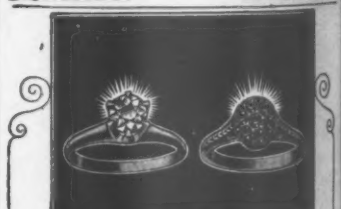
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"It is perfectly evident what ouija moment," she snapped.

"The usual method among ouija's apes," murmured the Professor. "Adapting the manifestation to suit the suspicion."

The loud droning hum of a high-powered car sounded outside. Delano's green racer drew up at the gate. Hecker jumped out and came into the sitting-room.

"We've found him," he announced.

"Dead?" I asked.

"Yes. Two bullets in his body."

Sylvia Glenn gave a little gasp. "Poor Peter! Where was the body?" she whispered.

"Under Hanging Bridge, in the hyacinth. He was shot while crossing the bridge."

"How do you know that?" I queried.

"Spots of blood on the bridge. He jumped and tried to swim for it. He must have come up under the hyacinth."

"Poor Peter! Oh, poor Peter!" said Sylvia again brokenly. "And I sent him to his death."

"No-no," said Professor Rainey gently. "You mustn't blame yourself, Miss Glenn. Did you notice the river, Mr. Hecker?"

"Did I notice the river?" repeated the lawyer contemptuously. "We've been working in it for an hour."

"Was it red?"

GORMAN GARDNER, entering after Hecker, answered: "Yes, it was slightly reddish. That's caused by a minute waterweed which comes up from the bottom at times. What on earth does it matter?"

"Curiosity," murmured the Professor. "Keep your curiosity for a more fitting time," barked Hecker. "Gentlemen,"—his manner became forensic, as if he were addressing a jury,—"what we listened to at breakfast from Mr. Charlton was a confession of murder—unconscious, perhaps, but nevertheless a confession."

"I told you!" cackled Mrs. Betterfield hysterically. "The ouija! S. V. C! S. V. C!"

"She has altered the second initial," murmured the Professor. "Quite typical! Quite typical!"

Although he spoke to me, his eyes were fixed on Hecker. Through the clustered group of negroes outside, another wave of emotion fanned at the potent touch of spiritism. The lawyer raised his arm and pointed at Charlton.

"Sherwood Charlton," he declaimed, "I charge you with the deliberate and unprovoked murder of Peter Delano. I shall put you under arrest."

"You?" Charlton got slowly to his feet. "I advise you not."

Drawing a revolver from his pocket, Hecker cocked and lifted it. Instantly

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But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. Her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself these lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—the dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than a humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced little mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing plays and stories. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you. You never can tell—maybe you really CAN learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

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Professor Rainey blocked the muzzle with his body. So close was he that the grim little mouth all but touched his waistcoat. "Stand out of the way!" shouted Hecker.

"Please to put your weapon up, Mr. Hecker," said Rainey in a tone of mild protest.

"If you undertake to protect a murderer, you must take the consequences!" Hecker's face was twisted with rage. He thrust at the little Professor's throat with his left hand.

What happened next was covered from my eyes by the violent but quickly stilled movements of the two bodies. The revolver fell upon the carpet, and there was Hecker, held helpless in the grasp of the psychologist. It was an amazing exhibition of strength and adroitness in that pudgy figure. Professor Rainey loosed his hold and picked up the weapon. There followed a still greater surprise. He handed it back to its owner.

"I will be responsible for Mr. Charlton," he said.

Bewildered and a little cowed, Hecker pocketed the arm after a moment's hesitancy. I conceived a new respect for psychology as a science. Obviously it was of more practical use than one might suppose.

"Very well," Hecker acquiesced, glad to save his face. "That's satisfactory—until the officers arrive."

**D**RAWN by the return of the searchers, the other guests had assembled in the large room. At Hecker's direct accusation everyone drew away from Charlton except Sylvia Glenn. She stood close to him, tall, pale, lovely and loyal. Hecker glanced at them with hatred in his features.

"You need have no fear of my trying to get away," said Charlton evenly. "Nothing could get me away until I'm cleared. You've accused me of killing Peter Delano. Now you've got to make good on it."

"Where were you last night?" retorted the lawyer.

"Right here at this place."

"You didn't sleep in your bed."

"I was restless and went to a hammock which I have slung in a palmetto patch near the spring."

"Even if we accept that unlikely tale, what proof is there that you stayed there all night?"

"I didn't stay there all night."

"No? Where were you the rest of the night?"

"I don't know," replied Charlton.

"You don't know! Why don't you know?"

"Wait a moment," I interposed. "If Mr. Charlton is charged with murder, surely it is not fair that he should be exposed to the unofficial and unwarranted—"

"Oh, let him go on," broke in Charlton impatiently. "I'm just as anxious to have the facts brought out as anyone else."

"You don't know," repeated the cross-examiner. "Most of us know where we spend our nights."

"I think I was walking in my sleep part of the time."

"Ah! Laying the foundation of your



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defense? Possibly you'd like us to believe that you waylaid and shot down Delano in your sleep."

The lawyer's suggestion was, of course, sardonic. Yet for the moment I saw the shock of a terrific surmise stiffen Charlton's face.

"I—I," he began; but he broke off, shaking his head indeterminately.

"Since you can't tell how you spent your night, I will tell you," continued the self-appointed prosecutor venomously. "In detail! Under pretense of going to bed early, you sneaked down to the dock, got out your canoe and paddled down the lake to Doom River and up-river to Hanging Bridge. There you waited for Delano. In the moonlight he was a fair mark as he stepped onto the bridge. You couldn't miss him, and you didn't. But he still had strength enough left to jump and try to save himself. Or perhaps you climbed to the bridge, pushed the body off and thrust it under the hyacinths."

"Having first robbed it?" The inquiry was in the psychologist's mild voice.

"The body wasn't robbed," retorted Hecker, with a note of triumph. "We found the roll of bills intact—nearly four hundred dollars. Therefore the motive was something else—jealousy, for example." His face provided a vivid illustration of that emotion as he glanced toward Sylvia. "Or maybe it was revenge upon a man he couldn't stand up to on fair and equal terms."

"Go on," invited the Professor. "You make out an interesting case."

"The authorities will find it so, I promise you. Having finished the job, our murderer, whom you seem so keen on defending, Professor, paddles comfortably back, comes ashore and sets his canoe adrift."

"Why?" The Professor's voice was most blandly interested.

"How do I know?" returned the other impatiently. "I know the fact, but not the reason."

"Still, it would be an odd thing for him to do," pointed out the psychologist, "since the missing canoe might direct suspicion, whereas if it were in its place, no one would think of it."

"Murderers do odd and stupid things," argued the lawyer. "Otherwise fewer would be caught. For example, Charlton's own obvious references to the murder this morning."

"Odd, as you justly say, Mr. Hecker. And oddest of all is the bit of local dialect which he repeated."

"I have no time for insignificant trifles," began Hecker.

"Surely not insignificant—a verse which none hereabout recalls or has ever heard of, except one very old negro. Of quite singular interest, in the circumstances!"

"The circumstances are that Charlton disappears at night, returns in the morning; an enemy of his is killed in that time, and he is totally unable to account for himself and his actions. Add to that his confession, the irrepressible outburst of a guilty conscience, and the case is complete."

"No," said Sylvia Glenn. Everyone turned toward her. The air quivered with unspoken questions. The silence itself seemed waiting.

"I can account for Mr. Charlton's

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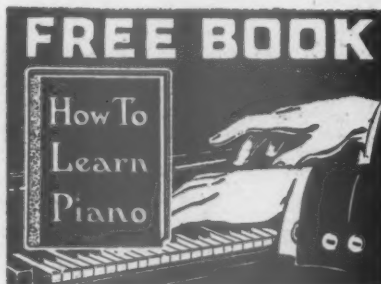
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movements last night," she continued steadily.

"Where was he?" demanded Hecker.

"In my cottage."

Again there was stricken silence. Then old Miss French hissed, in a long whisper: "Shameless!"

"I'm not ashamed," said the girl. And if ever I saw pride and high courage and purity in arms against a deadly challenge, they were in her face.

"Sylvia!" cried Charlton. "It isn't true."

"A touch of the theatrical," said Hecker in a rather hollow voice. "And if Miss Glenn will pardon me, rather a stale and unconvincing attempt at an alibi."

"Yes—yes!" said Charlton eagerly, and for once making common cause with his prosecutor. "There isn't a word of truth in it. I should, of course, remember if I had seen Miss Glenn."

"I'm not sure that you did see me," answered the girl, smiling wanly. "Your eyes were open, but you seemed in a trance. You stumbled against the back steps, and I went out, and after trying to rouse you by speaking to you, brought you in. It is sometimes dangerous to a somnambulist to wake him too roughly."

"You have courage, Miss Sylvia," said the Professor.

"I've had experience. I nursed overseas in the war, and have handled psychopathic cases. I got Mr. Charlton to lie down on the sofa, and he closed his eyes and seemed to be resting. In the morning he was gone."

Miss French sniffed audibly and with obvious signification. In the expression of Mrs. Betterfield I could see the formulation to further queries for ouija to answer. Hecker who had looked puzzled and downcast, now showed signs of renewed determination.

"For the moment accepting your statement, Miss Glenn—"

"I tell you it isn't true," asserted Charlton obstinately.

"Can you tell us what time it was when the ac—when Mr. Charlton arrived?"

"Two-thirty. I looked at my watch—a nurse's habit."

"Rather fast time to have made in a canoe from Hanging Bridge if the shooting was at one-fifteen," observed Professor Rainey. There was a touch of malicious enjoyment in his voice.

"He may have come back by road," said Hecker doggedly. "In that case he could have made it, you'll admit."

"Easily. And in that case he abandoned the canoe in Doom River."

"Obviously."

"And it should be found stranded in the river or drifted into the lake."

"As it doubtless will be."

"Permit me an exception to your 'doubtless.' Is your case concluded?"

"For the present. I shall turn over my notes to the prosecuting official for use in Charlton's trial."

"If that interesting event ever takes place," returned the other, smiling. "Meantime, Mr. Hecker, let me commend to your consideration the subject of local proverbs in verse."

LATE that afternoon a sheriff's officer from Jasonville arrived, having come by train to the railroad station five miles

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distant. After talking with Hecker, he set himself to guard Sherwood Charlton, though without putting the suspect under arrest. Shortly after his arrival Professor Rainey disappeared. It was almost supper-time when he returned, with a face upon which I noted the first evidence of discomposure.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked, drawing him aside.

"There is—that infernal ouija board. Its message has spread, and the turpentine-camp is discussing the charge of the spirits accusing Mr. Charlton of the murder."

"You've been over to the camp?"

"I've just come from there. You remember that obese old ruffian and the tall, lank cripple who told Mr. Delano about the turkeys?"

"Yes, Tapley and—I've forgotten the lame man's name."

"Carshaw—Saul Carshaw. And a precious pair of rascals they are. They are inciting the others to come over here this evening and lynch our young friend. So much," he added bitterly, "for a dangerous toy and a pair of fools who do not comprehend unconscious muscular reflex."

"Do you think they'll come?"

"I fear it. Young Delano was popular with the turpentiners. The pair of rascals have overruled the objections of the camp foreman, who is the strongest man in the lot, and who, I think, dislikes and distrusts them, an element of possible importance. Mr. Hecker's revolver," observed the psychologist with a wry smile, "may yet have opportunity to prove its value."

"But the women!" I exclaimed. "We must get them out of the way, if there is to be a fight."

"I shall lay the situation before a committee of the whole immediately."

The whole white populace of the place was all removed at once to the sitting-room. Professor Rainey laid before them his information and suspicions. Old Miss Gardner burst into frightened tears.

"They'll burn down the house, as they burned my grandfather's," she wept.

Hecker shot a glance full of triumphant malignance at Charlton. "It might suggest itself to Mr. Charlton's mind," he said smoothly, "to escape while there is time and relieve us of the danger of his presence."

Charlton, only a few hours before a vacillant, nervous wreck, was now quite master of himself in the face of a manifest peril. "Certainly," he said. "Will some one loan me a gun?"

"If he goes, I go with him," said Sylvia Glenn.

Her tone was as cool and quiet as if she were discussing the weather. Yet the most passionate avowal of love could have carried no clearer meaning. Hecker became livid. Before Charlton could speak, the sheriff's officer stepped forward. He was a lank, sallow young man, with squinting eyes and a soft drawl.

"This is my business, now, ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "Mr. Charlton, you're my prisoner, suh."

"You put him under arrest?" asked Hecker.

"I do. Anyone as gits him has to take him from me."

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"Then take him away from here as quickly as possible before the mob comes," urged the lawyer.

"I don't reckon that's quite so easy done," returned the other in his gentle tones. "I reckon if the turpentiners is up to anythin', they'll have the roads and trails all guarded before now. No: I'd rather fight from cover."

"Please, Mr. Officer," pleaded Mr. Gardner, "can't you take him somewhere? You surely don't expect to be able to defend this place against a mob?"

"No'm, not very good," admitted the other. "But I'm aimin' to try. Any of you gentlemen wishes to help, he's welcome."

"What about the storehouse at the end of the pier," suggested Gardner. "I've got a rifle and a shotgun. A few of us ought to be able to hold that for quite a while."

"That's a notion, Mr. Gardner," approved the deputy. "Mr. Charlton, we'll be movin' on. Who goes along for company?"

"I do," said Sylvia Glenn.

"No'm," controverted the officer regretfully, "I can't let you—not but what I'd like to. You're a brave lady, ma'am."

"Where he goes, I go," returned the girl steadily, "unless you restrain me by force."

"I'd sure-ly hate to do that, ma'am," began the deputy respectfully, when the question was settled beyond appeal by the arrival of a terrified but exultant negro boy.

"They's comin'! They's comin'! They's a hund'ed of 'em trampin' up the road!"

LESS than a dozen men appeared, to bear out this estimate. Among them were Tapley and Carshaw, and a baldish, intelligent looking fellow whom I took to be the foreman. Access to the pier was now cut off. The sheriff's deputy made his disposition in quick, soft orders, and had stepped forward to close and bar the door when Professor Rainey addressed him.

"I should like to meet and talk with these men on the porch outside."

The deputy stared. "They'll kill you, suh."

"I don't think so. You see, I know some of them. The foreman seems a very decent fellow."

"What's your notion? Just aimin' to delay 'em?"

"No. I venture to think I may persuade them that they are following a false trail."

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "I can't do no harm," he admitted. "Try it—if you aint afraid."

"To say that I am not afraid would be hardly accurate," replied the psychologist. He turned to look at Sylvia Glenn, a long, quiet, hungry look, without hope and without appeal. And suddenly, with a shock, I understood. The tragedy of it was that even in that great moment of his courage she had no eyes for him, not for anyone or anything in the perilous world but Sherwood Charlton, with whom she stood hand-clasped on the stairway.

The little professor opened the door. A hand fell on his arm.

"Take this," said Hecker, pressing his revolver into the other's hand.



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"It would be useless," answered the Professor. "Nevertheless I thank you." He stepped out into the dusk and closed the door quite carefully after him. The deputy sheriff took up a covered position in a corner window commanding the space before the steps. The little mob advanced silently, a bad sign.

"Good evening, gentlemen," we heard the Professor say in his mild, scholar's voice. "I should like to have a few words with you."

"Stand out o' the way," barked a voice. "We want a man named Charlton."

"He is inside, and will be produced on demand. But first, give me three minutes."

"No—no talk!" was the uncompromising answer.

"Mr. Foreman, I appeal to you. You're a good American. You fought in the war, as I did. You believe in fair play. All that I ask is three minutes. Is that much?"

The foreman turned to his followers. "We've got the place surrounded," he said. "Give this man his chance."

"I thank you. Shake hands on the bargain."

He shook the foreman's hand with solemnity, then stretched his own out to the gross, and unwieldy Tapley. For a second that ancient hesitated, then thrust forth his hand. Apparently the Professor must have gripped it violently, for I heard a grunt of involuntary protest. Professor Rainey stepped briskly to the porch again.

"Mr. Foreman: when did Carshaw and Tapley return from Jasonville?"

"By the evenin' train," said the foreman. "How did you know they was to the city?"

"What's this to do with the man we come to git?" growled Carshaw. "I'm ginn—"

"I claim my three minutes," said the Professor.

"Go ahead," said the foreman, his interest already enlisted.

"That was after the news had been phoned to the city that Delano's body was found and that a fellow-guest at Gardner's was to be arrested, was it not?"

"Yes suh, that was in the early evenin' Jasonville papeh."

"Mr. Tapley, how did you go to Jasonville?"

"Walked to the end of the trolley-line," said the old man sulkily.

"You didn't go in Mr. Charlton's canoe?"

"No," snarled Carshaw, stepping forward. "Men, I say we throw this—chatlerin' fool—"

"Then why have you paddle-blisters on your hands, both of you?" queried the Professor mildly.

Involuntarily Tapley thrust his hands behind him.

"Paddle to Jasonville?" put in the foreman puzzled and frowning. "Why would they do that?"

"To avoid meeting any chance wanderer who might be on the road from two o'clock in the morning on."

"There you all are wrong," declared the foreman. "They left camp shortly after supper."

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"So much I assumed. Mr. Delano was killed at one-fifteen. Shortly after two these men took Mr. Charlton's canoe from the pier."

"It's a lie," snarled Carshaw.

"Where were they between the time of leaving camp and the time they embarked in the canoe?"

"We never was in no canoe," asserted Carshaw. "Them's dippin' blisters on my han's."

"We aint dipped since a week ago," retorted the foreman. "Speak on, Mister. Did you see 'em take the canoe?"

"No living eye saw them, in all probability, from the time they left Hanging Bridge to their arrival in the city—"

"Then what are you projeckin' at with your talk against honest folk?" challenged Carshaw.

"But I can tell you—I think I can tell you something of what they did and said about two o'clock."

"Three minutes," croaked Tapley. "Three minutes is up an' more'n."

The foreman pushed him back, and he huddled close to Carshaw, whispering hurriedly.

"The two men came down the road until they reached the canoe, as the down-bound steamer turned at the buoy," pursued the narrator. "The electric searchlight at her prow flooded the roadway. The wayfarers could not endure the light; they had that on their souls which made them feel that the light-ray was a great finger, pointing them out. They shrank back into the shadow of the palmettoes fringing the sulphur spring."

"A lie! A lie! A lie!" wheezed the huge old man lamentably.

"The prints are in the soft mud, too plain to be mistaken. There is the deep mark of a very heavy man, and the impress of a twisted foot."

"Tweakin' me on my haltness!" said the cripple in a venomous voice. "I'll settle that later. Well, allowin' we was there: anybody's got a right to take a drink from the spring, I reckon."

"Certainly. Small wonder that you drank. Your throats were perhaps parched. You were nerve-wrecked—particularly Mr. Tapley. You talked in whispers about what happened at Hanging Bridge. One of you, perhaps, spoke of the difficulty of finding anything in the hyacinth, and the other, I think, urged the large sum of money on the body—"

"You think?" interrupted the foreman. "If you heard all this talk, why'n't you know?"

"Yes," murmured a voice from the group, "what's about all this chat and prate? We want the murderer."

"So do I, gentlemen. Nobody able to report the conversation accurately heard it. But one point which I am coming to presently, will be definite enough. Mr. Carshaw, perhaps, argued that it was foolish to have left the place empty-handed, and that if he had not surrendered to Mr. Tapley's fears, they could have had the money which they had seen displayed by Mr. Delano that noon. He may even have suggested that they return, and Mr. Tapley may have, and I think, did, say that the river showed red in the pistol-flash (here the old man seemed to be choking) and that nothing would induce him to venture into such

troubled waters. All this is more or less hypothetical. Now we come to fact. Mr. Tapley is old and full of memories. An ancient superstition was harrying him internally. He gave expression to it."

Stretching out his arms until pointed at the shaking and preposterous girth of Tapley, the Professor recited:

Doom River clear,  
Naught to fear.  
Doom River red  
Spews

"Oh, my Gawd!" shrieked the old man, wrapping his arms over his eyes. Oh, my Gawd! He done it. Saul done it. He shot him on Hangin' Bridge. From behind he shot him, whilst— The only old voice failed away intq mutterings and stings.

"Saul Carshaw," said the little Professor, "I charge you with the murder—"

"I'll git you first!" shouted Carshaw.

He snatched at his belt. There was a dim gleam in his hand. Then he turned his head over his shoulder and downward as if selecting a suitable spot, slowly folded his legs under him, sat down and rolled on his face. Not until then, as it seemed to me, did I identify the sound and source of the shot which the deputy sheriff had fired from his window. He walked into the stricken group.

"This is my man," said he, settling his grasp on the quivering mountain of flesh. "You-all boys might's well go home now, I reckon."

"I reckon you're right," answered the foreman, and led his followers away.

**T**HE little Professor walked into the main room and sat down, staring into the fire. All of us followed and clustered about except the lovers, who sat close and still on the dim stairway.

"It was wonderful, Professor Rainey," said Hecker, quite meekly for so cocksure a person. "How did you get your first clue?"

"From certain elemental factors of psychology," returned the other wearily. "Such a condition of semi-trance as Mr. Charlton was in, when it finds vocal expression, usually upsets subconscious memory. Given the fact of the murder and his recital, in connection with it, of a question so old as to have almost passed from the memory of the locality, and the rest was simple. He must have had that from some local inhabitant old enough to have known the slave-hunts. There are few left. One of those few is a man who knew beforehand of poor Delano's wild-turkey plans, and also knew that he was carrying a temptingly large sum of money."

"The finding of the footprints of Tapley and his junior but superior partner Carshaw was hardly necessary as corroborative. Fearing to go into the strange-looking river—a perfectly natural phenomenon had they but understood local aquatic vegetation—and succumbing to a superstitious panic, the murderers fled empty-handed to Jasonville; but on learning from the newspaper that suspicion was directed elsewhere, they came back and organized the lynching-party, assuming, probably with good judgment, that a victim paid the penalty, no further inquiries would be made. It was for them

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—tempting lemon tang

Ward's

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an unfortunate coincidence that the light of the steamer, driving them to cover, should have disturbed the drugged man just sufficiently to induce a state of clair-audient somnambulism. For that matter, he might himself have committed quite innocently a murder while in that condition—just as he unwittingly found refuge in Miss Glenn's cottage."

Miss French glanced toward the hallway where the lovers sat, and with spinsterish archness said: "Mr. Charlton has not only his life to thank you for, Professor, but something more."

Again I saw that gleam of pain on the psychologist's mild face. "I am sure that he is worthy of her," he said quietly. "And I think that his malady will now pass. What he has passed through, with courage, tonight is the kind of test that will serve to rehabilitate his nerves and his confidence."

Mr. Betterfield came fussily forward. "It is all quite extraordinary," he cackled, "and you are to be congratulated, Professor Rainey. But you will not, I am sure, fail to acknowledge the great assistance given by the unseen forces of the spirit world."

"Yes, indeed!" cackled his wife. "The most wonderful feature is the disclosures of ouija."

"I confess," began the Professor courteously, "that I am rather at a loss—"

"Ouija knew from the first," interrupted Mr. Betterfield jealously. "First, 'Trouble' was its warning. Then 'Murder,' repeatedly. And finally—"

"Finally," exulted Mrs. Betterfield in triumph, "S. C. I. S. C. I. Saul Carshaw, the murderer. Can anyone remain a skeptic after such evidence?"

"This time they've forgotten the middle initial," the Professor whispered to me.

## THE YELLOW HORDE

(Continued from page 62)

Shady, on the contrary, had a wholesome fear of bears and was excited at their approach; but at the same time she could not view their thieving ways in such a philosophical light, and her resentment rankled deeper with each recurring theft. Once the wolf family returned to a kill to find a great silvertip feeding there. Shady's rage boiled over, and she swept down upon him with a furious burst of barking. She would have halted short of him, but there was no need. Breed was profoundly amazed to see the mighty bulldface flee down the slope with Shady in full cry behind him.

Breed knew that bears did not fear him, even though his fighting ability far surpassed that of his mate, yet a grizzly fled at the first sound of her voice! This deepened his respect for Shady; the mate who was so helpless in many respects was surprisingly resourceful in others.

It was not known to Breed that bears had learned to dread the bellowing of a pack of trail-hounds in the hills through knowledge that men followed close behind, and that the dog note in Shady's voice stirred up visions of a man with a magazine gun on his trail. But while the reason was not clear to Breed, the fact that the mightiest grizzly took flight before his mate was repeatedly proved to him, and after once learning her power, Shady permitted no bear to deprive her family of its meat.

As the summer advanced the pups learned to pack-hunt with Breed. The coyote howls at night were now confined to messages between mate and mate or between mother and pups. The life they led was essentially a family life, and they had no interests outside of the family circle. Breed's cry to rally a pack was never raised, for his own domestic duties were many; and if he had sent forth the summons, none would have answered it. He sometimes met Peg and ran with him for a while, but these visits were infrequent and brief, each having pressing business of his own.

BREED one day caught the scent of a coyote upwind from him. This in itself was nothing unusual, but there was something vaguely familiar about it, something that roused old memories, and suddenly he thought of Cripp. He traced up the scent, and as he topped the ridge, he stopped short and bared his teeth, the hair rising along his spine. A horrid nightmare of a thing rose from its bed and leered at him. The hair had slipped from its body, leaving the skin shiny and slate blue. The ears and head were furred, and the legs; tufts of hair sprouted from the shoulders and along the spine, but flanks and sides were bare, and the long tail was rat-like, its joints showing through the tight-stretched skin. The lips were drawn back and revealed the blue gums receding from loosened teeth—the result of poison that had failed to kill.

Breed knew this grisly apparition for Cripp. The scent was there, and the warped foreleg. Cripp did not recognize his friend. His mind was clouded, and the light of insanity gleamed in his sunken eyes. Breed whirled and fled, and a weird cry sounded behind him—the eerie howl of a maniac.

All through the summer the coyotes shunned the specter of living death that plodded silently up and down the valleys and the ridges. When it came suddenly through the trees, drawn by the scent of a fresh kill, some coyote family scattered swiftly and left the feast. Cripp was as apt to howl in broad daylight as at night, and the sounds were meaningless, the unintelligible jargon of an idiot. Every coyote within hearing bristled with fear whenever Cripp's jabbering reached their ears.

In the background of Breed's mind the purpose to slay Flatear still persisted, but his duties prevented his spending the time to hunt for him. Occasional wolf-howls were heard back here in the hills, the calls of strays that had drifted down from the north, following the line of the hills and



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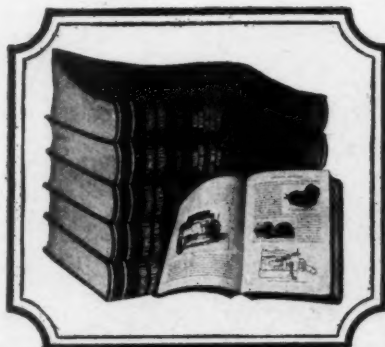
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keeping well back from the dangers of the low country. Each time he heard the wolf-note, the urge to kill was strengthened in Breed. He had heard Flatear's voice but once and so was unable to identify him by ear alone, but must receive added testimony through eyes or nose.

Twice Breed left his family to investigate the source of these cries. One came from a lone female; the other from a big gray dog-wolf who had mated with a coyote, and there were five pups trailing after the oddly assorted pair. These pups were much like Breed's own, and they gave proof that the coyote strain was stronger than the wolf. Their language was that of their mother. The only trace of wolf parentage was shown in their greater size and the dark fur of their backs. Breed's search for his old enemy proved fruitless. Many things of which Breed was unaware had taken place on his old home range since he had left it; and Flatear, terrorized by the latest of these events, had slunk away to the north.

**COLLINS'** prediction had been verified. The coyotes in the low country where poison had been strewn broadcast on the range had suddenly turned from stale meat as from disease. Much of their food-supply had come from bloated sheep, from locoed horses and from cows that had eaten larkspur and died, but they would no longer touch these carcasses. Deprived of this source of food, their kills became more frequent, and they grew bolder in their raids on calves and sheep.

Then a new and appalling menace reared its ugly head in the foothills, striking not at coyotes alone but at every living thing. There were many coyotes such as Cripp, with the hair slipped from their hides, the ones that had survived a dose of poison but were unable to shake off its devastating after-effects. Hydrophobia broke out among these, and they ran amuck, striking alike at friends and foes. Sound coyotes were turned into frothing fiends that helped to spread the wave of madness that swept across three States. Horses and cows died by hundreds, and it was no unusual thing for one mad coyote to bite fifty head of sheep in a single night. The five dogs that had harried Breed were themselves infected when they pulled down a mad coyote, and they drove poisoned fangs into forty head of stock before the last of the five was run down and shot.

There was but one ray of hope in the whole dangerous business, and men seized on that. Bad coyotes lost their cunning and ran stupidly on some chosen course, biting every living thing that crossed their trails, but refusing to be turned aside even to avoid an approaching man. Riders poured through the foothills on fleet horses, shooting down the stricken ones, all other business suspended till this menace had been stamped out. But through it all the ravages among the wily coyotes were far less than among domestic stock.

The spreading of coyotes over new territory, which had been only gradual before, was accelerated by the poison and madness that had blighted the foothills. Thickly settled districts far to the east, where coyotes had formerly appeared but



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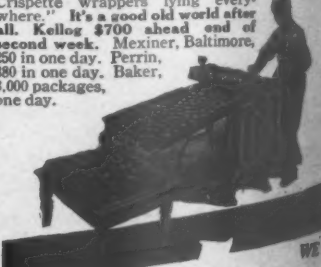
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consequently, were now invaded by great numbers. Poison and traps could not be used effectively against them in localities where there were dogs on every farm, and the coyotes were safer there than on the open range. Reports that reached Collins showed that for eight hundred miles south along the base of the hills the coyotes were quitting the flats and roaming through the fastnesses of the Rockies.

BREED noted the steady flow of strange coyotes into the high basins of his new range. In the late summer the pups dropped one by one from the family circle, going off on business of their own. During the latter part of August, Breed was conscious of a vague sense of loneliness. This grew more pronounced, and then suddenly he knew! The rally-call for the pack rolled through the valleys and echoed among the peaks, and from far and near he heard familiar voices raised in answer. The parental responsibilities were over for one season; the pups gone forth on their own; and the members of the pack were free to follow the yellow wolf.

As Breed ran through the hills, the pack gathered, and each coyote fell into his old place. Peg and his mate ran close on the right of Breed—but the place on the left was vacant.

Cripp was coming too. The cry for the pack had penetrated the fog that obscured his reason and touched a responsive chord buried deep beneath. That cry was meant for him. The coyotes made a kill and feasted, but before their hunger had been satisfied, a living skeleton came moving toward them; they scattered wildly and left the meat to Cripp.

Several strange coyotes joined Breed's pack, and these new members seemed possessed of some haunting fear. Breed noted their constant air of expectancy and the intent regard with which they favored every coyote that drew near to them. They seemed always suspicious that some friend would suddenly turn upon them, and whenever some eager coyote clashed his teeth while feeding, these strangers that had come so recently from the low country started uneasily at the sound.

Night after night Cripp followed the pack and came to the kill. The coyotes all avoided him, but the strangers were assailed with a ghastly dread of his grinning mask, and their fears were communicated to the rest of the pack. Breed himself caught it. An air of tense watchfulness pervaded their gatherings, a guarding against some menace as yet unknown, but which the actions of the strangers indicated might be upon them at any moment.

One day after a week of this sort of thing, Breed and Shady were bedded on a ridge slope that flanked a broad meadow, when Breed saw a moving speck at the far edge of it. It proved to be a coyote, though at first its peculiar gait denied this. He came straight on across the open, and Breed saw one of his new friends trot from a willow clump in the meadow, take one look at the advancing stranger and became galvanized into a striking streak that left the valley. Even

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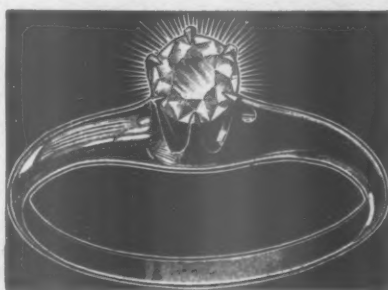
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at that distance his deadly fear was evident, and Breed knew that the unknown danger had become actual and was embodied in the queer-gaited coyote coming toward him.

HE ran with an automaton-like stiffness, never changing his course, and occasionally stumbling as if unaware of the character of the ground over which he passed. His head swung out slightly to either side, and he snapped each time. There was something sinister in every move, as if his body was driven on without conscious volition, actuated by some dreadful, unclean force. Breed knew it for some sort of poisoning, and his muscles bunched for flight. Shady barked angrily as if to drive the thing away. Then Breed saw a hairless travesty of a coyote move out of a draw and halt directly in the path of the mad coyote. Cripp stood there grinning till he felt the other's teeth score his unprotected hide, then whirled and snapped back at him. The mad coyote kept straight on, and Cripp followed at his own queer shambling gait. He drew close and ran alongside, and for a hundred yards they exchanged slashes in a senseless sort of way. Breed could see the blood oozing from the fur of the mad coyote's neck, and the blobs of white foam sliding down Cripp's shiny hide. Then the mad coyote fell, and Cripp kept on for another ten yards before he missed him. He wheeled and returned, stumbled and fell and crawled back to his foe, and they lay there tooting one another in an impersonal, detached way, as if it did not matter.

Breed's soul revolted at this scene, and he fled the spot. When he raised his howl that night, he was twenty miles farther north, but the coyote pack answered from close at hand. Many of them had witnessed the same scene from adjacent slopes of the valley. The others had viewed similar sights, and there was a general coyote movement north through the mountains, a wide-spread exodus ahead of the madness that was creeping up into the hills.

Breed had formerly been imbued with the home-loving nature of the coyote, and this had led him to restrict his wanderings to a comparatively limited area instead of ranging hundreds of miles in all directions after the manner of wolves. This love of a permanent home range now operated in a peculiar way. All ties were severed behind him; the land he loved bristling with such a wide variety of dangers as to preclude all possibility of his return. The wanderlust which now seized him appeared a complete reversal of his former desire to remain in one vicinity where every topographical feature was to him a familiar landmark; but in reality this very wanderlust was an expression of home love; every step he took away from his old range was unconsciously actuated by the desire to find some new spot which would take the place of the old.

For two weeks these wanderings were erratic and uncontrolled by any conscious purpose. He roamed on the Shoshone and the Thoroughfare, the Yellowstone and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake, then

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swing back across the Sunlight Peaks. Shady had acted queerly of late, frequently leaving Breed for hours at a time and climbing to some commanding point from which she would look far off across the hills as if seeking something which was always just beyond the range of her vision; but she always came back to him.

BREED found nothing out of the way in this. Mated coyotes were prone to follow separate trails for hours, even days, and then meet again. Shady had clung to him persistently, refusing to be out of his sight except when at the den with her pups, and this new manifestation seemed a natural one to Breed, an evidence that his mate had come to trust in her ability to shift for herself in the wild. But it was not this. Now that her pups had been schooled and sent out to face the world alone, Shady hungered to see the man who had raised her from a pup, and to feel his fingers scratching behind her ears.

As the pack straggled out among the rugged Sunlight Peaks, Shady looked down across the lower slopes; one valley opened into another in an interminable procession, and far down across the spruce-tops a rift between two flanking hills afforded a view of the low country, shimmering in the sun. Sand Coulee Basin, her old home! And a variegated mass in the distance marked the Rainbow Buttes, rising isolated and alone from out the bad-lands. Shady struck a swift gliding trot and dropped down the slope, disappearing in the first twisted masses of timber-line spruce.

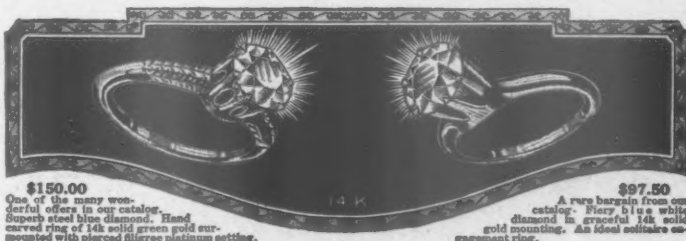
For the first few hours after her departure Breed gave it no thought, but when she failed to turn up, he grew increasingly uneasy. Ten hours, and he called to her: there was no reply. Twelve hours, and he circled to pick up her trail, but it had cooled. He prowled the peaks for three days and nights, disconsolate and lonely even though in close touch with the coyote pack, and sending out call after call for his mate. Shady had spent the first two days in almost continuous travel, put in a single hour with the Coyote Prophet, reveling in the feel of his exploring fingers and the friendly sound of his voice, then departed as suddenly as she had come and spent two more days in reaching the summit of the Sunlight Peaks where she had left her mate; for after all, his hold on her was far more gripping than that exercised by the man.

She heard Breed's lonely cry and answered it, and an hour later she was frisking about him with doggyish enthusiasm. The yellow wolf accepted her lavish display of affection with dignity, his joy in the reunion a match for her own; but the wolf in him was unequal to matching the effusiveness of the dog in her.

(To be Continued.)

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## "SHEARED"

(Continued)

As one in Kiely's position must have everyone within his province distinctly classified, with as many others as his memory will retain, he had Joe properly catalogued. Consequently when Joe asked for a private interview, Kiely was aware that he was talking as Burton's mouthpiece. Overtures by Burton he regarded as a sign of weakening. But the police had entertained the public with demonstrations on two of Kiely's gaming-pieces and had ripped his poolroom all to bits; the lid was disastrously on. Therefore he was ready to treat with the enemy, provided the enemy conceded defeat.

As his chief had done, Joe went to Mike's to see Kiely. He was not wholly at ease as he entered the presence of the chill-faced gambler, but he still thought that he could get by with his errand. His cue was to be "cagey" in his approach—sort of drip the burden of his message, the part about the man from Denver—break it gently.

Kiely was at the end of the bar looking again to Fritz's dissertation on how the nation was tottering under the agency of prohibition. Joe sidled up to him. He never had spoken with Kiely before. His respectful tone reflected his mental discomfort. He regretted having come. Kiely's gaze was disconcerting.

"Le's go in to the back, Mr. Kiely," Joe smiled apologetically, ingratiatingly. Instinctively he was anxious to make an impression on this iceberg.

Kiely voiced the outstanding question. "Does Burton quit?"

Joe fidgeted. He wasn't used to straightforward speech; in this instance especially he'd rather avoid it. He leaned close.

"Tween us, Mr. Kiely, I guess he's through. He—" Breaking off, he jerked his head at a man a few feet away. "Let's talk in the back or somewhere," he invited again. "Burton'll be sore on us if it gets round—what I got to say."

WITH an emissary before him apparently ready to offer capitulation, Kiely was disposed to grant the request for secrecy. He determined to make his terms unconditional surrender—Burton had to move. The victory would be credited to everyone when Burton left the field.

"Why didn't he come himself?" Kiely smiled.

"Yuh know! He's playin' safe!" Joe winked meaningly. He was pleased with the situation so far. The turn in events tickled Kiely. He would feel Kiely's mood.

Kiely led the way to the cubby-hole that was the saloon-man's office. Calling Joe the only chair, he seated himself on the safe.

"Now what!"

The sharpness of the query told Joe as he was arranging his method of presentation so as to preserve Kiely's good humor. He looked up into the gambler's eyes—and quickly looked down. Had he held the gaze a moment more, he would have hesitated about going on.

# ARE EARS"

(Continued from page 52)

would have abandoned his mission could he have seen the glimmering expression his shifty evasion evoked.

"Now what?" Kiely's tone was more tawny. He was recalling what he knew about Joe the Snooper.

Joe wriggled in his chair. He wished that they had stayed out in the bar. Kiely's frigid, penetrating personality was disturbing. It made Joe clammy. It overturned his ordered thoughts.

"Burton wants to meet yuh," he began, "to talk about fixin' things up."

Kiely waited for the rest. His manner caused Joe to reach the meat without preliminary. Kiely had his goat.

"The's a guy he knows—he says—a guy from Denver."

The messenger's head lifted, and he stared nervously at Kiely's hardening face. Kiely drew a long breath.

"Yes?" he said softly.

"At's all," said Joe. He hastened to cover himself: "'At's all. I dunno what's doin', but Burton says this guy wants to shoot off his mouth, an'—he became involved and slurred in his hurry,—"an' at he can keep his trap shut. He says it's up to yuh if this guy squeals—"

SO rapidly did Kiely move, yet with so little effort, that Joe was being struggled before he realized that he had been taken by the throat. And so frightened was he by the tense face that glared within an inch of his that his limbs refused to function in resistance.

Kiely shook him viciously but calmly. "Listen, you runt," he said: "you'll tell me all about—this guy from Denver, or you'll go out of here in a box! You get me?"

His face purpling, Joe's hands tugged feebly to release the deadly clutch. He couldn't speak, but he contrived to nod his head. The grip relaxed slightly, sufficient to permit him to refill his lungs. He did not attempt an outcry. No one would help him—not in there. This was Kiely's hang-out. And if he shouted, Kiely's hands surely would close on his windpipe—to stay closed.

"You're a dirty liar," said Kiely, "and don't forget that I know it. But if you lie to me now, so help me God—" He rattled his captive's teeth and made his head swim.

Abruptly as he had seized Burton's messenger he let him go. For an instant Joe had a wild thought to essay escape. But Kiely was between him and the door; and even though he got out of the office, he would be recaptured in the bar. Fearfully he sat fingering his bruised neck and gasping.

"Is there a guy from Denver?" demanded Kiely.

Joe nodded sullenly. "Who talked to him?"

Squirming before the dull malevolence of his questioner, Joe was silent, afraid to lie. "Burton," he said at length.

"Did Burton tell you what this man said?"

"No!" That was unconvincing.



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"You're a liar! Where is the man?"  
"I dunno. I never seen him." Joe  
erred by being overvociferous. "I never  
seen him. Burton jus' says—"

Kiely's mouth was a drawn line. His  
hands opened and shut. Joe's eyes glared  
on them.

"Where did you run across him?"  
asked Kiely gently.

The other's fear-laden brain yielded to  
the superior will.

"I was wit' him last night—in a cabaret—when yuh an' her came in," he confessed falteringly. "I jus' met him—"

He stopped again as Kiely bent over him.

"And you ran along and told Burton," said Kiely with amiable menace.

"I didn' mean nothin'," whined Joe. He pleaded to substantiate that: "The guy says she can beat the case. I didn' mean—"

"Sure not—you didn't." Kiely grinned freely. He was wondering how he could handle appropriately this pryer who had made it possible for Burton to jeopardize Mary's liberty. He could kill Joe, of course, but killing was unpopular for the time being.

Contemplating the quavering Joe, he stuffed his hands into his pockets. There he was given an idea as his fingers touched his pocketknife.

AGAIN he acted with dazzling unexpectedness and speed. In a flash he yanked his visitor off the chair and threw him face downward on the floor. He did not reckon that he was laying himself open to fifteen years for mayhem. If Joe was stupid enough to make a charge, Kiely figured it would be assault. But he didn't purpose letting Joe cause his arrest.

Squatting on the prostrate tatter's back, he opened his knife. Joe's howls for help were punctured by two terrifying shrieks as Kiely took his ears!

"You can tell Burton that I'll cut out his heart," said Kiely as he got up. "If your guy from Denver becomes talkative—or anyone else. I ought to take your tongue—Oh, hell!" He realized that Joe could not hear him because his hands were clasped over the late location of his ears.

Kiely smiled at the bartender and the others clustered there as he opened the door.

"Go in and stop that fool's bawling," he ordered. "Get Doc Morton for him—and stow him away in a quiet place till he decides to forget it."

Then he borrowed the hammer and nails and used them. The exhibit was ready for Nick Burton.

"And Fritz," he added, "send out after Burton and ask him to come here. Say I got his message. He'll understand. And when he comes, show him these—and tell him that he won't live long if he ever so much as thinks of Denver!"

From the office issued a whimpering. An ungentle hand was over Joe's mouth, but it was hardly necessary. He was near fainting to yell.

Kiely listened as he returned from washing his hands.

"That's better," he nodded. "See he keeps quiet. Have the Doc do the best he can for him. If Burton hurries to get



his eyesful, maybe the Doc can sew Joe's ears on again!"

Conny Kiely went to see his wife. It was advisable to get her out of the way. Burton might squeal on her and run.

KIELY'S wife was the one tenderness in his life—his wife and their boy. When she fled from the charge in Denver and found haven with friends of Kiely's, he met her. The haunted fright in her eyes attracted him first. Her seclusion aroused his curiosity—a curiosity that was not inquisitiveness but created only by a growing interest in the girl herself. Her story, confided one day when he was jollying her to go out, impelled his sympathy. She told of the incident frankly, without reservation. She did not give him a hard-luck story. She was not seeking sympathy. It was because Kiely had voluntarily given her his own story that she confided in him, because it eased her mind to tell him. She wanted him to know about her before—before that light which she could inspire in his steady eyes became too brilliant. She asked him to decide whether she should go back to face the charge.

The man she had stabbed had become ugly because she had withheld herself from him. His grip had crushed the flesh of her arm while he called her—names. In a second of panic and rage it had been done. There had been a scene as she rose from the table, and he had followed, still holding her and mouthing violence. She had no clear recollection of matching up the knife. Her vision had cleared to behold him bleeding from a jagged wound on the face, another on the side of the neck. Two companions had testified in her favor. Other witnesses who had not seen it all, had not heard the man, had testified against her, or half and half. The indictment had been returned. Afraid, she had jumped her bail.

If Kiely had told her to go back, she would have gone. Not trusting the law, as is the habit of his kind, because he had known justice to be bought,—and injustice,—he had advised her not to surrender.

In return he recounted to her the story of his own life. Shortly they were married.

Conny Kiely did not regard himself as a dangerous citizen. On the contrary, he was peaceable unless provoked to conflict. He preferred peace. He was living in the environment to which he had been bred. He did not count it against himself that when need had arisen he had sent his guns against rival forces, that he himself had fought and brought down his man. Never had he fought wantonly—only for what he believed to be his rights. And according to his teaching, they were his rights. His business might be unlawful, but so were others. That did not alter the fact that he had built it up. Recognizing the rights of others, as well founded—or as badly—as his own, he never had encroached. Wasn't it fair to expect others not to infringe upon him?

Sometimes his agents might have shot from ambush. He would say that they were justified. They were engaged in guerrilla warfare against men as deadly as themselves, who never would hesitate to

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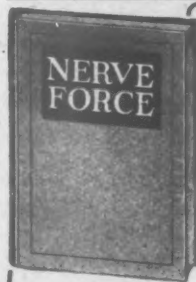
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take an advantage. Guerilla fighting knew no rules. He did not consider that murder had been done when a gunman fell. Therefore, by his code, he never had been party to murder. It all was fair fighting—as these men engaged in it viewed fairness. Himself, he took his chances. Twice in this contest with Burton he had been fired upon in the darkness. Yet he had not carried a weapon for years. He stood on his strength, on the fear of him that kept the hired gunman from coming close enough to make sure of his aim. He knew the rats and the extent of their courage.

MARY KIELY was sitting on the lawn in front of the broad, cozy bungalow, a garden-spot out by the city line, with Conny Junior toddling round her. She looked up with surprise as the fast-driven machine halted at the gate. Catching up the baby, she went to meet her husband. Something of the fear that had drawn him to her was in her eyes. It was an unusual hour for Conny to come home. The speed of the car bespoke an emergency.

Kiely however smiled at her query—the smile that could be awakened only by his wife and his boy. He was long-practiced in masking his thoughts.

"There's nothing wrong, dearest," he assured her; and there was a tonal quality in his ordinarily flat voice. "I just developed a notion that it's time we had a vacation. So"—his gaiety was perfect as he boosted the chortling Junior to his shoulder and ran an arm about his wife—"I came charging out to get started before I change my mind."

She glanced at him doubtfully as they walked across the lawn, but she did not express her doubt. Only—

"You could have phoned," she laughed uncertainly, "and saved yourself the hurry-up. You dear foolish, you can't expect me to start in five minutes—"

His seriousness confirmed her misgiving as he interrupted: "But I do! Not exactly five minutes, but within an hour."

"But Conny," she protested, "we have to pack and—and all that."

"We'll grab a couple of grips and get what we need along the way. We'll travel light."

She pressed his arm and looked soberly into his face. "Where are we going. And—and why, Conny?"

Kiely was thankful as the boy caused a diversion—by trying to twist an ear off his father—an ear! Kiely laughed as he pictured Joe's ears. He was glad of the excuse to turn away from his wife while he admonished his son. She would have read trouble in that flinty glow in his eyes. When he turned back to her, he was serene.

"That'll be much of the fun, wife," he grinned. "We're going gipsying—wherever the road takes us. On and on until we're—tired."

Inside the house she halted and faced him. The inflection he had given that closing word augmented her perplexity and alarm.

"You are tired, Conny." Her eyes were haunted again. Her fear was for him. "Something has happened, dear. Have they—are you—why must we go?"

"It isn't must," he denied. "There's



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nothing doing in town. That's why. We're shut down tight—practically. I can let things take care of themselves for a few weeks." He swung the baby in the door and took her face between his hands to kiss her. "And while the situation is clearing, you and I and the boy are going on a holiday. Quick, now! Step along!" He shoofed her toward the door. "We're off in an hour."

Within the hour they started. They went only as far as downtown in their own machine. While Kiely issued instructions to his lieutenants, he procured another car. His could be traced should Burton get the authorities after Mary. The owner of the borrowed car would forget that Kiely had it. No one at the garage where Kiely's car was laid away would remember that it was there.

THERE was one important result of the flight which Kiely did not anticipate. It stimulated Burton when he was drinking to the full the object-lesson that Kiely had left for him on the bar.

Nick Burton did not tarry before that only exhibit. There was a cold sweat upon him as he retired to hunt out Joe. Kiely's promise, communicated by Fritz the bartender, jangled and reëchoed in his brain.

When he could get no trace of Joe, his task redoubled. Joe, he concluded, had been killed. And Kiely had vowed to cut his Burton's heart out if the man from Denver talked. He cursed himself for his impetuosity. Why hadn't he got hold of the man who recognized Mary Kiely before going at Kiely? How could he keep that man's mouth shut when he did not know him? Nick Burton did not want to risk having his heart removed! He perceived serious danger of that being done, however, since Kiely had given his word. Burton prepared to evacuate.

Slinking round that night, making a last effort to learn definitely the fate of Joe—who was a prisoner in the hands of the Kiely clan until his wounds healed and he agreed to stay away from the police—Burton heard of Kiely's departure. The news gave him a brace. He laughed squeakily and recovered his swagger. He got himself a couple of drinks and laughed again, louder. He had scared Conny Kiely off the lot!

As the days of Kiely's absence lengthened, Burton's courage mounted. Soon he began to talk of having driven Kiely out of town. When there was no comeback to that, he added that if Kiely ever showed his face again, he'd go over the road. Yes, and his wife would go over the road too. Burton did not make any bones about saying that the "murder" of Joe was what he had on Kiely. But he was not so outspoken in regard to Mary Kiely. He was mysterious about what she'd be sent away for. He couldn't refrain from thinking of his heart! Kiely might get to him for the necessary few minutes.

Kiely's lieutenants grinned behind Burton's back and let him strut. Every so often their chief talked with them by phone from the mountains not a hundred miles away, where he and his wife and boy were loafing. From sources that were reliable they ascertained that Burton had yet supplied any information to the

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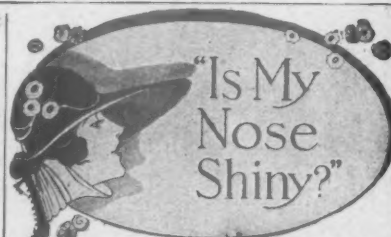
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police. That was what worried Kiely most. He had about concluded that Burton was harmless, when the word came that Burton was hinting what would happen to Mary if Kiely ever returned.

Conny Kiely told his wife that he had to go to town for a day—on business, he said. He was going to see Burton, and going back to the old days, he slipped a gun into his pocket.

Mary clung to him. Throughout the fortnight they had been away it had become more and more evident that they were hiding. But she never had questioned him. She supposed that the recent police activity against gambling had made it advisable for Conny to depart until the storm blew over. He would not run away from personal danger. So well had he helped her to blot out her own ancient trouble that she never imagined that could have ought to do with their exile. And so idyllic had been their journey in the quiet of the hills—just Conny and the boy and herself—that she was making ready to propose that they go on like that for the rest of their lives—that he never return to reopen his gambling-places. He had money enough to drop these affiliations and retire.

"Don't go, Conny." She voiced these thoughts as he was leaving. "Let's not go back."

His colorless eyes burned lovingly on her, and on the boy who held to his mother with one hand and to his father with the other. Then he glanced away, blinking with a transforming wistfulness.

"Perhaps we won't, wife," he said. "—depends." He was thinking of the gun that he carried for the first time in years. Had she known that he had it, she would not have let him go.

Her face brightened with joy. "You mean that, Conny?" She was eager to have him repeat it.

"Yes." He drew her to him, and together they looked down at the toddler, who laughed merrily in return. Kiely's features grew strained and harsh. His fondled the boy's curls, pressed his cheek closer to his wife's. He might not come back.

Suddenly he let them go and stepped back. He was smiling—Mary must suspect.

"Yes," he said, "when I come back, wife, I'll be through down there. That's what I'm going to town for—to wind everything up."

The tinge of grimness in his tone dimmed her happiness. Her gaze searched into him.

"Let me go with you, Conny. Let us all go."

"No." He shook his head. "It would only be a useless tiresome trip for you and the baby. I'll be back—right away—not more than two days."

He dropped to his knees beside the boy. The curly head nestled contentedly on his shoulder. His wife knelt beside him. Their arms intertwined about the child. And they both prayed—though Conny Kiely was not conscious that he did so.

**UNOBTUSIVELY** and unannounced, Kiely reached town. He ordered Joe turned loose.

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ger, now less lovely, than ever with the patches of sticking-plaster on the sides of his head, was a noticeable shock to Burton. Joe went to him without delay and snarled out his story. He blistered Burton with language for having sent him to Kiely. He swore to kill Kiely—was tempted to kill Burton, he declared.

"Now wait, Joe, wait. That won't get you nothing." Burton strove to pacify him. He breathed noisily. What did the return of Joe portend? Was Kiely up to a trick? Burton wasn't nearly so sure of himself as he had been shortly before. "Agh!" Joe broke in on his uneasy thoughts. "What yuh sayin', yuh big stiff. How in hell can I hear yuh through these?" He pointed to the dressings on his bobbed ears. "Yell what yuh gotta say, yuh—" He said a book himself before he ran out of breath.

Burton took Joe home. He couldn't about his problem where everyone could listen. Primarily he desired to know whether Joe could tell anything about Kiely's whereabouts. Joe could not. He knew only that he had been imprisoned in an eight-story flat, that with the restoration of his liberty he had been cautioned finally that he'd certainly die in his boots if he mentioned his lamented ones to the police.

His beady eyes puckering cunningly, Burton inflamed Joe's hatred toward Kiely while he worked to square himself. He offered to have Kiely gunned immediately he showed up.

"I'll get him, Joe, so help me!" Burton chewed in his upper lip. Deep down he realized that he would have to get Kiely on his own account, or Kiely would get him. He repented having spoken so broadly of Mary Kiely. That was Joe's link.

"I'll get him y'self?" Joe's face also was crafty. He had a scheme oddly akin to that forming in Burton's head!

"Yeh!" Burton topped his declaration with a curse. Then: "You heeled, Joe?"

Joe spat and snarled. He was! With the biggest he could find—an army automatic that could make no mistake once it hit!

"When Kiely shows up!" leered Burton.

"Yeh! When he shows!" echoed Joe. They looked one at the other queerly; and each pondered.

THAT night Kiely showed. Burton and Joe were on the street together near midnight when they met one of their breed.

"I'd blow if I was you, Nick," the man said, foregoing greeting or preamble. "Kiely's round—and he's got blood in his eye. He's lookin' for you!"

Burton withdrew into a doorway. He was cold!

Joe bent his bandaged head and had the information repeated.

"Where'd yuh see him?" he asked.

"He's in Mike's a minute ago. I got it," the man laughed, "because it's a good night to be out the way. . . . I'd blow, Nick! So long."

Burton and Joe remained in the doorway. They felt a mutual distrust. Each knew that the other had a hand on his



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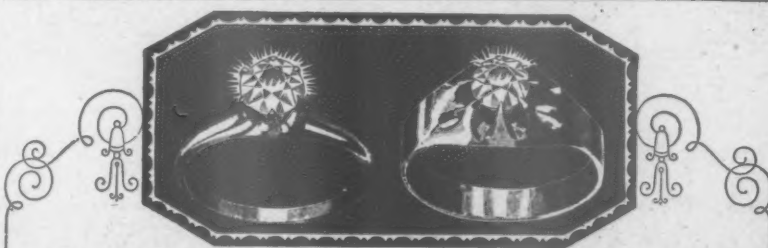
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"Yuh chance to make good," said Joe thickly.

Nick Burton's lips slobbered. He scowled but did not reply.

"Yuh said y'd get him!" snapped Joe. "Gwan do it. Get him as he comes onto Mike's." He pulled at Burton's arm.

"Cut that! Get him yourself!" Burton stepped out and headed in the opposite direction from Mike's.

Joe went after him. The big automatic nuzzled into Burton's back.

"Put 'em up!" said Joe. He took Burton's gun. "Now come on wit' me. When Conny Kiely's comin', I'll slip yuh yer gun. An' yuh use it quick, or I yuh to him! An' him an' me'll shoot yuh all to hell!"

Before him he drove the pleading Burton east to the avenue. The street was deserted. Mike's was a short block down. In the dark of an entrance they stopped. They commanded a view of both doors to the saloon. The corner they were on was poorly lighted.

"He'll come this way," said Joe.

Burton shivered with the gun-mane up under his left shoulder-blade. He knew what such a weapon could do. The heavy bullet from the high-powered shell would drip his heart out! His heart—Kiely wanted that! For self-preservation he had to do Kiely in.

"Gimme my gun, Joe," he whined. "I'll get him."

Joe did not make out what he said. It didn't matter. The automatic produced Burton in answer.

"Keep yer eye skinned," adjured Joe. "I'll slip yuh the gat when he's near."

In this desperate plight Nick Burton pulled himself together. He had to shoot Kiely, but—but couldn't he put the job off on Joe? If Joe could be thrown in the police, they would have no difficulty in pinning the killing on him. His sheared ears proclaimed a motive. Burton planned feverishly to trip Joe up on the get-away.

FIFTEEN minutes went by. A policeman passed on the opposite side of the street—a few pedestrians. Whenever anyone was nigh, the gun jabbed Burton.

"Keep yer trap buttoned," hissed Joe. "or I'll drill yuh now!"

Half an hour. Kiely appeared in the illumination at the door of the saloon. He was disappointed. The runners he had sent out to locate Burton had failed. He walked toward the assassins. And by some evil luck he crossed to their side.

Kiely was thinking of Mary and the boy waiting for him up in the mountains. He was ratifying the promise he had made to quit the game—wondering in just what way he was fated to keep it: in prison, dead, or with those he loved, when—

Joe stuck the gun into Burton's hand. His own remained fixed in Burton's hand. Kiely was the only person in sight. He was not thirty feet distant.

"Now!" breathed Joe in Burton's ear. "Go to it, an' I wont yell. It's quick—or yuh!"

Facing the ordeal, Burton's head steadied. He crouched, his companion's gun goading him.

On the edge of the walk Kiely came abreast. Burton fired. Kiely staggered.



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## These Women

# Possessed the Will to Win

### She Sells Money Knowledge

One of these women, by her own efforts, made herself an expert in the fascinating game of foreign exchange. A great bank was only too glad to pay her a lot for this self-gained knowledge.

### Profit in Answering Questions

The young woman in the middle came to the conclusion that business firms would pay well for answers by authorities to puzzling questions. She conducts today a bureau that does that very thing and makes money doing it.

### Housewifery Pays Big

At least it so pays the second woman above. She was a splendid housewife for its own sake at first, then one day she discovered the world would pay her for the same talent expressed outside the home.

### Telling Folks Things

Publicity is a rather overworked word, yet it is the only one that just covers the splendidly paying work that the fourth young woman above has made her own. Perhaps your talents lie in this direction.

### She Out-Parises Paris

Forever and a day every woman, in business or out of it, is interested in clothes. Upon that interest the last young woman above has builded better than she knew. For she has entire Paris guessing.

## Fiction for Every Woman's Taste

In addition to the articles of personal achievement, the Fiction in the Green Book Magazine for October runs the gamut from romance to realism and from the lightest of comedy to the more stirring of drama. Among the authors of distinction whose latest work appears in this issue are George Gibbs, Berta Ruck, Du Vernet Rabell, H. Bedford-Jones, and Helen Ferris.

**THE OCTOBER GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE**  
**ON SALE EVERYWHERE—25 CENTS**

His right hand moved to his pocket, his left to his head. Neither quite completed the motion. He pitched sidewise into the street as Burton emptied his gun.

The shots still were ringing—the last bullet scarcely had left the gun—when Joe took vengeance on Burton for having sent him to the shearing. Backing a pace, he shot Burton through the head. Then before Burton fell, Joe shoved him. The dead man spun out on the walk and collapsed ten feet from Kiely.

Throwing his pistol toward the form of Kiely, Joe ducked round the corner. None had seen him. All he asked was forty seconds—to get a block away and into a tenement, to be out of the way when the bulls raced up. They would say that Kiely had used the automatic to kill Burton while Burton was killing him. A doubly successful duel!

Behind him on the avenue Joe could hear shouts and hurrying feet. He grinned and ran. The side-street was dark. That was to his benefit. But for a block it was lined with storage-places and small manufacturing shops. There was no refuge for him there.

Running close in the shadows, he was within a few yards of safety when foot-steps rattled ahead of him. He balked—pressed flat in a shallow doorway.

The runner, a policeman with gun in hand, passed him. Joe sidled onward—too soon. The cop heard him—turned.

Once he called to Joe to stop. Condemning himself for having cast away his pistol, Joe bolted. He should have

stopped and defied them to put anything on him. Wasn't he an unarmed man getting out of the way of stray bullets? They could not prove that he and not Kiely had handled the automatic. But Joe was excited; he did not think so deep. By refusing to halt he made himself a legitimate target—as does anyone fleeing from a crime who declines to obey an officer.

The policeman fired. Joe stumbled—picked up his stride again. Three more bullets went after him. Another hit, drilling him under the arm as he slewed sidewise round the corner.

Joe never would walk with his sheared ears naked. That bullet was in his heart!

CONNIE KIELY mumbled and rolled on the operating table. The surgeon sponged a furrow that ran from the temple along the side of the head. His fingers felt delicately about the wound. He rapped Kiely's skull with bunched fingertips. Lifting Kiely's lids, he stared into the eyes. He shrugged.

"He's a lucky devil," he remarked to the policeman who had come in the ambulance with the unconscious gambler. "There's no sign of a fracture. Not even the cranium—the outer covering of the skull—seems to have been grazed. The scalp's plowed; that's all. Concussion knocked him out." He took a probe from the nurse and ran an antiseptic-soaked piece of gauze into a bullet-hole through Kiely's arm. "How d'you say it happened?"

The policeman scratched his head. "It's a mix-up, Doc. Looks like Nick Burton laid for him, an' Joe Thomas laid for Nick. It's funny, Doc, about Joe. He's been missing. Bobbed up today without any ears and threatened to crucify Burton—blamed him for having lost his lugs. Haven't heard the right of it yet, but"—he winked—"they say Conny here could tell a—"

Conny Kiely opened his eyes. "Am I all right?"

"Um!" The doctor nodded. He admired the strength of the gray face, the fearless eyes, the courage of the question. "Burton, who shot you, was killed," he volunteered.

Kiely frowned. He put his hand to his head.

"I didn't get at my gun," he said. "How—"

"Joe bumped him," said the policeman. "And Joe got his on the run. He's out too."

Kiely sighed. "Am I pinched?" "Not so you'd notice." The cop grinned. "What for?"

"Nothing." Kiely rested while the nurse placed a dressing on his head. "Say,"—the lines smoothed from his face—"tell the boys Conny Kiely has gone. He's going to the country! And"—he marveled at the tenderness that met him, at the timbre of his voice—"tell you wire my wife and boy to come to me. I promised to be back with them tomorrow, but I guess they'll have to wait here instead."

## BEAUTY

(Continued from page 47)

bered, or that he dreamed it all with the baffling velocity and detail of dream-experience, in that night he went vividly over all his life, from the curious events that had sent him forth from the so different world of his youth into the alien planet of Clelia and her people.

He retraced everything, and marveled at the little accidents and impulses that had built his destiny to this tragedy. Intolerable as it was, it was precious, and he would not have been absent from it for any other ecstasy that might have been his, if any of the infinitesimal influences conveying him hither had shunted him along any other path.

An infinity of other fates might have been his, but this was the one that befell him: and he was broken-heartedly glad of it, and utterly determined to see it through.

And so while the household lay in the stupor of slumber, he was more than awake, so busily a-dream indeed, that his life ran before him in review. By a familiar miracle of memory he turned time back and let it repeat itself. He saw himself from a distance as if his disembodied soul hovered in the clouds and watched his body wandering the paths whose conclusions it could not foresee, though they were all too plain to him now. Now he saw purpose where there had been none, and he found a mystic intention in the results that were but the algebraic total of accidents.

And while he scanned his life as it rolled past his eyes, he kept searching for some hint that might set him on the track of the fiend who had turned the livingest creature he had ever known, into that figure so incredibly still in the ceaseless shimmer of the moonlit ice.

His shattered hopes were but one hope; the solving of the riddle of that wound in Clelia's brow. He was warned by one fierce ambition to "get" the man.

He had in his day trailed murderers, and cattle-thieves, and Mexican bandits, and had learned the art of the scout, the relentless of the hound on the scent. He stirred in his chair and clenched his fist, his jaws and even his throat as he groaned.

"I'll get him! By God, I'll get him good and plenty—the rattlesnake!"

### CHAPTER XIV

"THE rattlesnake" was an appellation that Larrick repented instantly. He had dwelt and moved among venomous reptiles so long that the word sprang to his thought from old custom. For years it had been his habit to shake his shoes before he put them on lest a tarantula or a centipede had taken possession there, to go through his shirts and breeches for scorpions, to move warily and keep on the eternal lookout for gila monsters and rattlesnakes.

At one of his first teas in New York his hostess sounded an electric buzzer and Larrick threw his cup into the air as he leaped to his feet. The tiny whir reminded his muscles of rattlesnakes, and they had thrown him on guard before his mind could remember where he was.

He smiled sorrowfully now to recall how fascinated Clelia had been when he told her.

"My best friend was a rattlesnake. If it hadn't been for a rattler, I'd never have known you."

It was a rattlesnake that brought him to this remark, and he marveled to think that he should have heard one in his company and in the depths of the most expensive luxury.

For the recapture of the Adirondack from the lumber-vandals and the burning was a most expensive luxury, and strangely, the turning of a mountain range into a vast public park surrounded by private parks, and the protection of the zone from fires and marauders, had the ironical consequence that the restored Edens, the bear is seen more, wolves are heard, and the deer up the golf-links and startle the tourist as far south as Westchester.

It was at Mrs. Roantree's camp he encountered his first Northern rattlesnake. The word "camp" had amused him as much as the "mountains." "Camp" and "mountains" had meant to him

the militant tent-colony or the lone bivouac of the cowboy in the parched and grassless wastes of the tortured Tenn desert. But here everything was velvet; the camp was palatial, and the mountains suave and serene. In his eyes the Adirondacks were upholstered in green plush.

SOON after his arrival Clelia took him out for a climb. He rejoiced in her prowess and her grace. There was something of the young panther in her combination of fierce energy with fine nimbleness. Suddenly she stopped short and fell back plump into his arms.

It was the first time he had found her there, except in a dance. He would never have dared—to gather her in, though he had ventured an audacity with Nancy Fleet at the first opportunity.

Clelia nestled close to Larrick and shivered with violence. She even drew his arms about her and made no secret of her terror. It was the first time he had seen her reveal fear. He excused her, because his own hair had risen on the back of his neck. They were scrambling along a shelf of rock when they heard a clatter like the escape of the mainspring of a clock. Both of them knew that a rattlesnake was close at foot. Both of them stood stock still till the alarm died out. At the first movement it shrilled again.

LARRICK held Clelia fast while he searched the ledge with keen eyes. At last he made out the timber monster. He had just shed his banded skin and was black as patent leather. He lay coiled for his thrust, his erect tail shuddering, his odious clubbed head retracted on an S loop, his sharp syringes of venom poised.

But he made no advance and asked merely to be let alone. The implacable pacifists who insist that preparedness means aggression are contradicted by the habit of the best armed and the readiest of our American animals, who never advances for battle beyond his own territory.

"Kill him!" Clelia whispered; and Larrick, drawing her back to safety, cast about for a club of proper heft. The rattler having satisfied his dignity, was for moving quietly away. He had only a few days more of sunlight before his withdrawal into the seams of the mountain for his winter sleep. As Larrick advanced, the snake returned to his coil and repeated his, "Noli me tangere!"

Larrick rejoiced at the prospect of conquest, but paused to say:

"Dag-gone it, Miss Clelia, it don't seem right to me to kill a rattler. For if it hadn't been for a rattler, I'd never have come up North. I'd never have struck it rich. I'd never have met up with you. Seems like I owe everything worth while in my life to a rattlesnake—not forgetting a bear and a pair of mules, and a cayuse that threw me."

Clelia was woman enough to love a story that she hated, and she demanded the answer to Larrick's riddlesome poser.

"Let him go, then," she said, and the snake marched off with the honors of war and an occasional trill on his snare-drum. Clelia chose a safe resting-place in the

embrasure of a great tree's roots on the brink of a tumultuous brook, and ordered him to begin.

She had always treated him as a sort of living story-book, a collection of quaint adventures told in a dialect, captivatingly uncouth. He fascinated her by his difference, as *Othello* had fascinated *Desdemona*. Larrick was almost as swart as the Moor, but Clelia had none of the look of *Desdemona* where she perched in her boyish costume, cross-legged and impudent as she rolled herself a cigarette.

She was as curious to Larrick as he to her, her dialect as quaint and her adventures as astonishing.

On that day he had blessed the rattlesnake that brought him all his good fortune. On this later night he felt that he had spoken his gratitude too soon. His happiness had only been an exaltation to prepare for a more disastrous fall. He felt that it would have been a greater happiness to him if the serpent had filled his veins with its poison and saved him from the baser treachery of fate and the bitter anguish.

But now he recalled the bright eyes, the eager attention, the impertinent comments of Clelia as he told her how he, who had been the poorest of men, became almost instantly a man of wealth. There was a something of the Arabian Nights in the miracle, except that it really happened. It would have been inexcusably fantastic coming from any other author except the historian of fact.

## CHAPTER XV

SAVE himself in retrospection, there was no witness of Larrick's action on that fateful day a year or so before, when life, after seeming to neglect and discard him utterly, caught him up with a rush of glory.

Life found him in the dimmest of regions with no hope and little ambition. His very heart had been dried out of him in that country where, as the saying was, there was not moisture enough to rust a nail. He was stranded in one of the man-forsakenest and apparently God-forsakenest parts of the American wilderness.

Save for a settlement or two, and a dozen tiny hamlets, and one county seat of fifteen hundred souls strung along one rope of railroad track, Brewster County is a blank on the railroad map of Texas. Yet Massachusetts or New Jersey with their populations of two and a half or three and a half millions could be laid down (if either of them could be picked up) inside the borders of Brewster. Its confines would almost contain the whole of Belgium with her seven and a half millions.

Yet outside of the town of Alpine, Brewster had less than four thousand people in its domain. The loneliness of that balm can be guessed if you consider that Belgium has nearly seven hundred people to the square mile, while Brewster County has hardly more than half of one person to a square mile. And two-thirds of that half is a Mexican. It is desert waste, and chiefly mountain desert, with Comanche and the Santiago chains



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What is the difference between a promise, a gift, and a contract?

Who owns the sidewalk in front of your property?

What are your rights?

When may you break a contract?

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Now add a delicate touch of Sem-pray Rouge with its elusive, subtle coloring. And then—a light touch with a fluffy puff dipped into Sem-pray Powder—fairly thistle-down of delicate fragrance.

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cutting across it, and a chaos of peaks in the south, where it ends in the eastern gut of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande River.

These mountains are as ugly, as empty of majesty, as mountains can be, save for an occasional benediction from a sunset or a sunrise, or from the peculiar poetry of desert twilight, which seems to change the very air to a new and bewildering vapor. The two great bodies of water refreshing this aridity are Calumity Creek and Terlingua Creek, and both of them are most of the year mere furrows in the sand and rock, so dry that a few hours after some infrequent cloudburst has shot them off into torrents, they seem never to have known a feeling of dampness.

It was less strange that Larrick should be in such a dreary waste than that anyone at all should be there. Humanity is an animal of various tastes, and the more inhospitable the region, the more it challenges certain types of defiant men. Larrick was not there from any noble heroic quality. He merely chanced to meet a rancher from that inferno in the town when he had chanced to save Numpy Frewin's life, when Spot Caper flourished his pistol at Frewin, and Larrick, instead, or divinely, chose to step into his place, and to press his forehead against the muzzle of the drunkard's gun, and from that coign of disadvantage, dared the sot to shoot him.

THE next day after Larrick had shipped young Frewin home to New York, on money that Larrick had borrowed, to lend, Larrick was plunged into a pit of despondency. Envy and disgust sickened him. Frewin had been born to wealth and glory. Frewin had known New York so well that he had tired of it. Frewin was going back to the paradise he had run away from. But Larrick had never been to paradise. He had never been anywhere worth while, except to Houston for a time, when he was in the military service. And even then he never got to France, never got to New York, never got out of Texas. And there was no likelihood of his ever getting out. Young as he was, he was as doleful and felt as senile as the old man who never had been to Carcassonne—which also Larrick had never heard.

Larrick was as pessimistic as a man could be who had had so short a life to practice pessimism in. And in that hell-below-hell he met up with Josh Milman, whom he had known as a fellow-soldier. Milman was looking for cow-punchers for his father's ranch, and he offered extra pay to Larrick to come along. The thing that decided Larrick was Milman's recommendation.

"It is the loneliest, dried-up, sink-hole that Gawd ever spit on, and nobody would live there that was fit to live anywhere else."

"That's the place I'm lookin' for," said Larrick, and closed the deal.

They took train to Alpine, and from there took horse and rode nearly a hundred miles due south almost to the Rio Grande from the ignoble bed of which most of the water for the ranch was carried in wagons for twelve miles or so. Water was the everlasting problem.

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Rio Grande

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Old man Milman had a sportive dispo-  
sition, and one day while he was crossing  
one of those cast-iron stoves called the  
Chisos Mountains, he startled a black  
bear. The bear waddled off about its  
business, but Pop Milman put after it  
with his lariat swirling. He settled the  
noose about the shaggy neck and detained  
the traveler. Whereupon the bear turned  
and put after Pop Milman.

Remembering how *High-Chin Bob* in  
the ballad lassoed the lion and was con-  
demned to an eternal flight, of dragging  
the prey that pursued him, and could  
neither be released nor worn out, Pop  
Milman spurred his panicky cayuse to a  
tree, flung the rope over a low stout limb,  
caught it, as he rode on and proceeded  
to lynch the poor bruin, fastening his  
end of the rope to a stump, and leaving  
his captive to dangle and choke. The  
cayuse hardly got the old man to the  
ranch-house before it broke down in a  
nervous collapse that rendered it a use-  
less invalid for life.

Old Milman bragged of his feat to his  
wife and promised her the bear's pelt as  
a rug for her sitting-room. He invited  
her to ride out with him in a buckboard  
drawn by the best two mules in southern  
Texas, and assist at the skinning.

As soon as the mules sniffed the bear  
from afar, they whirled and bolted,  
throwing the two Milmans overboard.  
Pop was knocked senseless; and when he  
recovered, he found that his wife had  
suffered one fractured leg among her  
many injuries. The dazed couple lay

Wells were practically unknown, and  
rain was almost never heard. Big tanks  
were sunk in the rocky sections to catch  
and hold what little fell from the rare  
clouds that visited that kettle-lid of a  
sky.

Here in this peninsula of the United  
States, thrust into the side of Mexico,  
and still Mexican in the main, Larrick  
took up existence. He was a kind of  
savage vegetation, a sort of roving cactus  
or Spanish bayonet, getting along some-  
how on almost no water, and bristling  
at all points.

The few whites who owned the fewer  
ranches preferred white cowboys to  
greasers, and the eternal race-feud fur-  
nished the chief excitement. The cow-  
boys carried "six-guns" and rifles and  
found their own forage when they rode  
hard. Here flourished in one of its last  
strongholds the American epic estate,  
established by the old West before the  
barbed-wire fence strangled it to death.  
Here one might have his fill of that civil-  
ization so incessantly represented in the  
moving-pictures and so nearly unknown  
elsewhere.

The Mexican bandits came over the  
border now and then, and the wilderness  
thereabouts was the haunt of desperadoes  
who were "wanted" for various reasons.

Horses and men had a hard life, and  
even mules were put to the test of their  
mettle. Larrick had grown morose and as  
dangerous as a rattlesnake. He abomi-  
nated the environment, human and nat-  
ural, but he could not muster the courage  
to rise and move on to pleasanter  
pastures. Then a complex chain of events  
in that eventless clime hoisted him  
abruptly out of the dry well into the blue  
sky.

Old man Milman had a sportive dispo-  
sition, and one day while he was crossing  
one of those cast-iron stoves called the  
Chisos Mountains, he startled a black  
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recovered, he found that his wife had  
suffered one fractured leg among her  
many injuries. The dazed couple lay

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there broken and boiled on the skillet of the rocks until the mules returning to the corral with the empty and shattered buckboard gave the alarm.

LARRICK and young Milman leaped on their horses and flashed away to the scene of the disaster. Their horses bucked, snorted and rebelled as soon as they reached the aroma-zone of the bear. The young men thereupon dismounted and approached on foot. The hanging bear had taken abundant revenge for the unwarranted assault on him.

Larrick and Milman bolstered the cracked and bleeding victims against the hot rocks and recapturing their horses rode away again, young Milman to fetch a wagon, and Larrick to seek the nearest doctor to set the old woman's shattered femur.

This meant a hundred and eighty miles of travel to Alpine and back, but that was better than a lifelong limp for the dear old lady, whose kindness preserved Larrick's respect for womankind. Woman-kind thereabouts meant Mexican women, mainly of the poorest and looest sort, their uncleanness next to their godliness, for they had a convenient theory that sin confessed and paid for could be renewed indefinitely on the same terms without immortal peril.

Larrick did not tell Clelia much about these "greasers." But it had amazed him to hear the metropolitan moralists, throwing all the blame for girlish wrong-going on the moving pictures, the naughty plays and sex-novels, the dances and the décolleté gowns—when the wickedest women of his acquaintance had never seen a play or a moving picture, could not have read a romance if they had known where to buy one, had never been to a dance and paid little heed to their shapeless but sufficient clothes. Furthermore, they were intensely religious and they never had heard of divorce, the other scapegoat of all social disorder. Yet they had somehow learned to practice almost every known vice.

Larrick thought of these things often later when he came to know the truth about people of wealth and fashion dwelling in a world of art and beauty and cleanliness. His respect for the loud-mouthed satirists and the pulpit-pounding slanderers was not increased. On this ride he thought of other things, never dreaming as he rode that he was riding straight out of poverty and the desert into the demesnes of all opulence.

His thoughts were on poor Ma Milman, a stalwart heroine, as powerful as a man and—as gentle as a man,—fearless in a bandit raid, tireless in making her boys comfortable and feeding them well. She swore so majestically and smoked such strong tobacco that when Larrick came to hear a lady utter a damnet or see her puff a dainty cigarette, he was not so horrified as he might have been. The woman who had been to him, what his mother would have been if she had lived, wore breeches, cursed, drank, smoked and had not been near enough to a church to go to one for twenty years. There was a tradition that Ma Milman had been known to chaw terbacker when the smokes were short, but Larrick could not verify this.

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| 1/4 carat . . . \$31.00 | 1 1/2 carat . . . \$217.00 |
| 1/2 carat . . . 50.00   | 2 carats . . . 620.00      |
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It only bewildered him to find people who seemed to think that such things had some vital connection with virtue—that not to do these things was to accomplish a great and noble life, and that heaven was an exclusive club whose members had never played cards, danced, dressed up, seen a play, a movie, read a love-story, revealed more than a minimum of skin, quaffed a liquor, or set a tobacco-roll on fire—or who if they had done any of these things, had put themselves in a hell of repentance and burnt out the carbon in their cylinders.

According to certain people whose diatribes Larrick read and heard, the angels of heaven spent most of their time snooping, eavesdropping and keyholing and recording the very thoughts and whims that drifted through the souls of the candidates for heaven. They black-balled all of the nominees who were not fifty-white or covered with ashes of regret. And there was only one other club (or at the most two) to belong to—the largest and most liberal of them all being hell, with an eternal membership and a grill-room even worse than Brewster County at its worst.

But these psychologies were for the afterlife that Larrick was riding toward unwittingly. His resolve now was to get to the nearest ranch and borrow a flivver car, that he might make the rest of the way to Alpine at a higher speed than his bronco could maintain. He was remembering old Milman's words: "If that damned doctor don't want to come, fetch him, the way I done fotch the ba'r."

LARRICK was riding over pathless territory making a short-cut from the scene of the accident to the road north. The quick, almost snaky motion of his horse swung him into a mood for song, and he howled melancholy strains that must have discouraged the coyotes. The horse twisted through endless clumps of cactuses, slashed through the mesquite, gave the bayonet-plant a wide berth and kept his wits swift and sure.

The sun poured down the only rain there had been for months, and it was almost audible as it beat on his broad hat-brim and shimmered on the rattlesnake-skin that served for a hat band.

Coming to a tiny pool of sweet water somehow mislaid in that place, Larrick dismounted and squatted at the brink, taking his hat by the crown and using the brim for a saucer to drink from. The cayuse at his side gulped with ill-mannered noise.

Then they swung away again. Larrick sang what he could remember from the "Dance at the Ranch," and grinned to recall some of the plump "sage-hens" he had romped with. Any village big enough for dances seemed like a metropolis to him now, and he grew a trifle lonely for a livelier existence.

His heart was unconsciously hungering for a love-affair with somebody, almost anybody who was not a Mex. He was tempted to linger in Alpine for a day on some excuse, sending the doctor back without him. It would not be quite white, but he was "lonesome, Gawd-awful lonesome."

He had had what he grandiosely called a superfluous sufficiency of the desert.



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The scorching wind, with its members aggravated by an eternal little blizzard of sharp sand, was ripping old bunches of sage-brush from their dry roots and making them rolling and jouncing across the hateful scene. Everywhere there were trees blown into postures of crippled agony and rolling clumps of sage-brush scattering and driven like frightened rabbits. His own life was as aimless yet as driven as that of any dead sage-brush. There was nothing but melancholy in the heavens, the air, the earth and the products of the earth. It was all misery and caricature. He ought to settle down in a town somewhere, be a blacksmith or a clerk in a grocery store—eat in a boarding-house and have a girl to call on. He fell to singing of one heroine of poesy:

Biscuit-shootin' Susie,  
She's got us roped and tied.  
Sober men or woozy  
Look on her with pride.  
Susie's strong and able,  
And not a one gits rash  
When she waits on the table  
And superintends the hash.

He was reveling in a dream of fair women—railroad lunch-counter waitresses who had waited on him. How he would love to wait on one! His ambitions did not climb so high as the grace of some of the ladies who had fed the soldiers, met them at the stations with sandwiches and coffee, or passed them dainties at the canteens.

One of the beauties of the Fred Harvey system would be queen enough for Larrick. He was so nympholept that he began to compose a song of his own—the next step would be sunstroke. As he worked it out it ran something like this:

There's a little girl in Alpine  
And I'm goin' to ask her to be mine;  
She's the bell of Brewster  
And I'll be a lucky rooster  
If she'll be mine alone  
And make with me her home.

Larrick rather liked this. It was the makin' of a classic—a classic being anything that was not intentionally a comic. He cantered onto the second stanza.

Oh, little Alpine lady  
Wilst thou be mine—oh, maybe.

HIS affliction was interrupted as his frenzied rolling eye caught a glimpse of a huge diamond rattler just ahead moving straight and slowly toward some prey. Its color and its scales were as close akin to the color and texture of the dead gray sand in the dry creek bed the 'bronc' was dipping across that Larrick might not have seen it if it had not moved.

But it had to move. It was nearly seven feet long, and as it whipped itself into a coil, drew in the great breath that swelled it fat, and set off its clattering alarm, it proffered the ugliest cup of poison that could sicken the human heart.

Before his mind could meditate the situation, Larrick's right hand had snatched out his pistol, aimed it and fired it. The snake did most of the aiming, sending its fang-pronged head

head straight meeting nipped harmless spurring Larrick spring out odor of beyond the repo through the of a Larrick words of

Though Still, m If they Has at

This w rick did pin' up bosom of He can the shade horned from obs in the g given the They res running a Larrick pained a from the the spines rested an free. As of pins a I stood foot. It to bite m "A little at a rock onto it. rock the There wa

HE loc fect, springs th Clelia's pence, wa ed the tro "I say, "Yes; know, cin young lif the cinn Milman Larrick to his gr genuity, He took with viol "Cinnai It's the of it."

"I see conceded, your stor "Well, groaned, "Oh!" ing! "Don't course yo was ridin the Terri

head straight at the pistol's one eye, and meeting the bullet halfway. The bullet nipped off the head, which glanced harmlessly from Larrick's box stirrup, spurring its venom as its fangs smote.

Larrick's horse had also coiled for a spring out of the serpent's reach; the odor of the bear had made it hysterical beyond its worst, and it had not expected the report of the pistol. So it went through the air in the extraordinary hurtle of a hooked tarpon.

Larrick did not go with it. In the words of the bard:

Though it's nothin' they take pride in,  
Still, most fellers I have knowed,  
If they ever done much ridin'  
Has at different times got throwed.

This was one of the times when Larrick did the "hoochy-koochy dance, moppin' up the cañon's surface, with the bosom of his pants."

He came down in a nest of cactus in the shade of which a pair of amorous horned rattlesnakes had taken refuge from observation. They left immediately in the grotesque bias loops that have given them the name of "side-winder." They resembled pieces of agitated lariat running away.

Larrick grinned at them in spite of his pained amazement. He lifted himself from the cactus-bed with many an oath, the spines plunging into him wherever he rested an elbow or a hand to pry himself free. As he told Clelia: "I was as full of pins as a new-boughten shirt. When I stood up, I felt something knock my foot. It was that fool rattlesnake tryin' to bite me without any head onto it."

"A little ways off, the head was nippin' at a rock, forgettin' it hadn't any body onto it. I noticed the place of black rock the snake was wastin' its time over. There was a lot of red about it."

"At first I thought it was blood. I looked again, and lo and behold, it was cinnabar!"

HE looked at her with dramatic effect, as a child does who finally springs the great word of a long story.

Clelia's face was a blank of polite suspense, waiting for the point. He repeated the tremendous name:

"I say, it was cinnabar."

"Yes; and then?" said Clelia. "You know, cinnabar means nothing in my fair young life. What is it—any relation to the cinnamon b'ar that your old Pop Milman lynched?"

Larrick was disgusted. He had led up to his grand climax with the utmost ingenuity, and it was a hopeless fizzle. He took a cinch in his self-control and with violent patience explained.

"Cinnabar is what mercury comes in. It's the ore of mercury—simply full of it."

"I see, like a thermometer," Clelia conceded, and added: "Go on, stranger, your story interests me."

"Well, that's my story!" Larrick groaned, surrendering.

"Oh!" sighed Clelia. "Most exciting!"

"Don't you see?" Larrick pleaded. "Of course you don't, but it's like this: I was riding over one of the branches of the Terlingua Creek, and Terlingua is



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where the quicksilver mines are. Everybody in Brewster County knows cinnabar when he sees it, and I'd found a pocket of it.

"If I could prove it was on land that hadn't been claimed by anybody, I could record it in my name and work it or sell it. Well, it hadn't been, and I did, and I got two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it—sold out to a syndicate that everybody says is owned by the Rothschilds."

"Oh, now, you speak a language I can understand," said Clelia. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Cinnabar. So that's how you became a millionaire."

"Well, I'm only a quarter of one—or I was. But it was some jump, at that, from bein' a cow-puncher on next to nothin' a year and no prospects. But I owe it all to that poor diamond-back."

"And to several other animals," said Clelia. "If that bear hadn't come out of that mountain just at the moment that Pa Milman rode by; and if he hadn't been cruel enough—"

"Oh, don't say anything against Pop."

"Well, then, if he hadn't been kind enough to lasso the bear and bring his dear old wife out to see it; and if those darling mules hadn't spilled her all over the sweet old mountains; and if you had taken any other one of a million shortcuts except just that one past just that divine rattler—then you'd still be in Brewster County, and that snake up there

might have bitten me if I had chosen to come out alone. You are a complicated young man; the angels must have sat up nights working out your career for you."

Larrick mumbled with a sudden gloom: "Maybe it wasn't angels that did it."

"Why do you doubt that?"

"Because my story isn't finished yet, and I won't know whether I'm meant for heaven or hell till you tell me whether—"

"Oh, you're not going to start that again!" Clelia laughed, and rising, darted down the mountain-side.

Larrick lumbered after her, feeling like a bear pursuing an antelope—one of those antelope he had seen in Texas, where an attempt to domesticate them and cross them with more solid stock was being made.

In his pursuit of Clelia, they came suddenly upon Norry Frewin, who was stealing along a trout-stream. He remembered how Frewin's face lighted up when he saw Clelia, and how it darkened when Larrick appeared.

And now Larrick wished that he had never stepped in front of the pistol aimed at Frewin, had never placed his bow against the muzzle and saved the jealous friend.

But then he would never have found Clelia. He realized with torment that it seems impossible to unwind one slightest thing in the past and to keep anything else that follows it. (To be continued)

## VOICE OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

(Continued from page 72)

"What happened? Why, nothing happened. Boys will be boys, you know."

"Well," said Bill, "I've always supposed I escaped the reform-school by hopping the first freight."

"Reform school, hell! Oh, I guess they did parole us for six months. That's how I happened to get into the grocery business. They paroled me to old man Conners; it was his till I tapped for a dollar or two, and he was sort of naturally interested, I reckon. He taught me the business, and when he got ready to retire, I bought him out."

Bill looked at Red Weldon. Red didn't understand; Red was callous. Bill knew that whatever changes the years had brought in Mary Parker, she did not think of looting a summer cottage and robbing tills as a boy's peccadillo.

"What became of Butch Harris?" he asked abruptly.

"Butch? Why, he's president of the bank down the street. Butch'd be glad to see you. His people had money, and he's a clever man—Butch Harris. But he's never too proud to shake hands with an old friend. How long you going to be in town, anyway?"

"Oh, an hour or two," said Bill.

"Come and see us again and have a talk about old times. I guess we were the real boys in those days, eh?"

"What about Snick Tiedeman?"

"Oh, he's got a big farm up near Peru. Bought it when he sold out the old man's business. Snick always hated the store."

Bill hurried on toward the bank and asked for the president.

The cashier shook his head.

"I'm sorry. He's up in Chicago. Won't be back till day after tomorrow."

"I'm sorry too," Bill said. "I used to know him. But maybe you can tell me what became of Mr. Sheldon, who kept a hardware-store here years ago."

"He's dead—died ten years back."

Bill walked slowly down the street. He wondered what had become of Mary Parker. She was married by now, of course. He had no longer any curiosity about the rest. He would like to see Mary just once. He didn't know but that in some curious psychological way his memory of Mary had stood between him and Clare, as if the one reminded him of the other, so that he could not propose to Clare when Mary had a prior claim. It was an absurd notion; there was nothing in it. But just the same, he would like to see Mary.

Bill walked on toward the railway station. There was a train out at half-past three; it was now a quarter of three. He reached the station platform, bought his ticket. But he could not bear to leave without asking about Mary.

He turned back to the ticket window. "What's the name of the local paper in this town?"

"The Record."

"Who's the editor?"

"Phillips—Mark Phillips."

Bill didn't remember the name. He knew it wasn't the name of the editor in his day. But it was worth trying. He stepped into the telephone-booth and called the editorial office.

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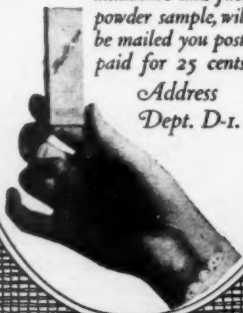
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"It's rather an odd request," he temporized.

"Can't be any odder than some we've had," said the voice.

"Well," said Bill, "I used to live in Siloam years ago, and I knew a girl named Mary Parker. I've always wanted to know what became of her."

"Why, she married Harris, the banker."

"Butch Harris?" said Bill involuntarily.

"Sure—Butch Harris. What other Harris is there?"

"Thank you," said Bill faintly, and hung up the receiver. . . .

Bill arrived in Park Avenue three days later. He had a strange new feeling of elation.

"Why, Bill," Clare said, "you look happy!"

"I am happy. When are you going to marry me?"

Clare took one look at him and began to walk backward.

"I—I didn't know you wanted me to marry you."

"Oh, yes, you did," cried the new Bill. He caught her in his arms and held her close and kissed her. "I love you," he cried.

"I love you, and you're going to marry me, aren't you?"

Bill kissed her again before she could answer.

"Aren't you?" he cried.

"Yes," said Clare, her voice muffled against his shoulder. "Yes, I suppose I am."

"Right away?"

"Y-yes."

He kissed her again.

"B-Bill!"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Let me get my breath. I want to ask you something. I—"

Bill held her off at arm's-length.

"Ask away."

"What happened to you out West?"

"What makes you think anything happened?"

"You're so different."

Bill shook his head slowly.

"You knew I loved you—all the time."

"Yes," said Clare, "of course I did. But I didn't think you'd ever tell me so."

"You know," said Bill honestly, "there was a time when I didn't, either."

"What did it?"

"Clare," he said, "I've been back to my old home town."

He kissed her again and straightened himself proudly.

"Do you know, Clare I started out in life as a common criminal."

"Yep. In my old home town I was a burglar."

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will read and ponder the story by Edward Mott Woolley in the November RED BOOK MAGAZINE. You'll remember its title for it is familiar to you from experience.

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# New Stomachs for Old In 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

**T**HOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely remade stomachs—stomachs which have been remade in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods correctly combined!

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomachs today, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian

describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few days, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappeared, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

## CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,

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There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This Course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

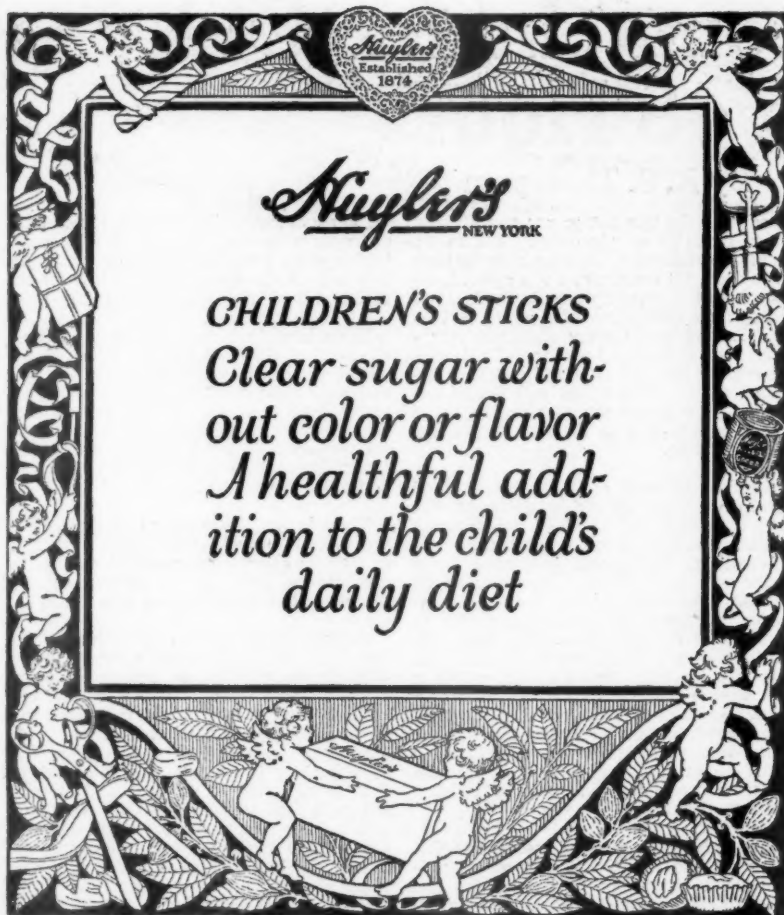
These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 12010, 43 West 16th Street, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.50, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.



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## A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

(Continued from page 77)

officer opened the door and nodded as he saw who was there. Weeks stepped inside. "Chief, there is a lady with me. Where can I put her so she will be comfortable?"

The chief jerked his thumb toward a door, and Ledyard escorted Jane into a little room where she could be alone and undisturbed. "I will leave you here," he said. "Don't worry."

The chief was waiting for him.

"Well?"

"They'll be along in a moment."

"Got 'em, eh? Have word from Gary and two or three other places that the round-up is coming through. Good business."

There was another rap at the door, which the uniformed officer answered. "Young man named Islip wants to see you, Chief."

"Bring him in."

Cleghorn entered hesitatingly, and Ledyard even before he saw the chief. "Did Father send you?" he asked.

"Your father? No. What are you doing here?"

Cleghorn turned to the chief. "I've come to give myself up," he said simply.

"Um! You telephoned. Thought it might be some josh. For the murder of that Clotts girl?"

"Yes sir."

"Cleghorn!" It was a cry from Ledyard.

"I killed Anna Clotts, Weeks."

"Nonsense!"

"May I sit down?" Cleghorn said to the chief. "I'm feeling—done up."

"Chief—may I talk to him? He's my friend. I work for his father."

The chief scowled.

"He's entitled to counsel," said Ledyard.

A number of footsteps in the hall without interrupted, and Porter came in with Ogus, the Clotts couple and two subordinates.

"First batch, Chief. Uncle Sam will have a houseful for you to-day. Maybe you'll get some of them yourself; there's been murder."

"Here," said the chief, "stow away that boy,"—he motioned to Cleghorn—"till we get this off our hands."

AS Cleghorn was being escorted from the room, Weeks stepped to his side. "Cleghorn, be careful," he said. "Keep your mouth shut. Talk to nobody till I can see you."

Cleghorn pressed his hand gratefully. "No use, old man," he said.

"Where's your young woman?" Porter asked Ledyard.

"In the next room. You don't want her yet."

"We'll question the woman first," said Porter. "Hold the others outside."

"Mrs. Clotts," he said presently, "you'd better talk. Tell all you know."

"Me—I should know nothing."

"Remember, this isn't the bomb matter alone. There's the murder."

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"Oh, dos' men in that room, you could mean dos' men?" Her extraordinarily bright eyes glowed upon Porter.

"Yes. Who were they?"

"It iss a man Borginski, and a man Keenan. Yess. They are dead. The man Borginski, he kill my daughter Anna." She nodded her head. "One day I hear him and the other tell Peter Ogus. It iss so. He kill her and t'row her in the lake."

"Hey," exclaimed the chief, "what's this? Anna Clotts?"

"My daughter, she iss—and she iss dead. I wass afraid she iss dead by some man. Then I hear them speak of it, and talk long about it. So I do what iss right. When the time come, I put in their beer something, and they are dead also." She spoke calmly, almost placidly, apparently without fear or appreciation of consequences.

"Is this the truth?" Ledyard demanded eagerly. "Who else knows this to be true?"

"That Borginski kill Anna? Peter Ogus, he know also. They tell him. There wass much talk of how they lay it to somebody else—to the man Anna work for. Yess. They lay it to him, and if he shall not do what they say, then they tell the police."

"What wass he to do?" Porter demanded.

"I do not know. I do not understand. Food, it wass. Yes, they make this young man's father help the revolution by food. I do not care for the revolution now. . . . Anna iss dead. Even the Elixir is no good. I do not care. It wass all for Anna—but she iss dead, and so I kill dos' men."

"Did your husband make bombs in his attic?"

"Bombs? I do not know." It was a subject upon which she was stubbornly silent. About her own crime she was willing, almost childishly eager, to talk, but there she stopped.

"Porter," said Ledyard, "there's something mighty queer here. Young Islip just came in to give himself up for this murder."

"Um! Bring in Ogus."

Peter Ogus came in, defiant, attempting an insolent smile. "Ogus," said Porter, "who killed Borginski and Keenan?"

"I don't know."

"You did. The woman Clotts has confessed."

"She lied," said Ogus, disconcerted by facing a charge he had been far from anticipating.

"The three of you were in Abner Islip's office this morning," said Porter—and Ledyard looked at him quickly, in surprise. "Why?" added Porter.

Ogus stood mute.

"Why did Borginski kill Anna Clotts?"

"Did he?"

"Look here—you can be tried as an anarchist, a plotter against the Government, or you can be tried for murder. In Illinois they hang, for murder. Come clean, and we give you your choice. We can hang you if we want to. The woman confessed. Do you want a rope around your neck?"

Ogus wass shaken; false courage faded away from him and left him clothed only



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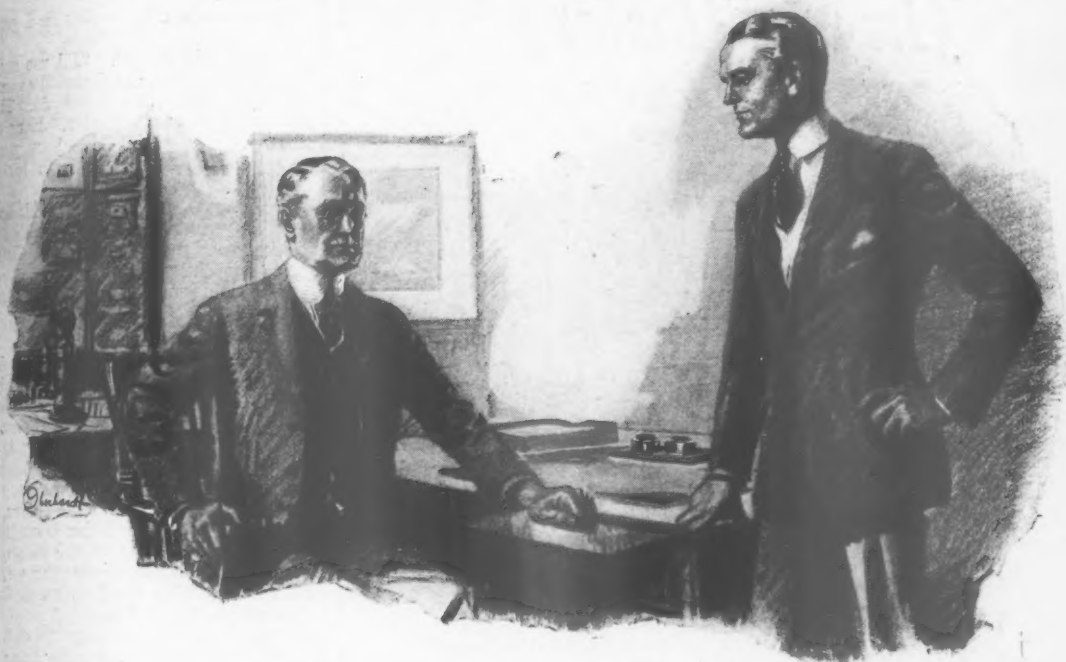


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in cowardice. "It's a lie," he said. "It's a damned lie. The woman lied."

"Come clean or hang."

"If I—come clean—what do I get for it?"

"Life," said Porter. "I'll use my influence to see you are deported as an undesirable alien. It's a bargain. That's the best you can hope for. Hang onto what you know, and we'll hang you, or give you life in Leavenworth for that bomb job."

"I'll talk," Ogus said, licking his lips.

"You would," said Porter with scorn in his voice. "Who killed Anna Clotz?"

"Borginski."

"Why did young Islip confess the murder?"

OGUS hesitated, but at a frown from Porter began to speak. "Borginski and Keenan could prove it on young Islip. He was near the spot. Came to meet the girl. He had a letter from her in his pocket, and they got it. . . . Borginski killed her because he was jealous. We could send young Islip to the gallows, and we figured we had his father in our hands. To control the food of the country—His voice rose as he recalled that wonderful scheme. "We could control the food; we could make famines."

"Yes, I understand that. Go on."

"We took young Islip to his father and made our proposition. Islip gave in. Then the damned kid—got heroic. We never figured on that. Thought we'd broken him. When his father gave in, the kid confessed he did the killing."

"And ruined your kettle of fish," said Porter.

"How did that bomb and letter get on Daniel Lang's desk?" asked Ledyard.

"Keenan—he put them there. Lang choked him and threw him into the street. It was to pay off a grudge."

"And then Keenan tipped the police?"

"Yes."

"Porter," Weeks said, "with the chief's permission, can't we have Cleghorn in? This is mighty important to him."

"I'd like to shake his hand," said Porter.

"Me too," rumbled the chief. "Cool stuff, that. Took guts."

Cleghorn was conducted into the room, ill at ease, but with a steadfast look in his eye.

"Young man," said the chief, "I've heard of you quite some. I got a prejudice against you, but you can't ever tell. Shake."

Cleghorn could only look his astonishment. Mechanically he extended his hand to the chief, his bewilderment increasing as Ledyard pounded his back and Porter shook the other hand.

"Cleg—"

"But—"

"Ogus has confessed, Cleg. It's all right. Let your father know, quickly. There's a phone."

"Yes—Dad first." He got the number, reached his father. "Dad, I'm free."

. . . . Yes, free. . . . Ogus confessed. . . . I'll come, but— Yes, I've got to go to her. . . . I knew you'd say that. Dad. I'm going to Ruth now."

He hung up the receiver. "May I go now?" he said, his eyes alight with joy. "Now?"



# A New Art

## is calling to people with story-ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new, workable story-ideas. Never before in the history of the industry has such a demand for story-plots confronted them. New writers must be developed if the industry is to survive. Learn how you can now write for the screen.

## A Famine in Photoplays

### 5,000 Motion Picture Stories Wanted

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Caroline Bourne  
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for comedies; \$250 to \$2,000 for five reel dramatic scripts.

### In Two Short Years

IT was a little over two years when the famine in story-plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Playgoers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence. The Palmer Course and service have been indorsed by practically every big star and producer. In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers.



G. Lorrel Clarke  
Formerly a minister. Sold first photoplay for \$3,000.

WE take people with story-ideas and teach them by correspondence how to construct their plots in studio form. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook, with cross references to three scenarios as they were used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing. Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios she knows their needs, so that, when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write photoplays; we help you to sell your story-ideas.



Mrs. Caroline Sayre  
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

### Advisory Council

BACK of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

### Contributors

TWELVE leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special printed lectures covering every phase of photoplay plot construction.

### We Showed Her How

ELIZABETH THACHER, novice author, whose play, "Reforming Betty," was purchased by the Thos. H. Ince Studios, writes: "My success as a photoplay writer is largely due to the Palmer Plan and Constructive Criticisms. I

never wrote a single line for newspapers or magazines—never thought I could write photoplays—and never even had any desire to write." She has now written several more photoplays. We showed her how. And space forbids us naming dozens of other successful photoplay writers we have taught through personal correspondence.

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JOHN WALKER

"Run along, sonny," said the man. "And if you get pinched for speeding on the way to that girl, just refer the matter to me."

"Now that young woman you brought in," said Porter.

"Daniel Lang's daughter." Ledyard told the story briefly. "I want to take her home. I hope you won't need her."

"Got enough without her evidence? Gosh, you never can tell what a danger will fetch in."

FIVE minutes later a cab was carrying Jane Lang and Ledyard toward Evanston. This was no time for musing.

Jane was dazed. But an hour before the future had seemed so horrible as to make life impossible. Now she was free—her father was innocent. Oh, it was good, good! Ledyard was happy, but dubious. He had done much for the girl he loved—but she did not love him, would not love him. He knew her philosophy of life. She had expounded it to him. He loved her—and despised her. These things made for silence, but love does not bear long with silences.

"Miss Lang—" he said.

"You called me Jane a little while ago."

"Did I? I wanted to say that I would always be happy to think I have been of some assistance to you."

"I haven't thanked you."

"Don't. It wasn't that I was thinking of. It was if I had earned the privilege of—" he hesitated.

"Yes."

"Of speaking to you about something that is none of my affair."

"Mr. Ledyard, you have earned—it you have earned more than I can ever hope to pay."

"I wouldn't anger you. I don't want to make you hate me for a meddling."

"If I were inclined to be angry, I should always remember how you meddled in this matter."

"You told me once—do you remember—that you did not believe in love. You said—I can't repeat your words, but the idea back of them was that—that you would only marry a man who could give you wealth—and the things wealth could buy. You were willing to trade your beauty for—such things."

"Yes. I said that."

"I know it is—meddling, but—"

"You want to tell me I was wrong. You want to tell me I was a fool, and many times worse than a fool. You want to say something to make me see—that I would have to give in payment. Oh, you needn't tell me. I know. I have learned that. I'm older—and wiser than I was, Mr. Ledyard. I've seen love. I've learned that it exists. . . . And I've looked into the very eyes of the man I would have paid for—money, and they were horrible. . . . Oh, love does not exist; happiness exists; faithfulness exists. Marriage is not a bargain, as I thought. Marriage is—oh, a sort of safe ship—ship for love to voyage in. That is it. A ship, even if it were carved from a precious stone, would be a horrible piece—if love were absent. . . . I have seen these things, and I know them past any doubt."

Again there was silence, and again it was Ledyard who broke it.

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"Jane," he said, "I love you—like that."

She bowed her head. "I—I hoped so."

"You—do you mean?"

"That I love you, Weeks? I don't know. I hope so, oh, I hope so. You are the kind of man I want to love. I—maybe I love you. But I must be sure. I want to love—how I want to love—as I know love can be!"

"I will—wait. But—it will not be patiently."

"Weeks," she said queerly, "will you take me in your arms—as if you loved me—loved me? And kiss me? Now."

His arms were about her, his lips upon her lips. She waited, frightened, apprehensive of what might come, terrified lest she should thrust him away as she had thrust away Peter Ogus, terrified lest she should be heated white by a blast of disgust. His lips pressed her lips; she could feel the beating of his heart. . . . It was the test. She had dared the test.

"Weeks," she whispered, "Weeks—"

"Yes, dear."

"You needn't wait—for my love. . . . It is yours—now."

He held her close, and she surrendered to the moment and its peace. Her heart told her, then, that she had not alone found love, but finding it, had salvaged her threatened soul.

THE END

## COMMUNISM IN SHADOW VALLEY

(Continued from page 82)

the storekeeper. But his resolution went on the rocks early.

About half the members of the saviet was broke, and they didn't care who was boycotted. But the other half had saved over some funds from balmier days, and they didn't propose to have their source of supplies cut off by any boycott. The argument got kind of personal pretty soon, and then Bill French and Max Stander and Port Fleming organized a little game of seven-up, and the subject before the house began to languish. Bird Branscom made a speech in which he washed his hands of the whole mess of them. He went outside.

It was a spiritless looking congregation of hands that was left. Seven-up didn't seem to revive 'em much. The ones that had tobacco had got tired of lending it to the ones that didn't have, and was now asking I. O. U.'s for every ounce they gave up—at fifty per cent increase in price. This was bound to make hard feelings after a while, especially when somebody found out that Gus Ware, the man that started all that dairy-herd and hog trouble on the night of the first rain, had cached away about four pounds of cigarette makin's and wanted to charge fifty cents a sack for it. It looked to me as if Gus had the market cornered and as if he'd get his price, too, by being patient. But it made feelings, as I say.

Then, along about ten o'clock, we heard a whoop outside. It was Bird Branscom, giving a regular Texas yell. We looked out, and there was Bird running down the road waving his hat; and there, in Knott Fogarty's buckboard, come Major

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Brush and Miss Letty. The saviet journeyed *sine die*. When the buckles pulled up, the hands closed in around and the Major couldn't get out, neither could Fogarty's boy, nor Letty. Those hands were so glad to be the boss that some of them almost to Chalky Brode, who had been smoking for five days, I thought Chalky was going to try to kiss him.

Pretty soon the Major could hear himself think, and then he laughed and said, "Well, boys, I caught the limit of love and I found Sam Li running around here at Kernville, and I talked him into coming back, and he'll be here any time with a barrel of fish, caught and sold down three days ago. Is there any chance," he says, "for me to join the Soviet of Exalted and Independent Rustlers of the Shadow Valley Ranch, isn't there?"

The hands let out a yell that scared Fogarty's mule-teams into the distance.

"There aint no more saviet here there is nine-course dinners, Major," Bird Branscom says. "The saviet is busted up, all in, deceased, pickled, embalmed and buried. We're ready to go back to work, if you'll take us, and you can start paying wages from now on, if you want to."

The Major looked around, kind of solemn. "I don't know about this," he says. "I was thinking of getting a membership in the organization and then going to China and Japan for a trip as my share of the proceeds. That's what I was thinking of," he says.

Max Stander snorted. "China, Major!" he says. "China! Why, say, you could take your share of the proceeds of this here saviet, the way Bird Branscom has ran it, and you could stick them in your eye and walk into the Mission and you wouldn't have enough when you get there to buy nails for a canary's cage. Profits! Come on, Major," he says. "Come on back and let's get to work. I'm sick of industrial liberty, I am. I don't want any more economic independence. Not for me. How about it, boys?"

Well, they said how about it, all right. And the Major laughed and said he'd come back. But when he asked Bird Branscom to come in and talk things over with him, that night, Bird said he'd like to be excused. He was reading an article on bee-culture, he said, and he had an idea that he might quit being a ranch hand and go into the aviaary business. He had, too—that night. But the next day when he began to talk to the other men about bees, while they were saddling up to go over into the West Fork for a lot of dry cows, Billy French spoke up, and he says:

"Was you thinking, now, Bird, of running the bees along Russian lines? Because if you was, I thought I'd remind you that them industrious little quacking peds has a strong prejudice against democracy, as you might say."

"How's that?" Bird asks. "Well," Billy says, reaching for his rear cinch, "if I aint forgotten my belt, they stick up pretty strong for quacking still. Whoa, cow-hawses, er I'll have to use a little sabotage on you with a chain!"



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